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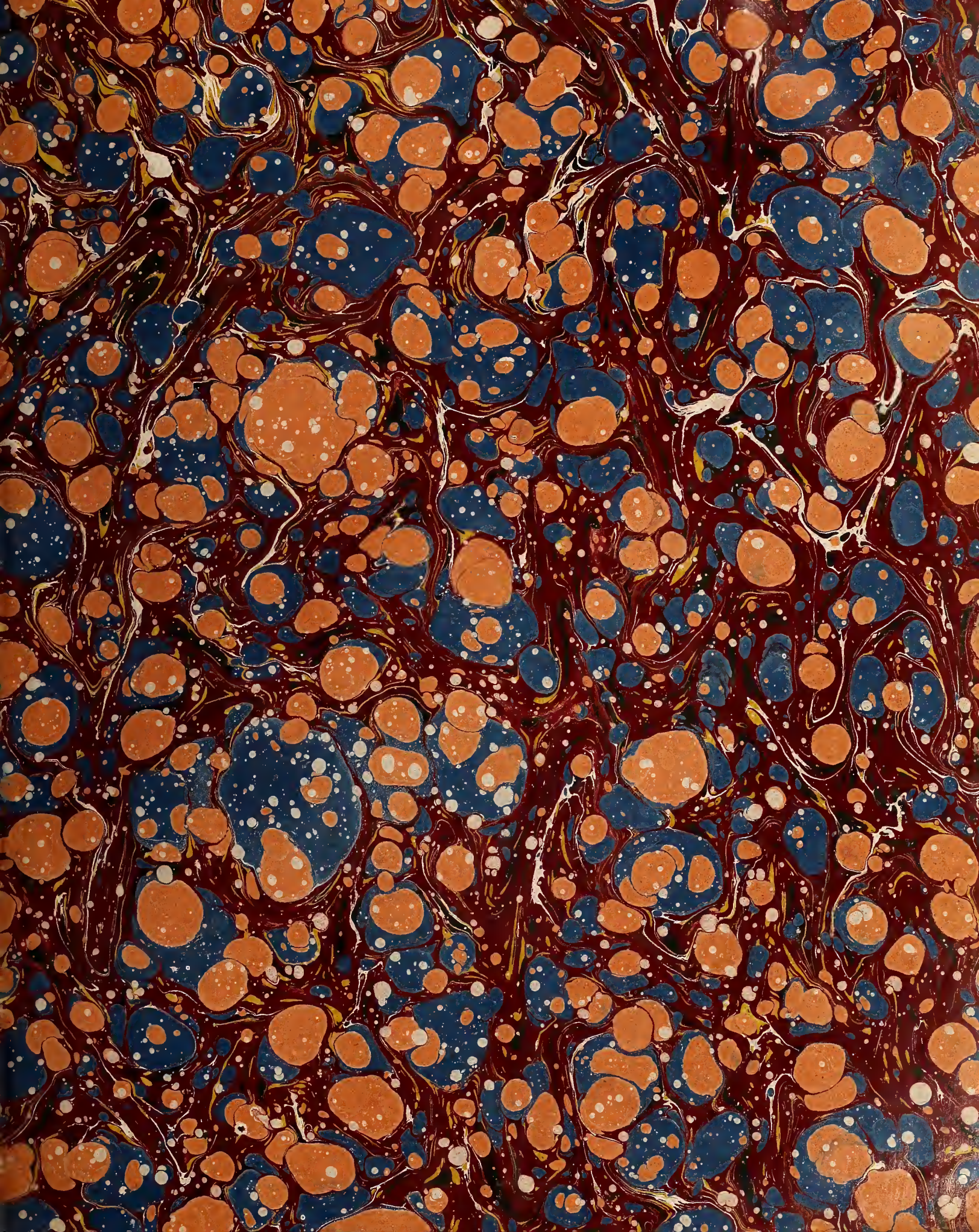
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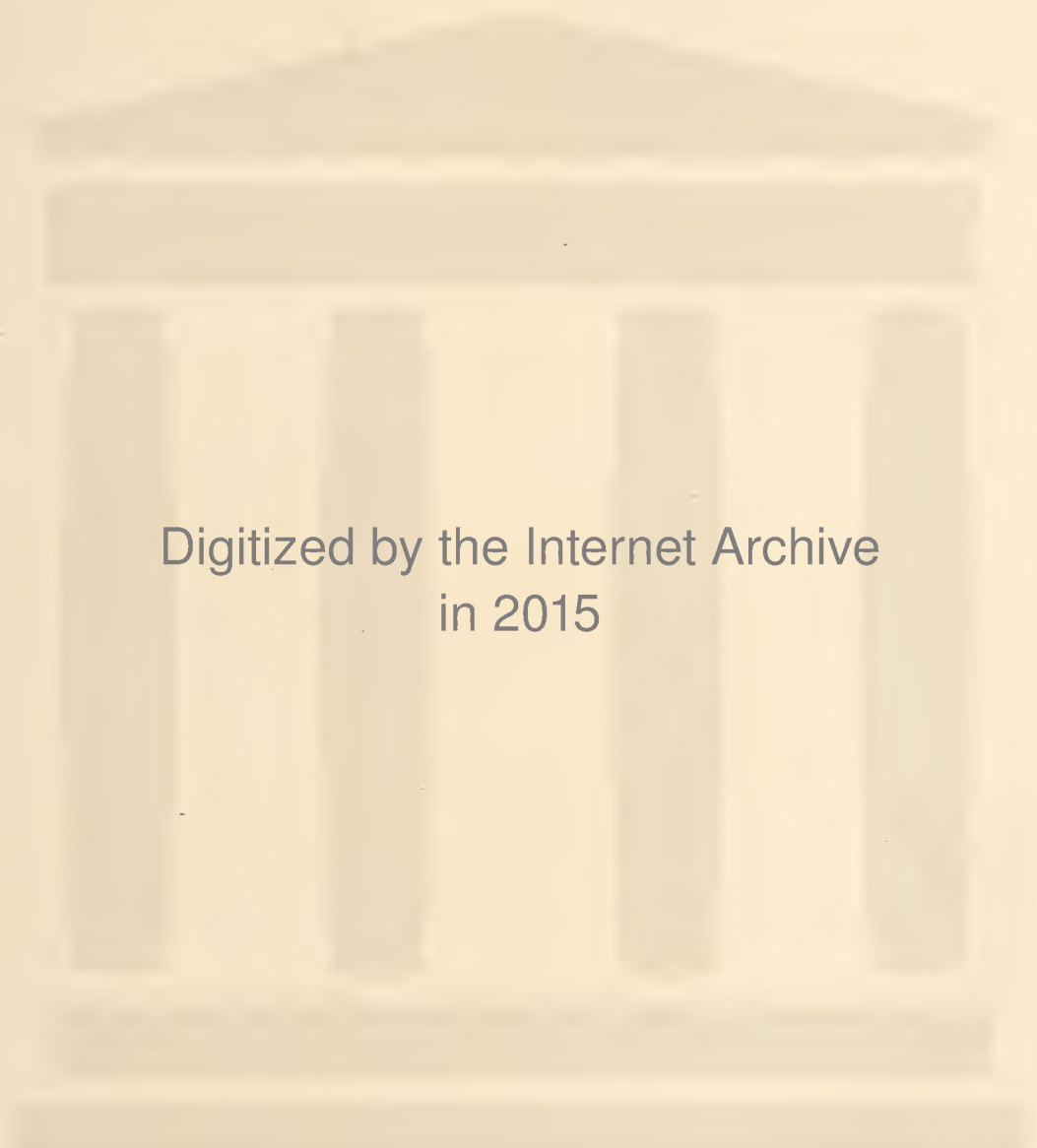
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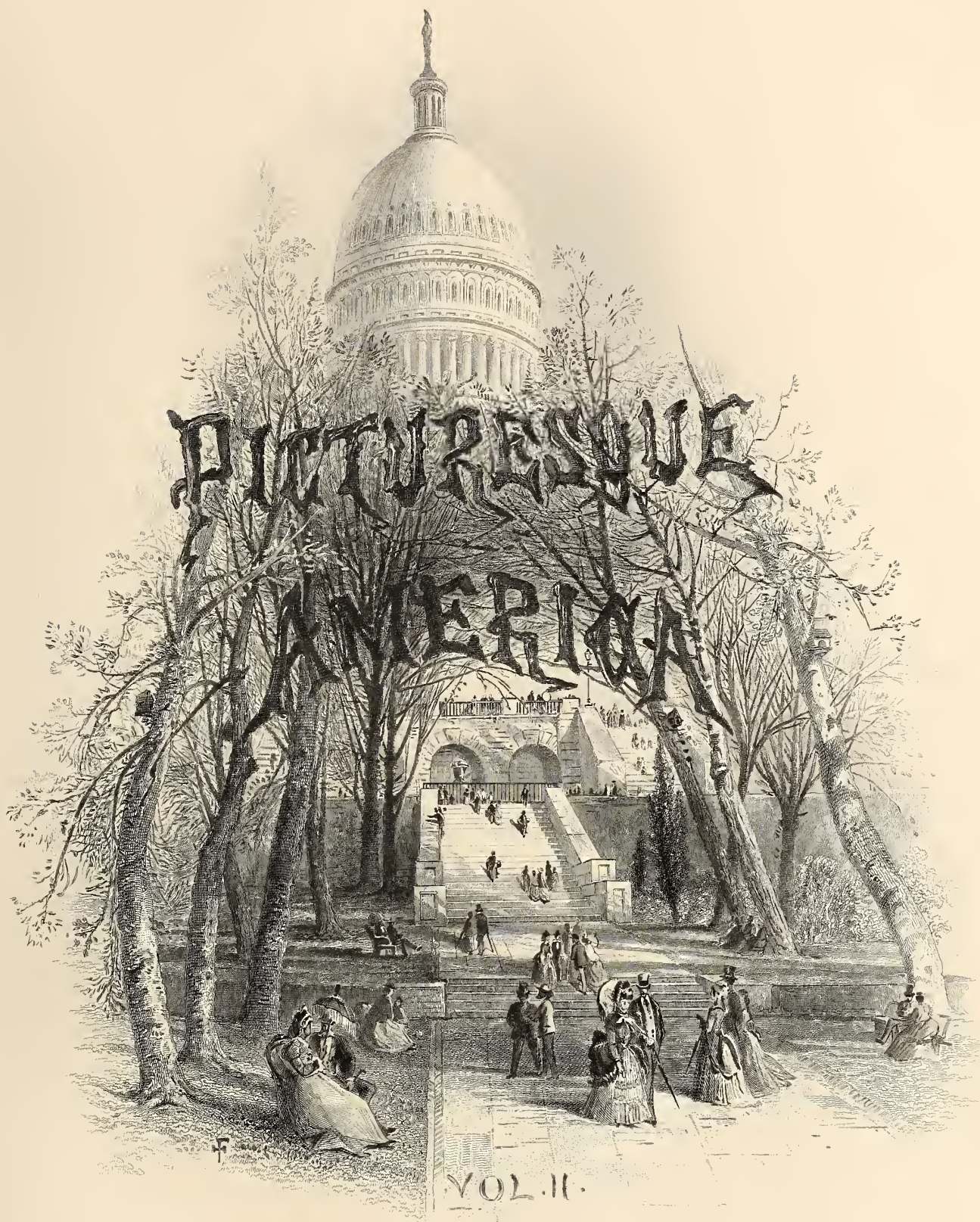
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A. F. FELLOWS.

The Hematometer

By J. C. H. H. H.

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NEW YORK.
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PICTURESQUE AMERICA;

OR,

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

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A DELINEATION BY PEN AND PENCIL

OF

THE MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, LAKES, FORESTS, WATER-FALLS, SHORES,
CAÑONS, VALLEYS, CITIES, AND OTHER PICTURESQUE
FEATURES OF OUR COUNTRY.

With Illustrations on Steel and Wood, by Eminent American Artists.

EDITED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VOL. II.

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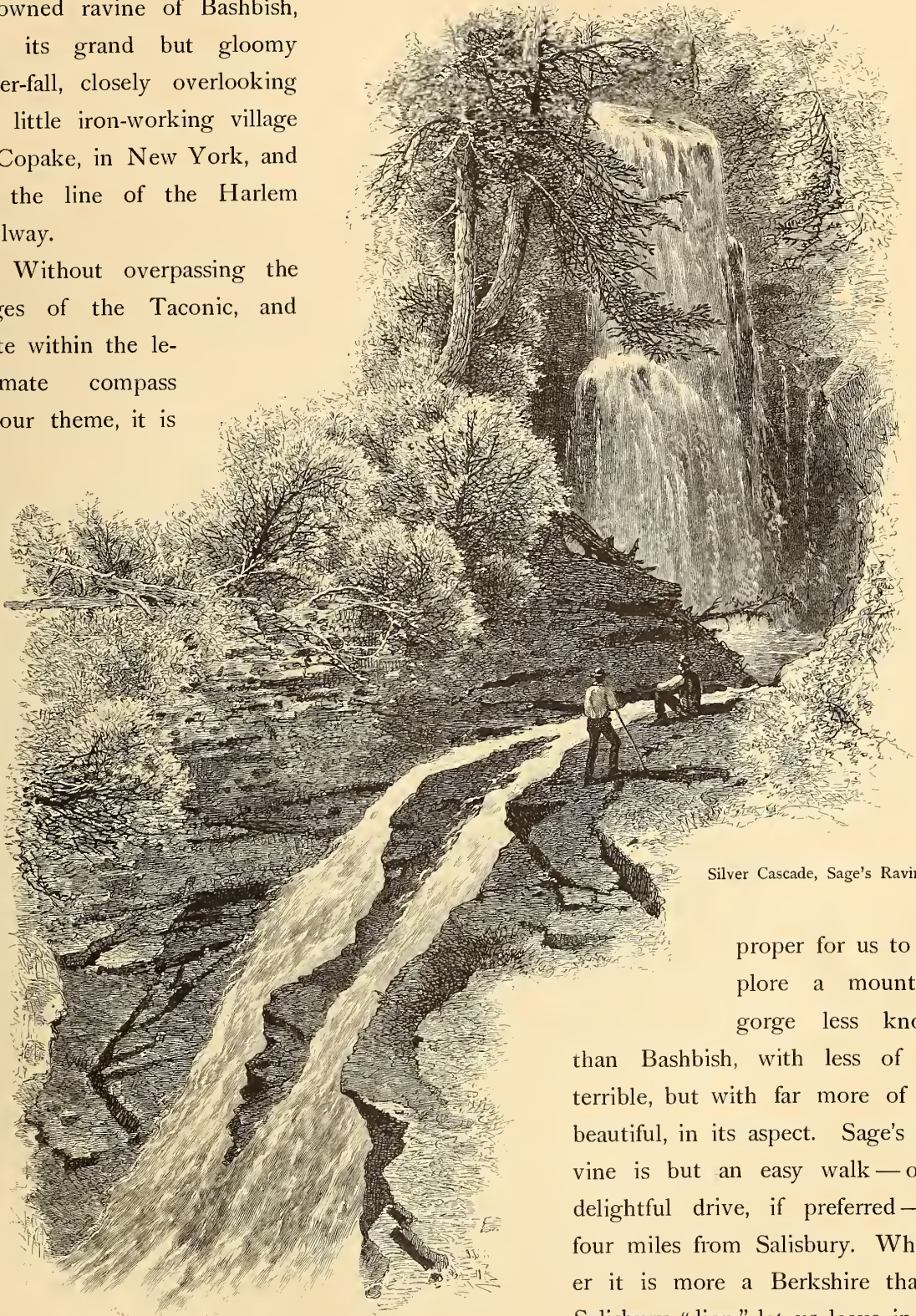
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renowned ravine of Bashbish, and its grand but gloomy water-fall, closely overlooking the little iron-working village of Copake, in New York, and on the line of the Harlem Railway.

Without overpassing the ridges of the Taconic, and quite within the legitimate compass of our theme, it is



Silver Cascade, Sage's Ravine.

proper for us to explore a mountain-gorge less known than Bashbish, with less of the terrible, but with far more of the beautiful, in its aspect. Sage's Ravine is but an easy walk—or a delightful drive, if preferred—of four miles from Salisbury. Whether it is more a Berkshire than a Salisbury “lion,” let us leave in the doubt we cannot now resolve. It

lies along the dividing line of towns and States alike, and is certainly a grand bisector.

At the mouth of this noble ravine there are a fine old mill, and a picturesque bridge

spanning the torrent which comes dashing and foaming down the wild cleft. The suggestion of trout-treasures in the pools and eddies of this noisy brook, which the artist has put in his picture, is by no means gratuitous. That eager-eyed fisherman is sure of his game, unless his looks belie him; and, if he were a mile above the mill, with his rod and line he might still fill his creel with the speckled beauties, and be happy.

Leave the roar of the falls and the clatter of the mill-gear behind, and go up the ravine, with some one to show you the possible paths—if it should be young Gilmore, of the contiguous iron-furnace, you will be fortunate.

There is hard climbing before the Twin Falls of our picture are reached. Your feet will sink in clumps of moss and decayed wood, upsetting you if you are not wary. You must cling to birch-boles, and often to slenderer stems, as you swing round opposing barriers of rock. You may get a foot-bath, or worse, as you cross the foaming torrent to find an easier path on the other side. But here and there, all along the wild way, are pretty cascades, tortuous twists of the stream, gayly-lichened or dark-beetling rocks, mossy nooks or gloomy tarns, and, overhead, maples and birches, mingling their rare autumnal splendors of red and gold with the sombre greens of hemlocks, and cedars, and pines. The glory above, and the dash and foam at your very feet, will stir your soul, if Nature's charms can ever do so. Two hours will suffice for the ravine, and tire you at their close, but no consciousness of fatigue will avail to mar your sense of the rare beauty and picturesqueness of the whole scene.

The thrifty Berkshire farmer, whose hospitable homestead lies just north of the old mill, is the descendant and inheritor of him who gave his honest though unromantic name to the ravine, "a hundred years ago."

A week in Salisbury would be none too much time for the leisurely enjoyment of the many charming views to be found in its neighborhood. There, very near to the iron-smelting hamlet of Chapinville, spread the sweet waters of the Twin Lakes—the Washinee and Washineën—encompassed by winding drives, with ever-shifting visions of the kingly Taconic crests, and these, on the nether slopes, displaying, in the bright autumn days, such splendors of variegated color as would intoxicate with delight the heart of a devotee of illuminated missals.

These pretty lakes lie in enticing proximity to a limestone cave, into which the tourist may be induced to venture by the promise of rare visions

". . . of stalactites and stalagmites,
In chambers weird and dim."

And, lest he should yield to the temptation and do as we did once—go into the cave with an inadequate supply of candles, and pay for the improvidence by half a day's incarceration in total darkness and in equally dense impatience—let him be warned to take care with whom he goes, and, above all, to take with him some extra "dips." With

these precautions, it is quite possible that the Salisbury Cave may be for him a place of pleasanter memories than it is to us, as we review our adventures in that part of the Housatonic Valley.

Canaan, near the outgoing of the river and valley from the Connecticut border, is an important station on the two railways—the Housatonic and the Connecticut Western—at their common intersection. A pretty village in itself, it has its special picturesqueness along the pleasant little valley of the Blackberry River, on whose banks it lies.

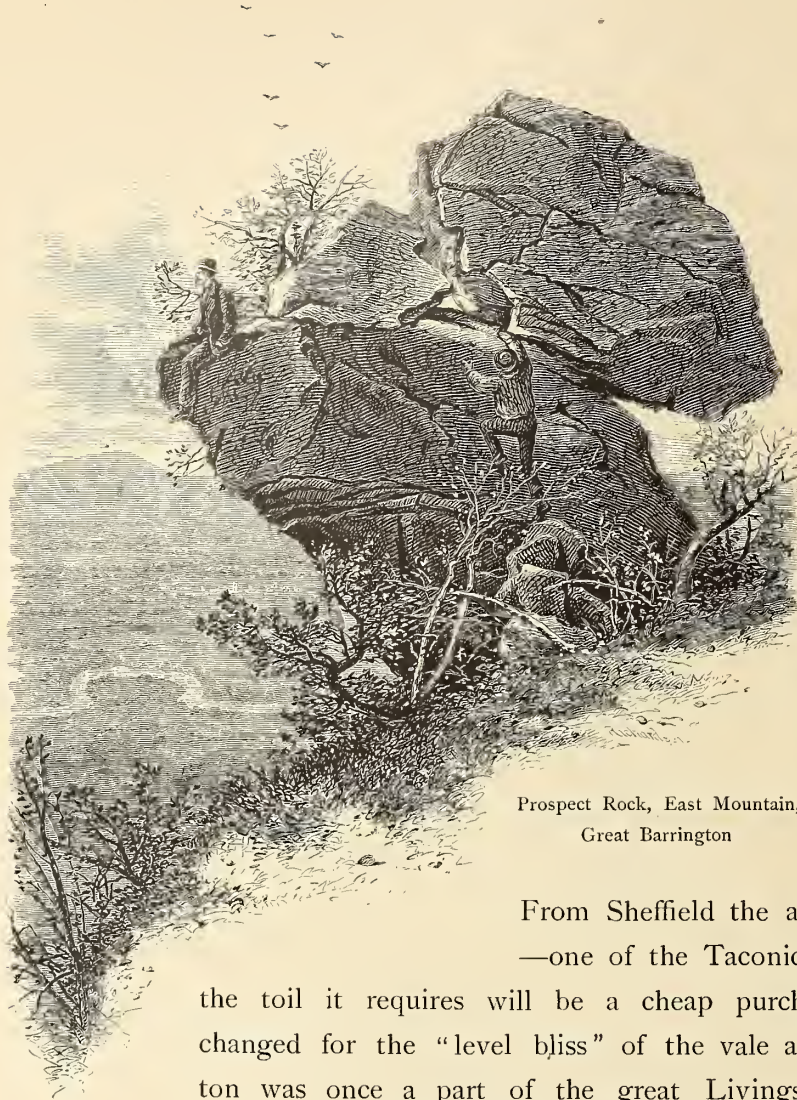
Leaving it, the tourist crosses, almost immediately, the southern boundary-line of the



Mount Washington, from Sheffield.

renowned Berkshire County, a region not surpassed, in picturesque loveliness, throughout its whole longitude of fifty miles and its average latitude of twenty miles, by any equal area in New England, and perhaps not in all this Western world.

The slave to the railway and its “rapid car” will not, probably, discover the truth of this broad generalization. He may, and indeed, unless he sleeps in the transit, or does the next most heathenish thing—reads some narrow-printed page instead of that open volume where God has imprinted his own grand symbols of beauty and power—he *must*, see a surpassingly-varied landscape, with perhaps astonishing atmospheric effects, though



Prospect Rock, East Mountain,
Great Barrington

for these he needs to bide through changing skies, and hours, and moods of Nature. Off the railway, in village-nooks, in glens and by-ways, upon near crests and remote hill-tops, the lover of the beautiful will find innumerable views to gaze upon, to sketch, or haply to daguerreotype only on his memory.

Sheffield is a good lingering-point for those who do not wisely shun, amid Nature's charms, the shrill pipe of the engine, and the sharp click of the electric hammer.

From Sheffield the ascent of Mount Washington—one of the Taconic giants—is easily made; and the toil it requires will be a cheap purchase of "far prospects," exchanged for the "level bliss" of the vale at its foot. Mount Washington was once a part of the great Livingston Manor, and its summit commands a view of the rich and lordly domain once included in that now half-forgotten name.

The tourist who is not in hot haste to get through his route, as if it were a task, and not a treat, could hardly do better than to take up his abode for a little while at the Mount-Everett House, in South Egremont, a few miles east of the railway, and just under the lofty crest whose name this quiet summer hotel bears. Thence, at his own sweet will, he may go and climb or ramble. He may scale the mountain, by way of "its vast, uncultivated slope, to a height of two thousand feet." There—to his astonishment, if not before informed—he would find a village, whose ten or twelve score of inhabitants are literally mountaineers, and whose eyes are familiar, by daily outlook, with such a panorama as a sensitive valley or sea-side dweller would go into ecstasies to behold. It is not finer, perhaps, though far broader, than that obtainable from Prospect Mountain; but then it takes in half the whole stretch of the Housatonic River, and below the eye lie lakes and woodlands, lawns and villas, gleaming spires, and little rifts and puffs

of smoke from furnaces and creeping engines; and all this so far away, so still, that it is more like a picture on canvas than a real scene. East and west, the eye has broad extent of vision into Connecticut and New York. The Catskills make a blue and wavy western horizon; and the Hudson, in the interval, twins the nearer Housatonic in its



Green River, at Great Barrington.

sparkling flow Here one may fitly repeat Thomson's panegyric on a vision not altogether unlike it. perhaps, but in Old rather than in New England :

“Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills and dales, of woods and lawns and spires,
And glittering towns and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!”

The practical man, who shuns the toilsome clamber to Mount Everett's crest, may go afoot, or in his light wagon, from his inn, to see the famous marble-quarries of Egremont, whence were hewn the white columns and walls of the Girard College, more than a third of a century ago, and where to-day the old proprietor is still busily blasting and



Monument Mountain.

blocking out the brilliant stones, with far easier access to the market than when he

sent them by ox-teams to the Hudson.

Great Barrington — a name from which the modesty, perhaps, of its people is gradually eliminating the adjective—is a most attractive point in the valley of the Housatonic. The river, losing all the while in volume, is gaining

in picturesqueness. Its narrowing banks wear greener and lovelier fringes, and its tones ring more musically in the swift, broken and impetuous lapses of its waters. Barrington has many summer charms, in its splendid elms shading its streets, in its attractive drives over fine roads, and in its pleasant society. All around the village one may find new and lovely outlooks on the closely-encompassing hills. The stout-hearted pilgrim may think it worth while to covet the seat and copy the example of the adventurer whom the artist has giddily enthroned upon the very verge of Prospect Rock.

A stroll along the road that leads to the two Egremonts—North and South—will

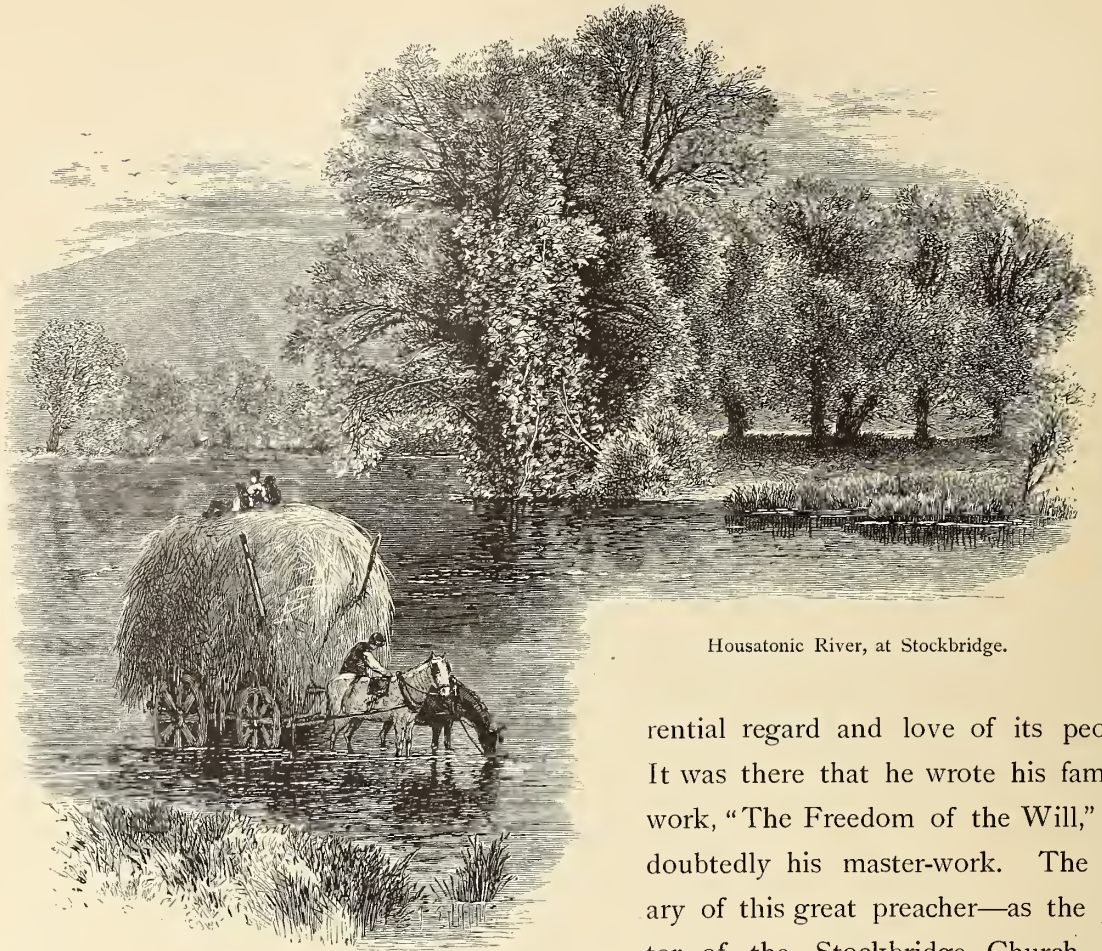
bring the visitor to a charming bit of land-and-water view at the rural bridge over Green River, a babbling stream that flows along as if in sweet and delighted consciousness of the beauty it here and there discloses.

It would be a great mistake of the explorer of Berkshire to go from Barrington to Stockbridge by rail, unless, indeed, he had exhausted the interval by slower inspection. The highway is the shorter by nearly two miles, and not a furlong of it all is tame or tedious, for it is thick set with those sweet surprises that characterize ridge-roads in Berkshire.

Its half-way wonder is the renowned Monument Mountain, which Stockbridge numbers, with allowable pride, among her special attractions. This mountain was called by the Muh-hek-a-new Indians—the old Stockbridge tribe—"Maus-was-see-ki," which means "The Fisher's Nest." Its present appellation was given to it, perhaps, on account of a cairn found upon its southern crest, which has connected with it an Indian myth of a dusky maiden who, disappointed in love, jumped from the precipice, and was killed—a love-lorn sacrifice which the braves commemorated by flinging a stone upon the fatal spot whenever they passed by it. With or without legend, it is a weird and romantic spot.

From Monument Mountain to the village of Stockbridge is less than half an hour's drive, when the carriage-road has been regained. This village—the "Housatonnuc" of past generations—is of a romantic beauty. Its houses and churches, its library and academy, its fountain and monuments, are pretty mosaics set in the emerald of wonderful elms. There are few—if, indeed, there are any—villages in our land that can rival it in rare and fascinating aspects of rural beauty, in immediate surroundings of unwonted charms, in worthy and precious historical associations, and in the renown of noble sons and daughters. The beauties of Stockbridge lie in many directions. To the north, the pretty lake Mahkeenac—more familiarly known as the "Stockbridge Bowl"—spreads its translucent waters, shapely, in its outline, as a gigantic basin, on whose margin Hawthorne once lived for a succession of seasons. A mile or more from the village is found that wonder of Nature, the Ice Glen, which pierces the northern spur of Bear Mountain; and in its long and awesome corridors and crypts, formed by massive and gloomy rocks, and huge but prostrate trees, the explorer may find masses of ice in the heart and heat of midsummer. The passage of this glen, though not perilous, requires nerve and patience, and the cheer of glowing torches withal. The heights that overhang the village are "beautiful for situation," and studded with pleasant villas, whose fortunate possessors may gaze at will over the fair interlocking valleys of the Housatonic and the Konkapot.

Among the names that memory loves to recall in connection with old Stockbridge, none will live so long or so prominently in history as that of Jonathan Edwards. This distinguished divine was not a native of the village, and, indeed, lived there only a few years; but he was so closely identified, for that time, with all the interests of the place, and especially with its religious and missionary work, that he grew rapidly into the reve-



Housatonic River, at Stockbridge.

rential regard and love of its people. It was there that he wrote his famous work, "The Freedom of the Will," undoubtedly his master-work. The salary of this great preacher—as the pastor of the Stockbridge Church, and distinct from his remuneration as mis-

sionary to the Indians—was, in money, less than seven pounds sterling per annum, and two pounds more in value paid in wood! Stockbridge honored the memory of this remarkable man by erecting to him, on the village green, a monument of polished Scotch granite.

On leaving Stockbridge, the tourist may scarcely venture to promise himself a beauty beyond that he has already enjoyed; and this may be suggested without disparagement to the varied scenery of Northern Berkshire. It may hardly be doubted that the rare and numerous attractions of this whole region—so aptly called "the Palestine of New England"—are crystallized, in excess of loveliness, around Stockbridge as a nucleus. If this verdict had gathered something of weight to the judgment from the acknowledged union in Stockbridge of all the forces—natural, historical, social, intellectual, and religious, alike—which have given to Berkshire its enviable renown, the influence would be, nevertheless, legitimate and just.

There is, however, much beyond this picturesque centre deserving the regard of all the lovers of Nature. And this *much* comprehends novelty, as well as similarity, of landscape and water view. It is, indeed, only that one half of Berkshire has been seen,

that the other half will possibly present fewer "delicious surprises" than otherwise to the eye of the explorer. There are new outlines of the mountains to be studied; new groupings of their massive forms, with new details and specialties of glen, and lake, and water-fall, to be noted.

The Hoosac range of lofty hills, on the east, comes now into distinct and close rivalry with the Taconics, on the west; and far away, in the northern end of the county, the lordly Graylock lifts his blue crest with such preëminence of majestic mien that the many peaks already named sink inferior to its grand central prominence.

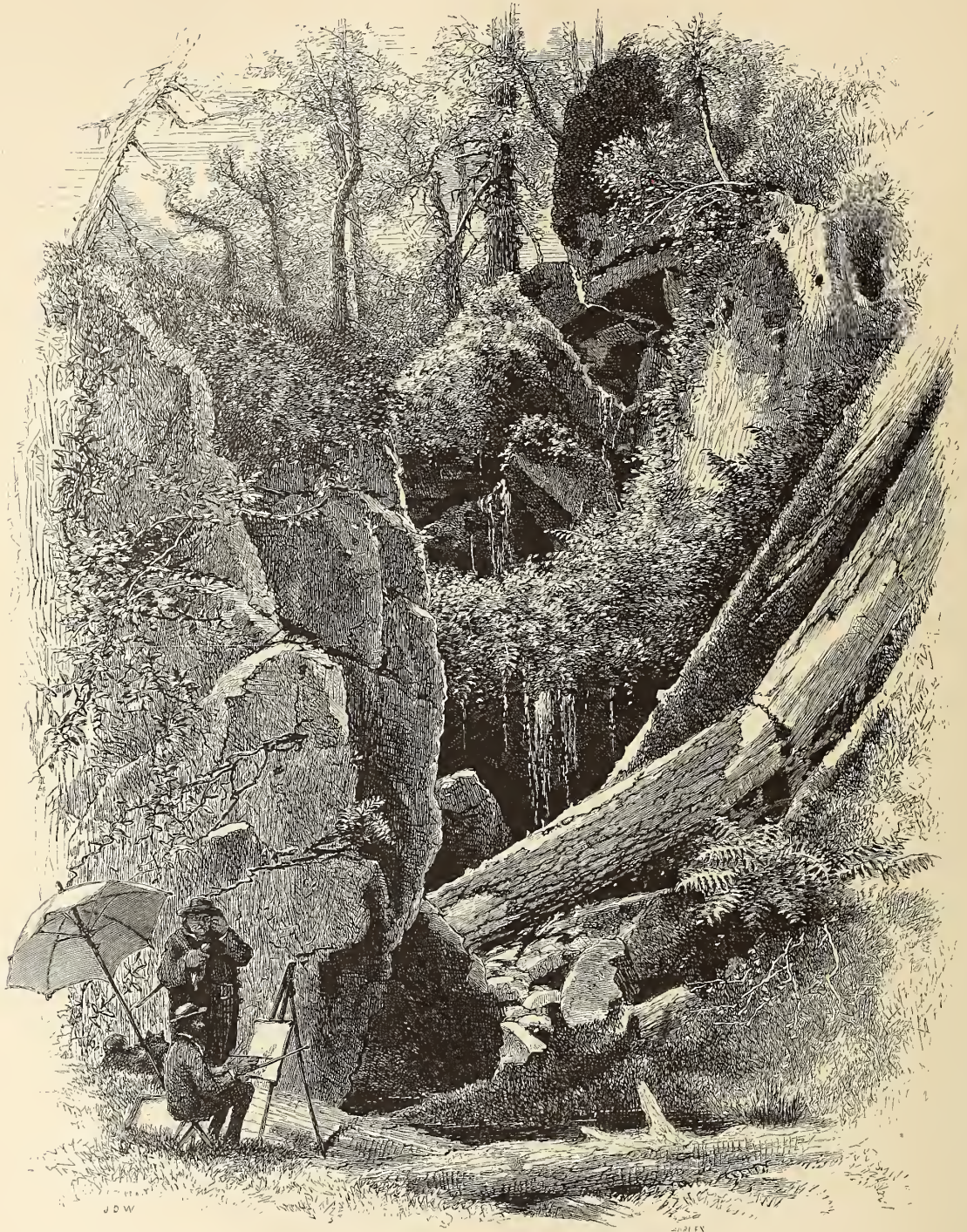
Lee and Lenox are the two villages that lie in the Housatonic Valley between Stockbridge and Pittsfield, which latter village is rapidly growing into the rank of a city, and is the metropolis of all the Berkshire region.

At Lee, through which the railway passes, the river is quite as useful as it is beautiful, lending its force and purity alike to the paper-mills which have contributed so much to build up and enrich the village. Another and perhaps the chief industry of this thriving and attractive place is the quarrying of its fine, white building-marble, which represents Berkshire, with such solid and permanent effect, in the walls of the Capitol at Washington. Lee has a pretty lake, within a pleasant half-hour's walk on the road to Lenox; but, for heavier charms, its summer guests make excursions to quaint old Monterey and to Tyringham, on the east, and to Lenox and Stockbridge, between which places it is about equidistant.

Lenox lies two miles apart from the line of the railway, having a station only at Lenox Furnace. At few—if at any—points immediately on the iron track we are following is there so much to charm and detain the eye as at this station. The sweet, translucent river, its rustic bridge, the swelling knolls of the interval, and the bold, grand sweep of the near mountains, make up a most exquisite picture, to which no artist's eye could be indifferent, even amid the profusion of charming views springing up on every hand.

At Lenox Furnace the double industry of glass and iron working gives occupation to numerous workmen. The recent production there of excellent plate-glass, from the fine-granulated quartz of the region about it, is a noteworthy incident in the manufacturing annals of Berkshire.

Of Lenox itself—reached by a drive of constantly-increasing picturesqueness—these chronicles can make but inadequate mention. Professor Silliman designated it, in his enthusiastic admiration of its pure, exhilarating air, and its lovely views, "a gem among the mountains." It deserves the praise. Till recently, it was the shire-town of the region, and term-time gave it a measure of importance and influence which it has since lost. But it cannot lose its beauty, and the summer doubles its population with hundreds of happy pilgrims from the cities, some of whom occupy their own villas, while more crowd its hotel and the numerous boarding-houses which challenge this periodical influx.



Ice Glen, Stockbridge.

All around Lenox, the crests and slopes of its constituent and outlying hills are covered by mansions and villas, which one might remember for their architectural individuality, if this were not always eclipsed by the surpassing breadth and beauty of the outlook.

To describe this, would be to repeat—only, perhaps, with new allocations of epi-

thets—what has been said of the more southern part of the valley. Here, however, the dwellings are far more numerous, and a richer social element mingles with and enhances the simply picturesque in the landscape.

That gifted and genial woman, Frederika Bremer, is but one of a score of literary notabilities who, living, or lingering for a while at least, amid the charms of Lenox, have recorded their admiration of it in glowing words. Hers may serve as a type of their kindred utterances. She writes: "The country around Lenox is romantically lovely, inspired with wood-covered hills, and the prettiest little lakes." In describing the Housatonic scenery more generally, she justly uses these emphatic expressions—"wonderfully picturesque, and sometimes splendidly gloomy."

It was at Lenox that Fanny Kemble lived, and expressed the wish to be buried, saying: "I will not rise to trouble any one, if they will let me sleep here. I will only ask to be permitted, once in a while, to raise my head and look out upon this glorious scene."

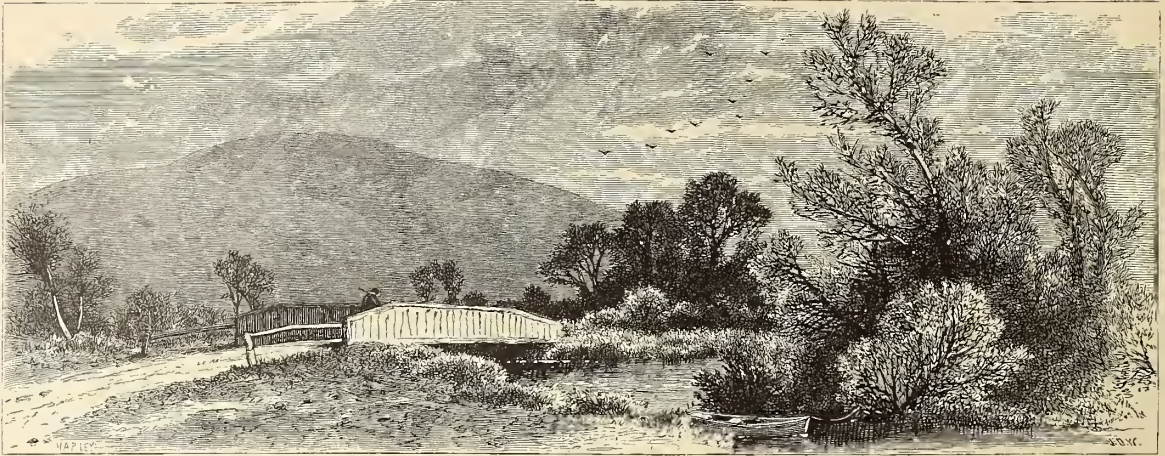
The English origin of this delightful place is commemorated, after the lapse of more than twelve decades, in its name, which was the patronymic of the Duke of Richmond.

The fine view which the "Ledge" contributes to the embellishment of this paper will be its own best commentary on the breadth and manifold charms of the Lenox landscape. The summer guests of Lenox find great delight in gazing out from its noble "coignes of vantage." For still wider range of vision, they go to Perry's Peak, a bald and lonely summit on the west, easily reached in an hour's ride, and standing like a grim sentinel on the New-York border.

There is a scientific interest, also, about Perry's Peak, in that it is strewn with the fine boulders which are traced, in seven parallel lines, across the Richmond Valley, intervening between the peak and Lenox Mountain. These stones attracted the careful notice and diligent review of that eminent English geologist, Sir Charles Lyell. On this peak, also, in 1869, some local scientific associations held a "field-day" for the especial commemoration of the centennial anniversary of Humboldt's birthday. A fine photograph of the grand old *savant* was uncovered, and a tribute-poem read, on the pleasant occasion.

Among the attractive points included in the magnificent overlook from the peak are the Shaker villages of both Lebanon, in New York, and Hancock, in Massachusetts, the former being, perhaps, the metropolis of the sect of Shakers. The Boston and Albany Railway passes close by the village of the Hancock Shakers, and has a station there. The town of Hancock is itself one of the outlying characteristics of the Housatonic Valley. It is altogether mountainous, being only a long and narrow tract on the backbone and slopes of the Taconic range, with a single hamlet crouching in a beautiful cove, or interval, near the northern end of it. The roads which cross this attenuated township are very romantic and very rough, except, perhaps, those from Lebanon and Hancock villages direct, which are fine in summer, and much travelled.

Pittsfield is the terminus of the Housatonic Railway, one hundred and ten miles from Bridgeport; and here the Housatonic River dwindles greatly by its division into two arms, one of which flows from Pontoosuc Lake just northward, and the other, with far greater meandering, from distant northeastern hills in Berkshire towns.



Lenox Station.

Pittsfield commemorates in its name the fame of England's noble statesman, William Pitt. It is one of the handsomest villages in New England, and perhaps the "New-England Hand-Book" anticipates events only the least in calling it a "city." It might be so, but it is not now. It is already suburban in its aspects, and exhibits fine architectural ambitions in several recent public buildings.

Its just pride in its history, and in that of the county it represents, had a happy



View from the "Ledge," Lenox.

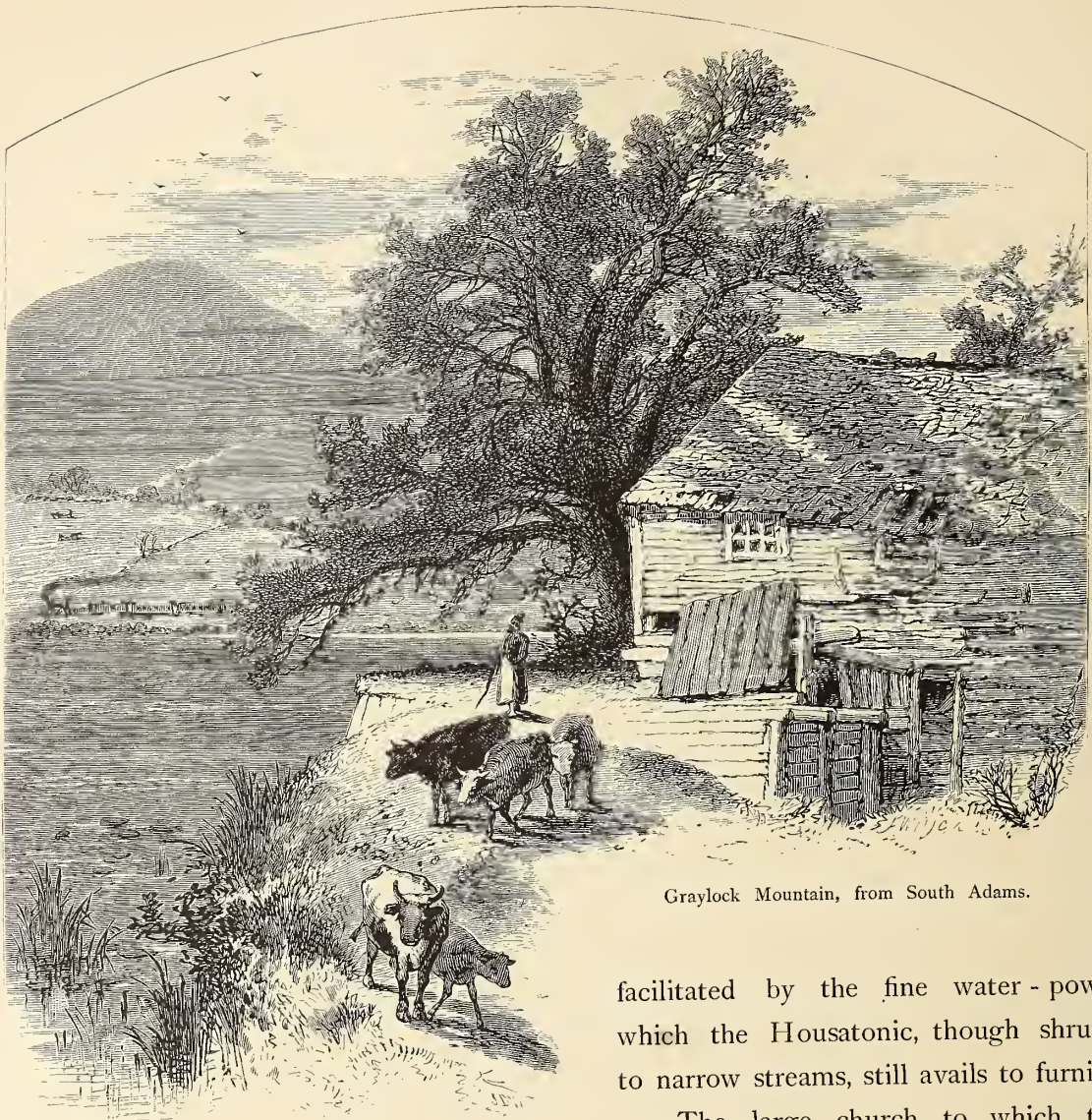
exposition, nearly twenty years ago, in the Berkshire Jubilee, a festival which gathered the sons and daughters of Berkshire by hundreds "from near and from far," and made a bright and memorable page of history for the place. The historic elm-tree of Pittsfield,



Banks of the Housatonic, at Pittsfield.

which stood and bourgeoned for more than three centuries in the very centre of the village, was necessarily cut down in 1864; and the ground it once shaded is now a pretty park, adorned with a fountain and a soldiers' monument designed by Launt Thompson.

The industry of Pittsfield is chiefly directed to manufactures of cotton and wool,



Graylock Mountain, from South Adams.

facilitated by the fine water - power which the Housatonic, though shrunk to narrow streams, still avails to furnish.

The large church to which the late Dr. Todd ministered for twenty

years is the foremost of half a dozen of various denominations, which are all in vigorous growth. Several banks represent the wealth of the village. It has good schools, both public and private. Of the latter, Maplewood Female Seminary, situated upon charming grounds, has won a fair renown.

Such is Pittsfield, the capital of the Housatonic Valley, at a slight external glance. A closer view would reveal more than ordinary social culture among its inhabitants. Music and the fine arts have their happy influence there; and a generously-endowed institution, known and incorporated as the "Berkshire Athenæum," is destined to be an elevating and refining power in the community.

Pittsfield is situated at an average elevation of nearly eleven hundred feet above the sea. Its position is peculiar, as being the geographical centre of valleys and defiles, affording opportunities for crossing its flanking mountains such as are found at no other

single point. Pittsfield is the centre of perhaps as many distinct attractions for the summer tourist as any other Berkshire village; and its growing likeness to a city in the special facilities it affords—railway, postal, hotel, shopping, and social—makes it an excellent place for the headquarters of the visitor in all the length and breadth of its matchless shire.

In every direction from the village, fine, natural roads lead to lovely scenes. The Taconic and the Hoosac ranges of mountains are about four miles distant, on the west and east respectively; and from their slopes, or their summits, Berkshire—both Southern and Northern—opens broad vistas to the eye.

Some of the reaches of the Housatonic River near the village are of great beauty; and there are places on the banks of its eastern confluent where it would be meet to sit, of a summer eve, and read or quote Tennyson's dainty rhymes of the brook that would "go on forever."

One of the fairest views in all the county—the especial pride, perhaps, of the people of Pittsfield, as it well may be—is that which takes in and overpasses the exquisite contour of Onota Lake, two miles to the west. This view, besides its immediate loveliness, in the silvery sheen of its waters, and the sweet variety of the pastoral and wooded banks that environ them, has for its central but remote background the splendid outline of old

"Graylock, cloud-girdled on his purple throne."

In the near east rises the fine range of the Washington Hills, of the Hoosac Chain, over which the Boston Railway is carried by sharp gradients of eighty feet in a mile. On their crest is a romantic lakelet, called Ashley Pond, the water of which is brought into the village—at present only a barely adequate supply for its demands, but soon to be reënforced from a neighboring pond, a recent purchase of the Pittsfield Gas and Water Company.

Roaring Brook, the outlet of a contiguous pond, is a wild mountain-torrent that dashes down the side of the mountain in a rugged cleft known as Tories' Gorge. This brook is a tributary of the eastern branch of the Housatonic. To the eastward, also, lies the village of Dalton, with its busy paper-mills; and beyond it, on the acclivity of the Boston Railway, the village of Hinsdale, from which point, as also from Dalton, the very pretty Windsor Falls may be reached by a brief carriage-drive. These falls lie at the extreme limit of the review which this article will make of the Housatonic Valley. Beyond them the "winding waters" narrow into shining becks and brawling brooks, and make up the vision pictured by Holmes in his pleasant verses of

". . . the stream whose silver-braided rills
Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills,
Till, in one gleam beneath the forest-wings,
Melts the white glitter of a hundred springs."

West of Pittsfield, beyond Onota already named, a mountain-road leads across Hancock Town to Lebanon Springs, and to the village of the Lebanon Shakers, affording, all the way, lovely prospects, but, from its highest point, a scene never to be forgotten. It takes in the whole expanse of the sweet vale of Lebanon, and, beyond this, stretches away to the Catskills, vague and violet-hued.

Northward of Onota, on the slopes of the Taconics, are found delightful bits of



Hoosac River, North Adams.

Nature—here, the Lulu Cascade, a much-frequented haunt of those who fain would find where the “shy arbutus” hides; there, Rolling Rock, a huge and nicely-poised boulder; and far above it, on the table of a giant crest, as pretty a mountain-lake as the eye could covet. It is called Berry Pond, but not for the profusion of raspberries to be found there in summer. The name is said to be that of a stout-limbed and brave-hearted



Natural Bridge, North Adams.

man who once lived on its borders, and wrested from the scanty soil about the pond a living for himself and family. The lakelet has crystal waters, a sparkling, sandy beach, is fringed by masses of evergreen and deciduous trees, and to these charms adds that of a clear, fairy-like echo to all sounds upon its margin.

Northward of Pittsfield lie Pontoosuc, a populous mill-suburb, and a lake bearing

its name; and, three miles beyond, old Lanesboro' is reached by a delightful drive. Here the visitor should not fail to make a slight circuit, and gain, either afoot or in a carriage, the summit of Constitution Hill, lying just west of the village and the iron-furnace. Of the view to be obtained by this excursion let a resident of Berkshire, and a contributor to APPLETONS' JOURNAL of some popular papers on the glories of that region, afford the reader a few glimpses:

"Though you can drive to the very summit if you are sure of your horse, you will grow dizzy as your eye rests on the grand prospect outspread before you—green, fertile valleys, reminding one of that which shut in the happy Rasselas; blue lakes; Pontoosuc at your feet, Onota farther south, and Silver Lake east of Pittsfield; great stretches of table-land, well tilled, and spanned by shady roads; forests that look as old as creation, and hills mantled with a fresher growth; the line of rich foliage which marks the course of the streams that unite to form the Housatonic; Lanesboro' basking on the hill-side, with its great elms drooping over its old homesteads and quaint road-corners; Stearns-ville and Barkersville, farther off; the whole extent of the chief town in the valley, its spires gleaming in the light; Lenox, Lee, and Stockbridge, through the opening in the hills; sunny farm-houses, grazing cattle, browsing sheep, brown grain-fields, flying cloud-shadows—and all domed by a brighter than an Italian sky."

The route we are now pursuing is aside from the track of the railway which connects Pittsfield with Adams and the north; and the true tourist would greatly prefer to follow its rural windings, along the course of the supposed Upper Housatonic, now scarcely more than a rapid, laughing brook, sliding along under its alder and willow fringes. A few miles still farther north, in the town of New Ashford, it is lost in silvery threads from the hills. The road from the "deserted village" of New Ashford to the Williamstowns is solitary, but beautiful, with its ever-shifting views of grand mountain-outlines, bringing one at length into the deep shadows and sweet repose of the close-encompassing hills that keep solemn watch and ward over the time-honored sanctuaries of wisdom at Williams College.

This hasty generalization has done no justice to the interval of twenty miles over which we have glided with haste that would be impertinent, if these notes were not necessarily telegraphic for brevity. Williamstown is a unique and delightful village, with a green park for its main street, and the sparkling, hurrying Hoosac singing along its borders. It is a fit place for study, and a charming one for summer life and recreation, though hardly for fashionable dissipation, to which, indeed, its vigilant wardens evermore oppose their classic *procul*.

Visitors at Williamstown, who are familiar with Swiss scenery, are wont to say that the splendid views and wonderful atmospheric effects they see there more nearly resemble Alpine pictures than those of any other mountain-recesses in this land.

Our promise, in the opening of this sketch, that it would carry the reader beyond

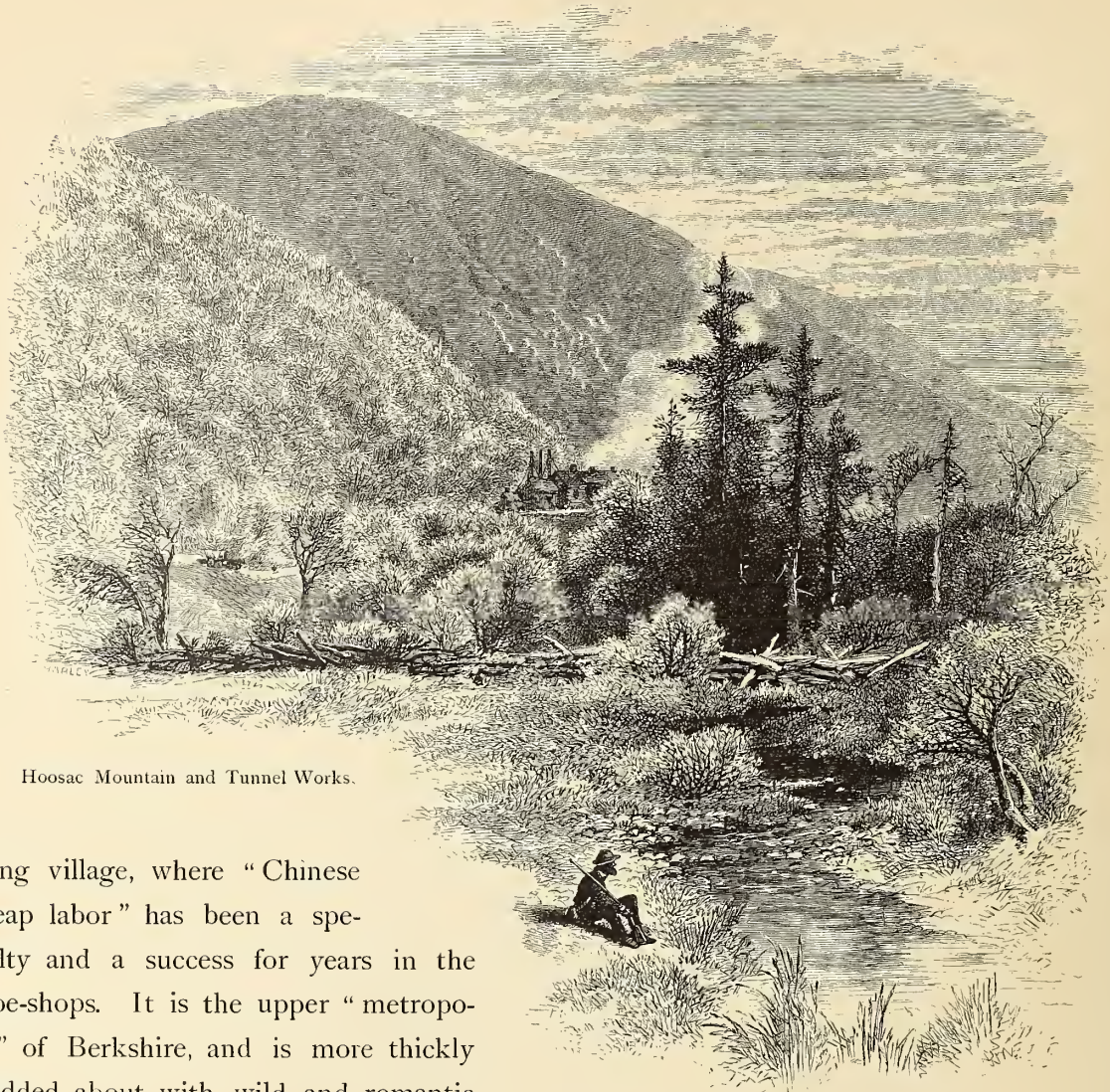
the Housatonic Valley, has been fulfilled. He is now in the valley of the Hoosac, and not far from the termination of these autumn rambles.

Whoever follows the railway from Pittsfield to this region passes twenty miles through a country contrasting strangely with the deep rural isolation of that just glimpsed along the by-road through New Ashford. It is a tract of new activities and industries, of glass-furnaces and sand-quarries, of lumber-mills and cotton-looms, of woollen-mills and populous hamlets—in succession, Berkshire, Cheshire, South Adams, until he comes at last to North Adams, where he will wonder more and more, as more he sees, how so large and flourishing and ambitious a town has contrived to find “room and verge enough” amid the encompassing, encroaching, overhanging hills, for its steady, sturdy growth.

It is a pushing rival of Pittsfield; behind it, probably, in general, but making well-founded boast of excelling it in the value of its school-property, as it does equally in the cost and elegance of its chief hotel, which would be a credit to any city. North Adams is a rich manufact-



Profile Rock, North Adams.



Hoosac Mountain and Tunnel Works.

uring village, where "Chinese cheap labor" has been a specialty and a success for years in the shoe-shops. It is the upper "metropolis" of Berkshire, and is more thickly studded about with wild and romantic spots than its southern sister. Gray-

lock, the loftiest mountain in Massachusetts, is within easy distance, though not visible from its streets. It is perhaps more easily reached from South Adams, a less bustling village, four miles below, whence the commanding summit may be seen in all its royal pomp, rising majestically just over its pleasant homes.

This is the less picturesque, however, of the two or three routes by which the top of Graylock may be reached. The mountain exercise already taken by the Housatonic explorer, when he comes within the shadows of Graylock, will stand him in stead as he contemplates the conquest of the kingly height. It is no child's play, especially if he chooses the North-Adams and Bald-Mountain route, by that mountain-cluster, the "Hopper." All the roads need great improvement, and there should be one, at least, kept in excellent condition. But there is no reaching the top without toil, without fatigue—no "royal road," though the end of the way is most royal.

When Graylock, and the Hopper, and Money Brook, have been explored—or be-

tween these explorations, as separate adventures—there are dainty and most compensating “bits” about North Adams, which should not be left unseen. Some of these lie close about that curious object, the Natural Bridge, a rare freak of the waters of a pretty brook among the rocks—itsself a scene for the painter, as it and its accessories so commonly are for the photographer. The Natural Bridge is a vast roof of marble, through and under which a mere brook has yet contrived, with incessant, fretting toil, to excavate a tunnel—a passage five or six yards wide, and ten times as long. This wonderful viaduct is loftily arched over the torrent, and displays its marble sides and ceiling sometimes of a pure white, but oftener with strange discolorations, as of mineral stains or lichen-growths. Through this weird corridor the brook flows with thunderous echoes, booming up to the ear and filling the mind of the beholder with strange, wild fancies.

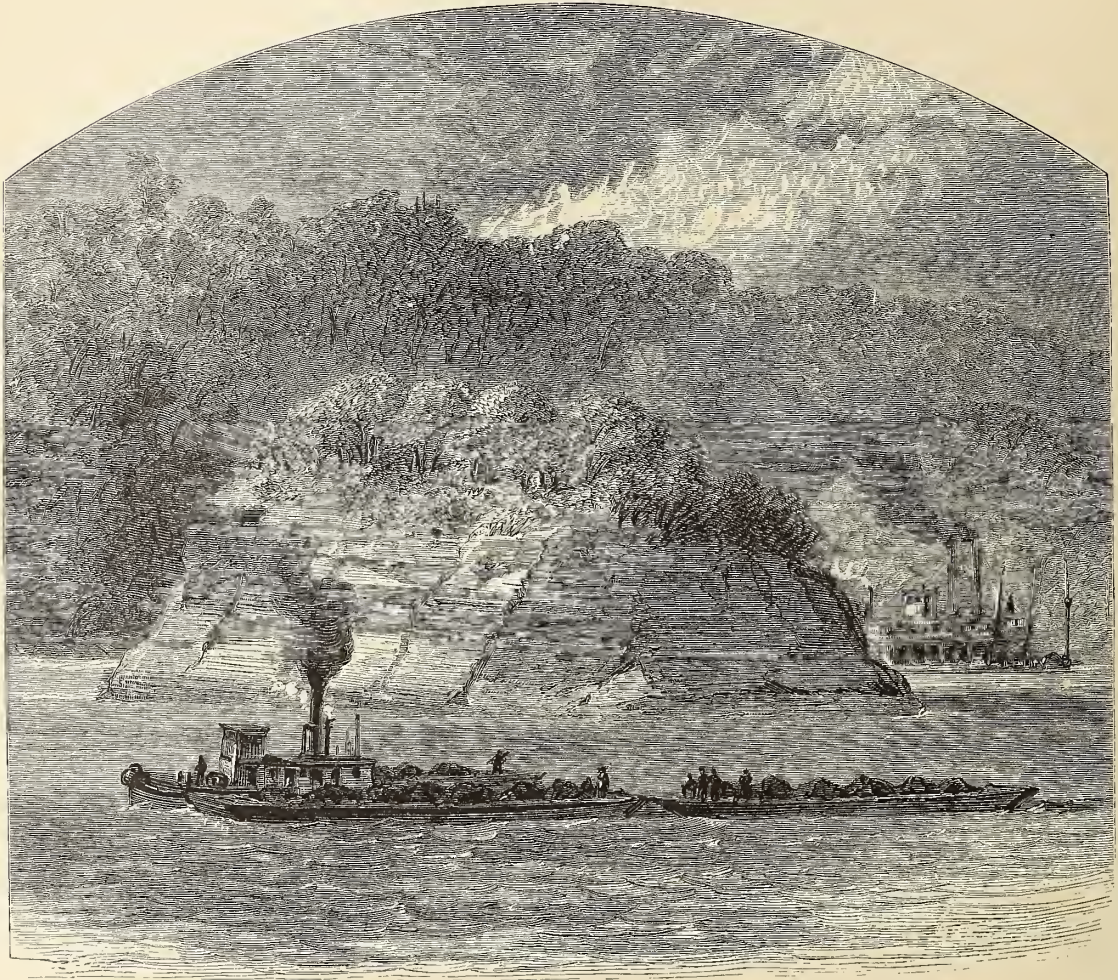
In the ravine of this brook there are many picturesque points to arrest the tourist's attention, but next in interest to the bridge itself is a strange, columnar group of rocks, which at its overhanging crest assumes, to a facile imagination, the aspect of gigantic features, and bears, therefore, the appellation of Profile Rock. These and other scenes are within a mile or two of the village, where there will be found inducements for more than ordinary lingering, and still more reluctant leave-taking, on the part of the visitor. Those who have enjoyed the magnificence and varied charms of the eight-mile coach or carriage drive from North Adams to the east end of the great Hoosac Tunnel, during its long working, will doubtless almost lament that it is now an accomplished fact, because the splendid road across the great Hoosacs will now be no more needed, and will very likely fall into disrepair, thus spoiling a most unique and almost unparalleled mountain-ride. That road climbs the Hoosacs by easy-returning gradients, affording all the way up, and across, and down on the east slope, marvellously-fine prospects. The west mouth of the tunnel is only two miles from North Adams, and lies amid the picturesque scenery of the Hoosac Valley, and full in front of the monarch of the Berkshire hills.

The Hoosac Tunnel is a bold and fortunate feat of engineering skill. Second in length only to the famous Mont-Cénis Tunnel under the Alps, it pierces the solid micaceous slate of the Hoosac Range with a grand artery nearly five miles in length, and thus opens, after incredible toil and immense outlay, a railway-passage between Boston and the Hudson River, about ten miles shorter than any preëxisting route. Long before these pages have reached their final numbering, this tunnel, already open from end to end, will be the scene of swift and multitudinous transit for passenger and freight trains speeding between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans.

Upon that busy and tireless flow and ebb of life and labor, old Graylock, and his compeers of the Taconic and Hoosac Ranges, will look down as peacefully as they did upon the turmoil and trouble and disaster with which the western end of the vast work was wrought to proud completeness, adding something to the physical and moral, if not to the natural, beauty and grandeur of the Berkshire hills.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, FROM ST. LOUIS TO ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED R. WAUD.



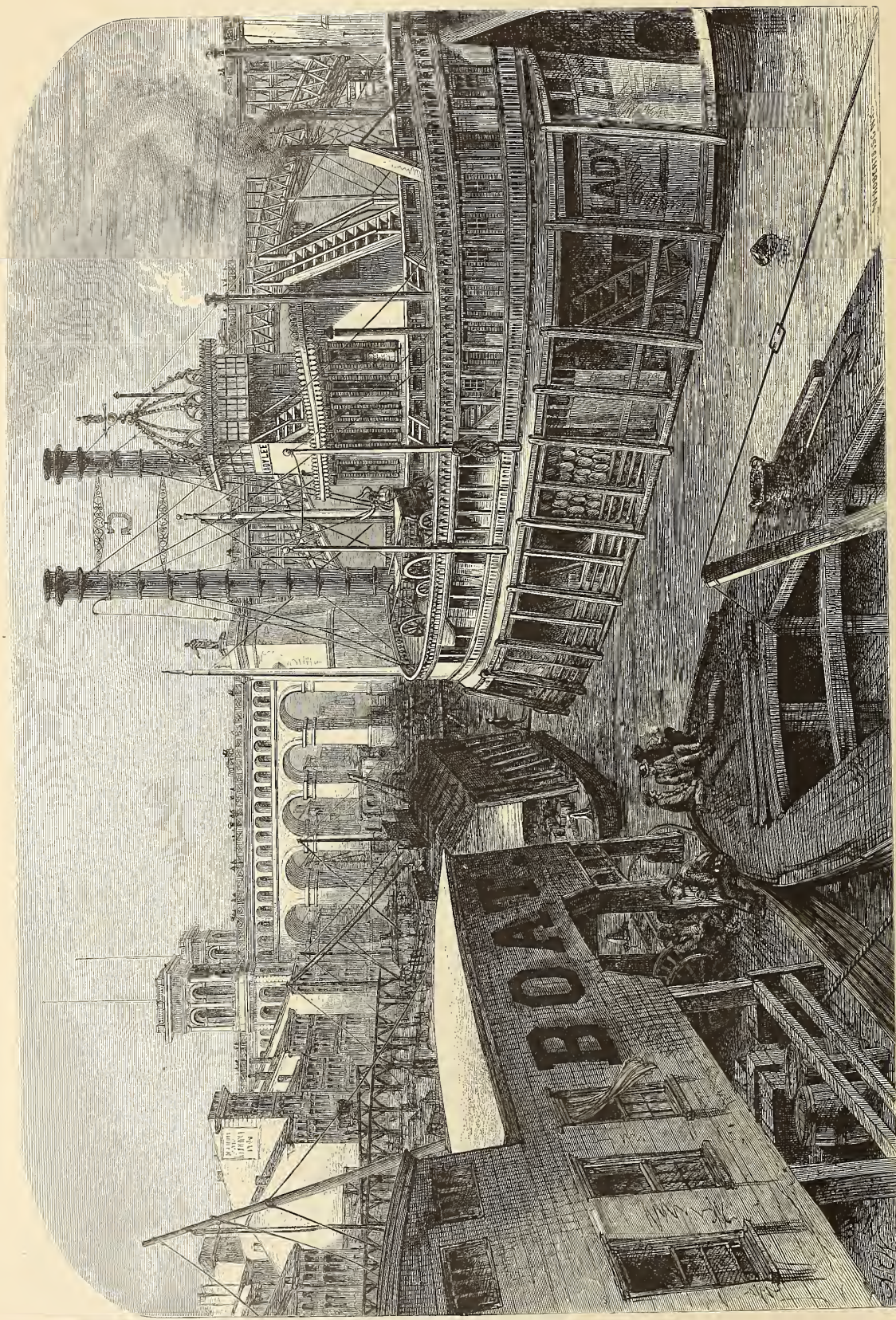
Grand-Tower Rock, below St. Louis.

IN the description of American scenery the Mississippi River, as of royal right, claims a leading place. It is our Nile, our mythic stream, with which are connected all the golden-hued tales of the early travellers. Monsters like Scylla, whirlpools like Charybdis, were reported to lurk in its waters, eager to seize upon the canoes of adventurous travellers, and drag them below its whelming flood. The voices of spirits—messengers of the awful Man-i-tou—reverberated from bluff to bluff, or issued with grewsome sound from the dismal evergreens of its southern banks. The tribes that hunted on its bordering prairies were cannibals, false in friendship, implacable in war, having the tomahawk ever brandished, and the arrow-point poisoned. But, if there were these dreadful things

to encounter, there were also prizes worth the winning. There were regions entirely of flowers, where the foot crushed at every movement the rarest blossoms; there were nooks inhabited by fairy beings of extreme beauty, and prompt to form the tenderest connections with the brave knights who dared all dangers to seek them. These were, like the gardens of the enchantress Armida, of supernatural beauty, tinted by a purple glamour that was akin to the atmosphere of Paradise. The blooms never faded, the turf never withered, the trees never shed their leaves, in these bowers of enchantment—these gracious climes, where all was well. In the midst of this happy land was a golden fountain, in whose waters whosoever bathed issued forth restored to his first radiant youth. The wrinkles upon the brow faded away; the thin cheek became plump and rounded; the shrunken limbs resumed their graceful outlines; the few gray locks that straggled over the worn brow were at once luxuriant and golden, or jetty black, or silky brown. Here was the material paradise, here the rest so dear to the wanderer, here that perfect calm which the unquiet heart seeks and shall find only in heaven. Whatever the spirit longed for unavailingly was said to exist here, in the region of the *Michesepe*. Expedition after expedition, under Spanish auspices, struck out from Florida to find the unknown land, watched over by ampler, bluer skies than had been known to mortals. While De Soto discovered the river in the south, the first white men who reached its northern portion were two Frenchmen from the North—Father Marquette and



Devil's Backbone, below St. Louis.



THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS.



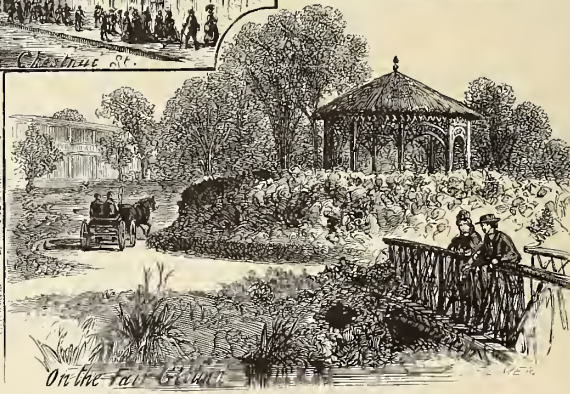
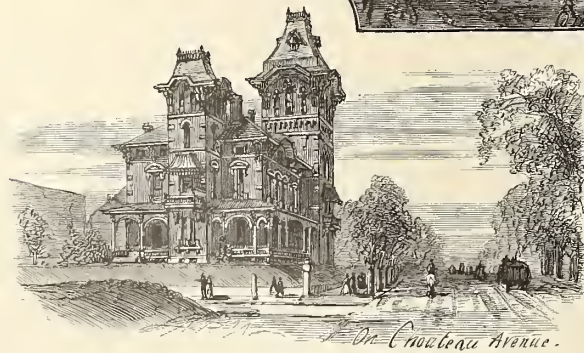
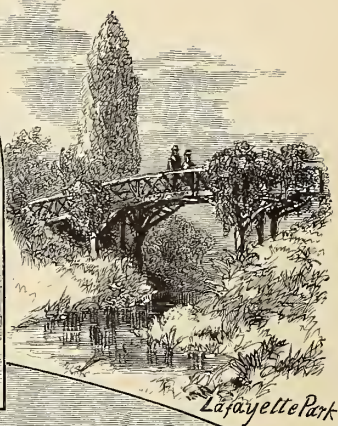
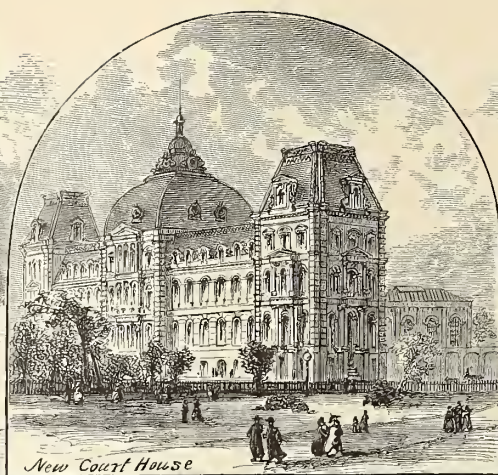
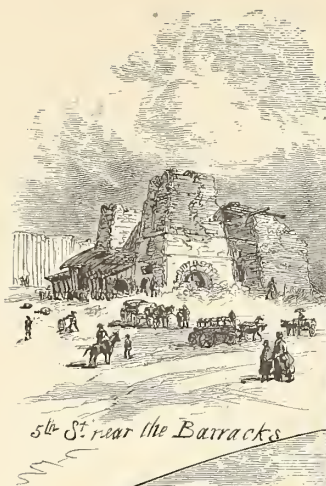
Engraved according to a sketch of Congress July 1871, by DeLong and Co. in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

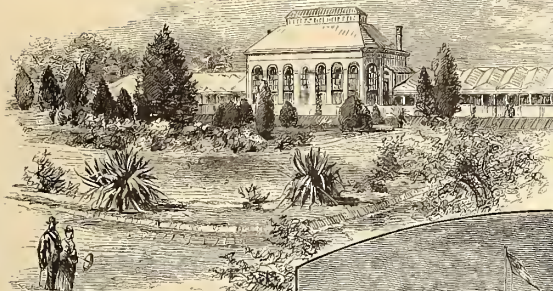
Mount Shasta

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

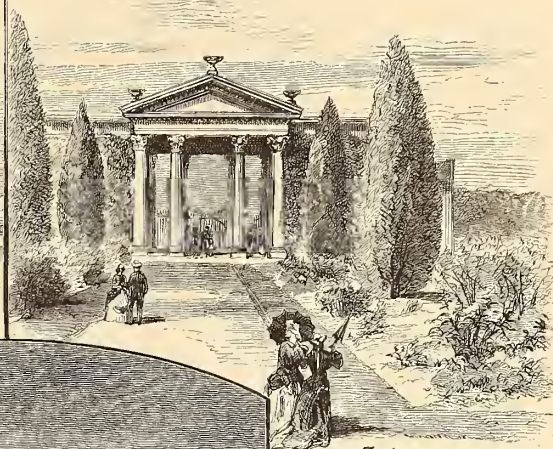
M. Joliet, a trader; and the first who descended its course from its region of ice to where its waters swell the tropic wave was the Chevalier de la Salle, a man cast in a most heroic mould. Father Marquette descended the Wisconsin in June, 1673; and, on the 3d day of July, his canoe floated on the rippling waves of the great river. It was then truly virgin. The red-men lived on the prairies that here and there break through the solemn regularity of its limestone walls in the northern part, or in the wide savannas that lie behind the densely-wooded banks of its southern region. They were by no means uniform in character or in degree of civilization. Some not only hunted and fished, but applied themselves to a rude agriculture, and spun a coarse cloth, making no trade of war, but simply repelling the attacks of more ferocious neighbors. There were others who lived only for battle, and whose glory consisted in the number of the scalp-locks which adorned their wigwams. Neither was their speech uniform. Besides the great variety of dialects which follows necessarily from the immense local changes of unwritten tongues, there were two great languages altogether dissimilar. These things were noted by the good French priest as the rapid current bore him down the stream; but, unfortunately, those who followed after cared nothing for philology, and modern science now deploras vainly the absence of data on which to found any general conclusions concerning the peoples of this great region, who have now entirely disappeared. Their place has been taken by the thrifty and energetic pale-faces, who have made the Mississippi's borders a long succession of smiling fields and cheerful habitations, and who have built up great cities, destined to be in the future what Nineveh and Babylon were to Asia.

The scope of this article is confined (with the exception of two illustrations of striking scenes below the city) to the Upper Mississippi, from St. Louis to the Falls of St. Anthony. It is easier to describe the ascent of the river than its descent, both because the traveller generally takes the steamboat from St. Louis up to St. Paul, and because there is a natural climax of beauty in the scenery in this way. Near St. Louis the views, it must be confessed, offer little that is admirable to the gaze. As we ascend toward Keokuk, the landscape becomes bolder and more striking; between Keokuk and Dubuque it still becomes more and more grand; from Dubuque to Trempealeau the advantages of Nature are still more enhanced; the scenery of Lake Pepin still strikes an ascending chord, until a culmination of the beautiful is reached in the Falls of St. Anthony and Minnehaha. It is better, therefore, to lead the reader on from that which interests but slightly to things that fairly enchain and enchant, than to commence with the beautiful and simmer slowly down into the absolutely prosaic. We will, therefore, begin with St. Louis (with a glance or two at the high bluffs that are found below the city), premising that the pilots consider this city the termination of the Upper Mississippi, the region between St. Louis and New Orleans constituting the lower river. The city of St. Louis disputes with Chicago the title of Metropolis of the West. But, unlike





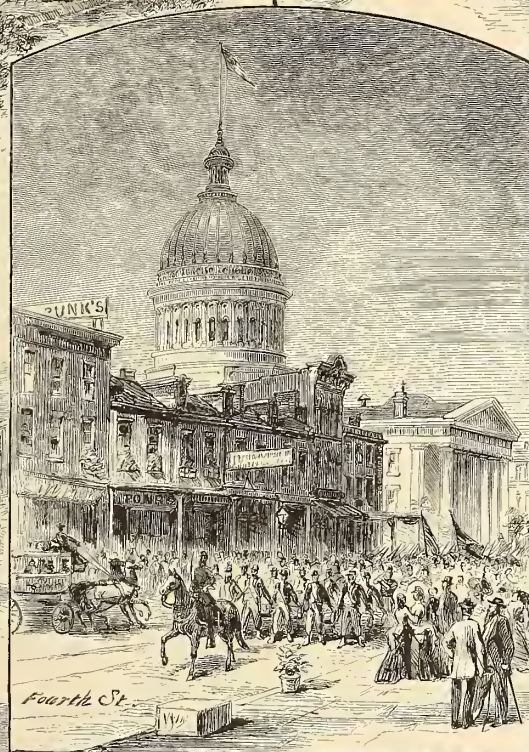
*Hothouses
Shaw's Garden*



*Entrance
Shaw's Garden*



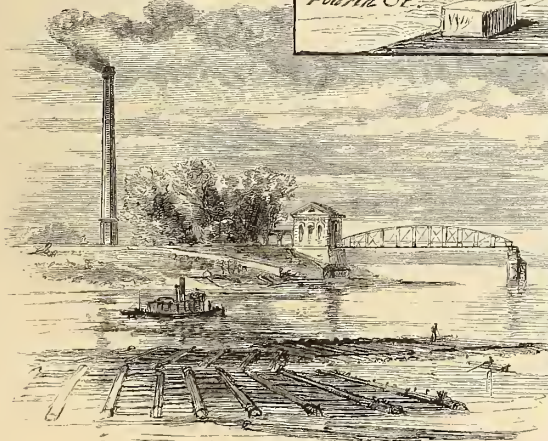
*Eggle Ins. Bldg.
Locust St*



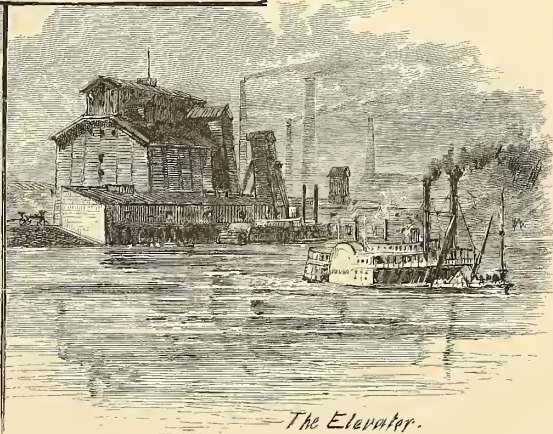
Fourth St.



*High School
Olive Street*



At the Waterworks.



The Elevator.

its great rival, its history dates back to an early period in American history. It was settled in 1762, by the French; in 1764 its inhabitants numbered one hundred and twenty all told, while its population to-day is believed to be nearly three hundred and fifty thousand. The city is situated on the west bank of the river, on a bluff elevated above the floods of the stream. It is built on two terraces, the first, or lower, rising abruptly about twenty feet from the river, and the second making a more gradual ascent of forty feet from the lower, and spreading out into a wide and beautiful plain. The corporate limits of the city extend over six miles along the river, and from three to four miles back of it. The older streets are narrow, but the new avenues are wide, and those in the resident portions lined with elegant mansions. The public buildings are imposing, the warehouses handsome, the public parks singularly beautiful. Among the famous places are Shaw's Garden, with an extensive botanical garden and conservatory, and the Fair-Grounds. The Fair-Grounds are made the object of special care and cultivation, supplying in a measure the want of a large public park. With an amphitheatre capable of seating twenty thousand persons, an area of over forty acres, filled with choice shrubbery, artificial lakes, fountains, rustic bowers, and numerous handsome structures for the exhibition of goods, it is one of the institutions of which St. Louis is justly proud. Shaw's Gardens are a munificent gift by a wealthy citizen to the public. Here is gathered every variety of tree, shrub, and plant, that can be grown in this country by natural or artificial means. St. Louis is destined for a great future. The magnificent bridge just completed, one of the largest and handsomest in the world, over which all the trains from the East directly enter the city, will have a great effect upon its fortunes. One distinguishing feature of the city is the number of huge steamboats that line its levee; but this feature is scarcely so notable now as it was a generation ago, before railroads had competed with steamboats for freight and passenger traffic. The steamers of the largest class descend the river to New Orleans; smaller ones of light draught ascend the Missouri almost to the mountains, and the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony.

Taking our passage-tickets on one of the handsomely-fitted steamers that ply between St. Louis and St. Paul for at least seven months in the year, the upper river being closed from the middle of November to the middle of April by ice, we turn our backs upon St. Louis, its shot-towers and elevators, its high church-spires, and the magnificent cupola of its capitol. The banks are low on each side—rather higher on the west—and of a sandy brown. The aspects are by no means picturesque, and the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi is not accompanied by any features of striking beauty. The city of Alton, about three miles above this junction, is perched upon a grand limestone-bluff, nearly two hundred feet high, and of a uniform light-brown color. There is a tradition that there were Indian paintings here, but they have disappeared, if they ever existed. One notices here that the water is much bluer than it was at St. Louis, and that the islands which everywhere dot the broad current have a look of greater age.

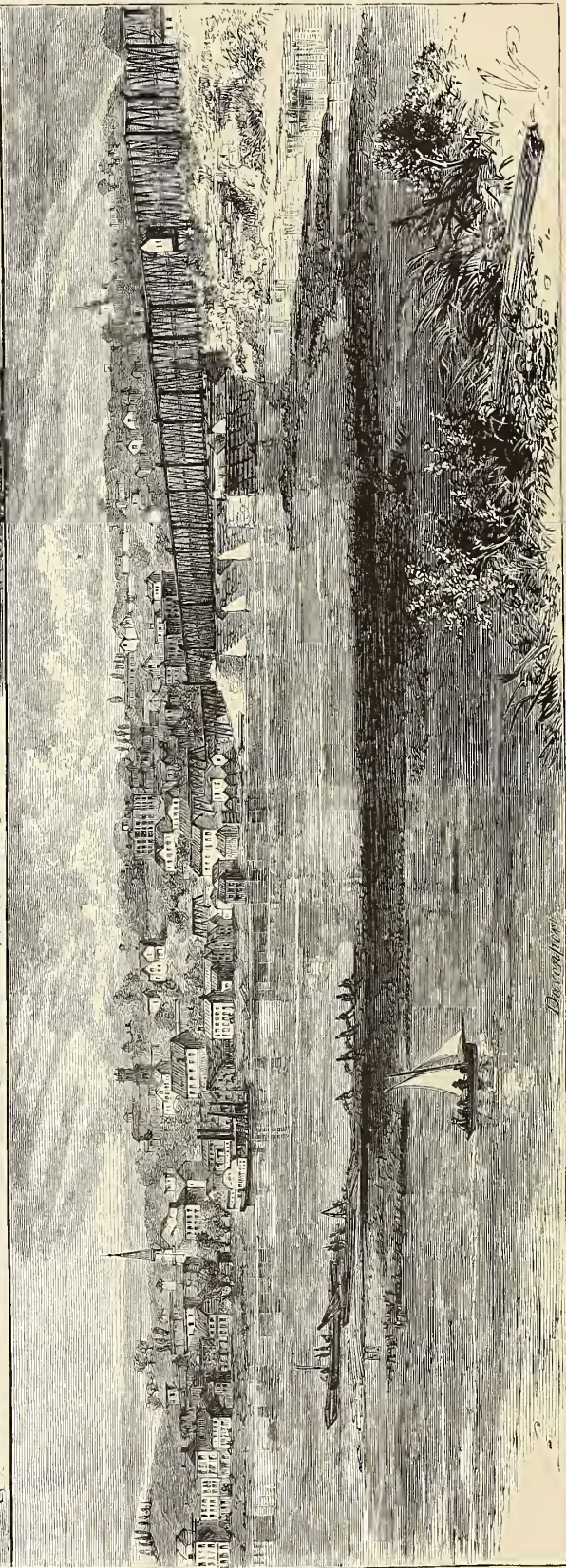
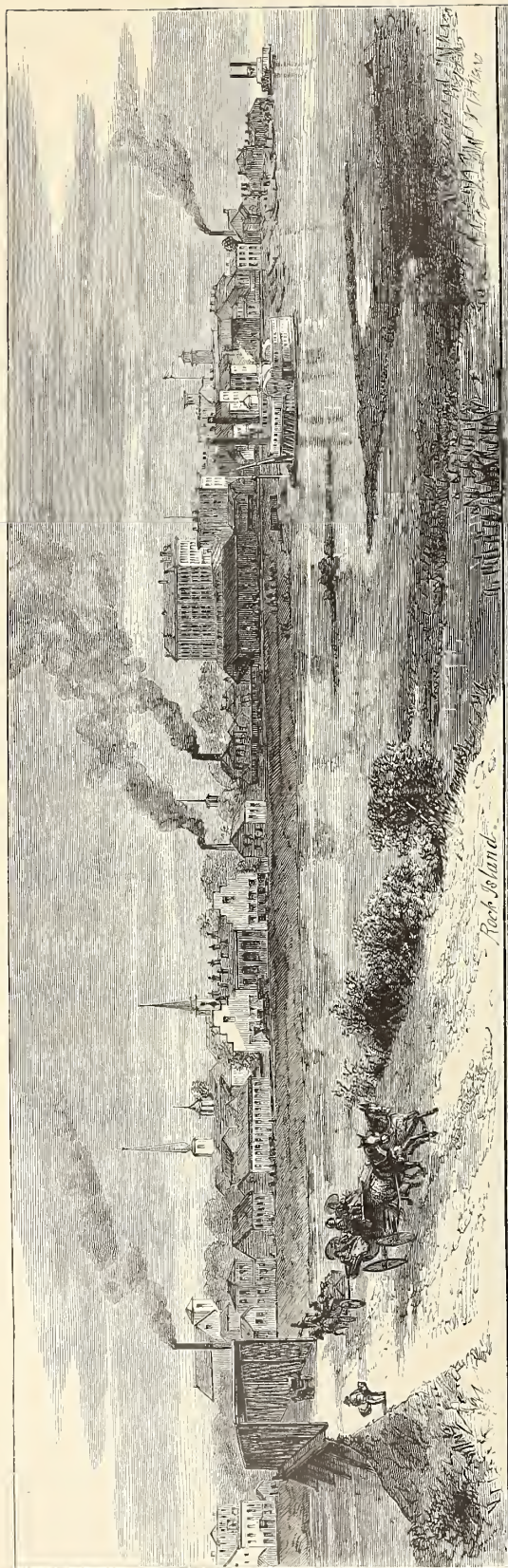
Those below seem to have formed themselves within a few months, and the hasty vegetation on them confirms the impression. But here we have the common willow, and occasionally the maple, both growing to a respectable height.

As we proceed upward, the bluffs become more numerous, and at Keokuk begin to gain the appearance of a range of hills with sloping ravines between. One might



Group of Islets.

imagine that the country in the rear was of the level of the river, or nearly so; but it is not so, for the tops of the bluffs are on a line with the prairie-land beyond. The city of Keokuk is on the western bank, in the State of Iowa; and the city of Warsaw, in Illinois, is opposite to it. Close to Warsaw the Des Moines River falls into the Mississippi, forming what are known as the Des Moines Rapids. It is only in the fall of the



ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS.—DAVENPORT, IOWA.

year that these are perceptible, and at that season they offer some hinderance to freight-boats, but the packet-steamers pass through the troubled waters without the least difficulty. The scenery at this point begins to give a promise of what awaits the tourist higher up. The stream is of a deep-blue color, or rather appears so from contrast with the limestone-bluffs on each side. The islands begin to be more and more numerous. Sometimes there are clusters of islets, only a few rods in extent, close to the bank—forming, as it were, a little archipelago. The stream, in these sequestered nooks, loses the steady strength of its current, and seems to linger with fondness amid the pleasing scenes. The edges of the isles are fringed with broad-leaved rushes, and often with the



Old Arsenal, Rock Island.

purple iris. Lilies spread their broad, green pads over the smooth water, presenting every variety of blossom, fully opened, half opened, just opening, and simply in the bud. There are also the bright-yellow flowers of the water-bean. In such spots as this the trees upon the islands attain quite a respectable growth, the cotton-woods especially becoming very tall. Nearest the water's edge one sees generally willows and scrub-oak, the latter growing very thick and bushy. There is generally, at the extremity of the islands, a long spot of clear, white sand, which will grow into other islands if the current does not wash it away, which, however, it is sure to do sooner or later. Few can be considered permanent; some only flourish for a few brief years, and then are washed away;

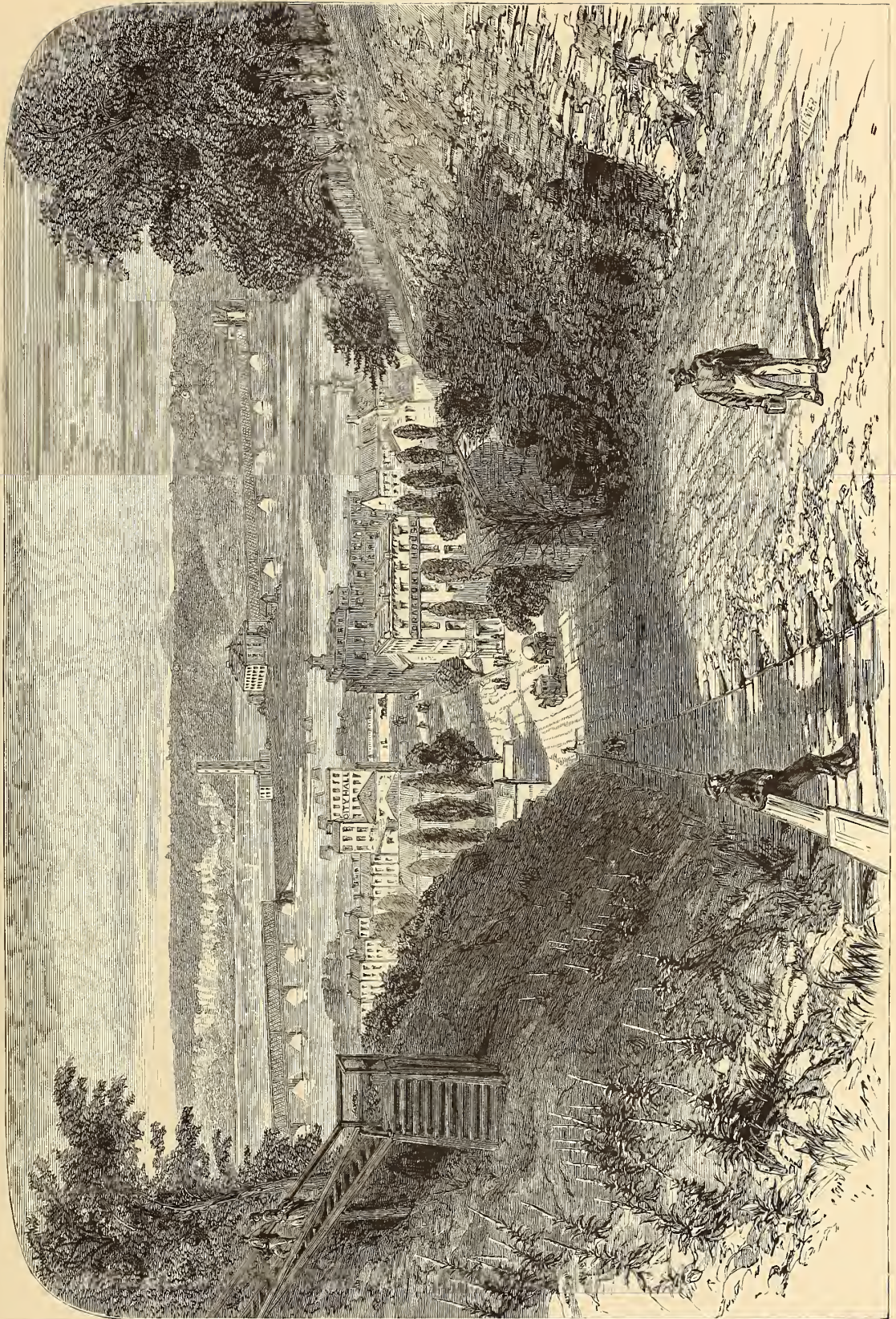
but there are others, which have been formed near the shore, which become protected by sand-bars, and flourish exceedingly, until some sudden thaw in the spring sends down an avalanche of floating ice, and whelms them utterly.



Forrest-Roads, Rock Island.

Leaving behind Keokuk, the steamer resumes its gliding motion over the gentle Mississippi, and the never-ending panorama of water, islands, and bluffs, recommences. About seventy miles higher up, the Iowa River joins the stream, coming in on the left hand. Fifty miles of the same identical scenery, without a change, brings the traveller to one of the few features of this part of the river. Most of the islands in the Mississippi are temporary formations of sand; in fact, there are but three of rock; and we have now come to the largest and the most important, named Rock Island. It is three miles long, and has an area of nearly a thousand acres, the greater part of which is cleared, the rest being covered with fine forest-trees. The soil is, of course, limestone, and has been utilized for building government fortifications and arsenals of quite a formidable character. The old arsenal, of which a sketch is presented, was at one time the

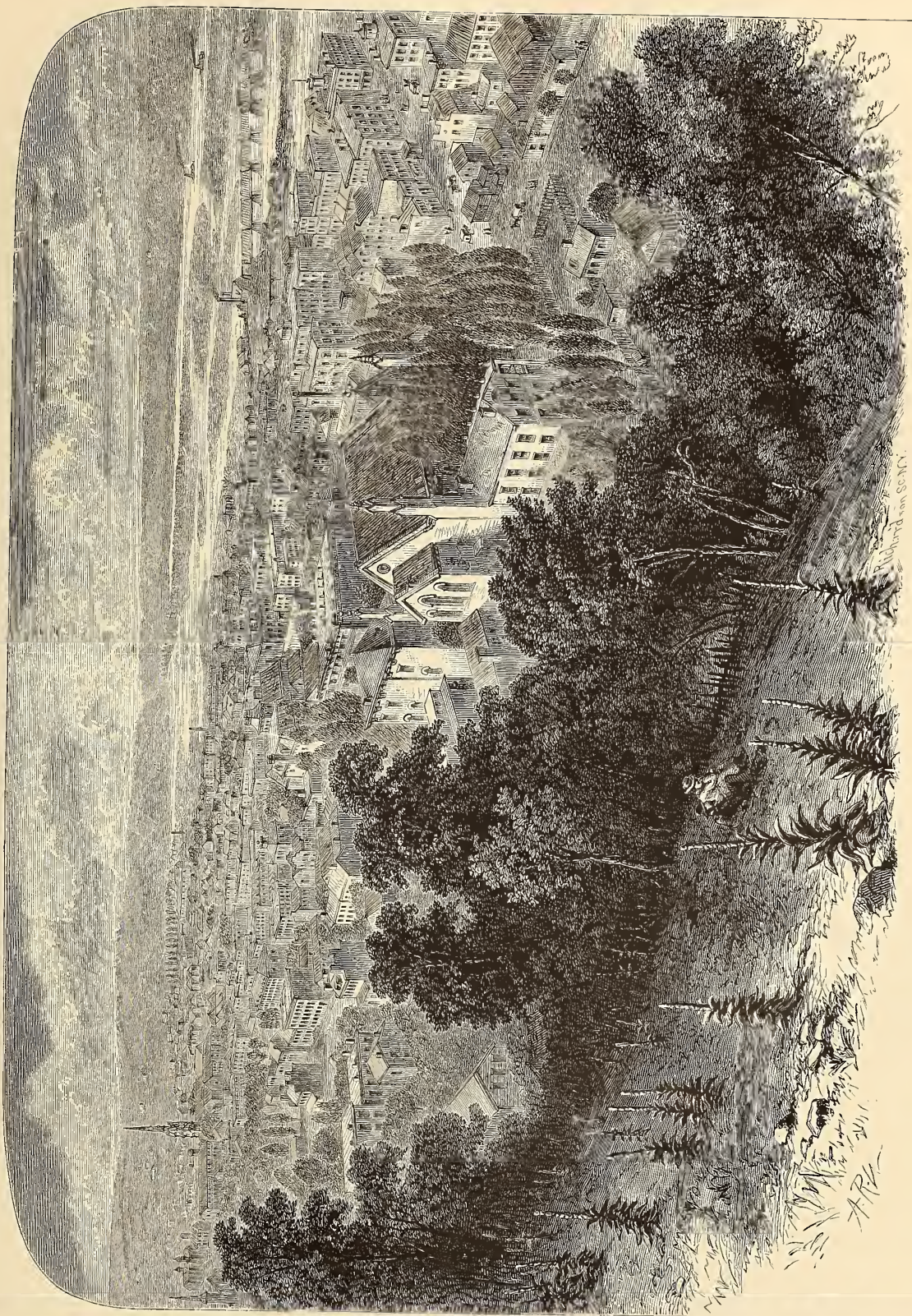
headquarters of the famous General Scott during the Black-Hawk War. This has long been abandoned, and has been replaced by limestone structures of the most enduring character; for here the United States has its armory headquarters, and the whole island



BRIDGES ON THE MISSISSIPPI, AT DUBUQUE.

has been developed, until it resembles, in the beauty of its drives and its military buildings, the station of West Point, on the Hudson, where the great military school of the nation is quartered. On the eastern bank, in Illinois, is the city of Rock Island. Opposite to it, on the other shore, is the city of Davenport, in the State of Iowa. These are both connected with the island by bridges, through which steamers pass by means of draws. These bridges were the first that spanned the Mississippi, and they met intense opposition from the steamboat-men, who hired gangs of desperadoes to burn them down as fast as the workmen erected them. But at last the cause of order triumphed, and the river-men consented to an act which they declared would forever ruin the commerce of the river. A candid and impartial mind will be forced to admit that the steamboat-party were not altogether in the wrong, for Nature here has done so much to obstruct navigation by rapids that the draw-bridges were really like putting the last straw on the camel's back. So powerful are the rapids here that in the fall freight-boats are sometimes prevented altogether from ascending, and it is easy to see that there might be seasons of water when a very little thing, such as the draw-bridges, would be sufficient to turn the scale against the boats. The passenger-packets feel the difficulty, but in a far less degree. It cannot be doubted that, within a few years, the railways will be compelled to pattern after the great St.-Louis Bridge invented by Captain James Eads, in which spans of cast-steel give an uninterrupted opening of over five hundred feet.

From the moment that we strike the rapids, we begin to notice a change in the bluffs. They are less hilly than heretofore, and they begin to become more like Cyclopean walls; their height, also, is greatly increased, and they are much lighter in color. The first effect upon the mind is unquestionably grand. The enormous masses of stone, which in their stratification resemble masonry, cannot but deeply impress the beholder. One marvels at the extraordinary regularity of the lines, and the conclusion comes upon one with irresistible force that there was a time when the water was on a level with these walls, three hundred feet high, and that the regular action of the river has exposed their strata with this seemingly strange uniformity. The Mississippi must be here about two miles wide, and is full of islands, which present every variety of form in their masses of vegetation. The water, on a fine summer's day, is perfectly clear, perfectly smooth, and all the indentations in the rocks, every streak of brown upon the whitish-gray sides, every boss protruding, every tuft of grass that has gained footing, every bush upon the slope at the base, every tree on the summit, are pictured in the cool shadows with undeviating fidelity. There is a mingling of the ideas of grandeur with those of rest and peace and happiness, which is inexpressibly pleasant; and there are few things in life more agreeable than to sit on the upper deck and watch the panorama that the river offers. Everywhere one gets delicious effects, specially where a curve in the river brings the trees of the islands sharply against the light background of the bluffs, or where the limestone-walls, receding, leave the islands in the centre, and



DUBUQUE, FROM KELLY'S BLUFF.

the tops of the cotton-woods are defined upon the blue sky. Nature harmonizes her blues and greens, if artists cannot. Then, it is pleasant to watch the working of her general law in the hills themselves. Sometimes, indeed, we see bluffs unsupported; but almost invariably there is a noble, perpendicular wall for two-thirds of the descent, and a great, sloping buttress of fragments for the remainder. It is on the latter that vegetation

thrives, though here and there we come to long stretches of bluffs that are made reddish brown in color by a covering of minute lichen.

As we approach Dubuque, three hundred and sixty miles from St. Louis, the rocks begin to be castellated, and, probably from some softness in the limestone, to be worn into varied shapes. But the full extent of this peculiarity is not seen until one passes Dubuque. Below that point the change is mostly manifested in the appearance of broad ledges at the top, that look like cornices, and in an occasional fragment of perpendicular structure, to both of which forms waving weeds and the long tendrils of wild-vines add a peculiar grace. At Dubuque the bluffs are nearly three hundred feet high, but they do not come sheer down to the water's edge, as at Alton, nor is there a long, sloping buttress; but at the base there is a broad level, about sixteen feet above the Mississippi. On this plateau are all the business-houses, the hotels, and the factories. Above, connected with paths that have been cut through the solid limestone, are the streets of the dwelling-houses.



A Cross-Street in Dubuque.

The approaches to these upper houses are mostly by stairs that might easily be called ladders, without exposing one to a charge of being sarcastic; but it is worth the trouble of mounting these ladders a few times every day, to have such a landscape unrolled before the eye. There is a stretch of bare, sandy island in the centre of the river, across which comes the railway-bridge of the Illinois Central Railroad. There is, at the farther end of the island, a large shot-factory, and close to it the shot-tower, which darts up into the blue sky like a light flame. Beyond rise the bluffs of the eastern shore, which here are very hilly, and present beautiful contrasts of green verdure with glaring white. The tops of many are quite covered with a dense vegetation. Far beyond rolls the dreamy



Eagle Point, near Dubuque.

prairie, melting in the distance into the sky, which, blue above, becomes paler and paler as it nears the horizon, until it is an absolute gray. This is the outward look. The inward has plenty of quaint effects. There is an absolute confusion of lines. Here is a wall, there a stairway. Above that wall is a house, with more stairways. Then comes another wall, and perhaps another house, or a castellated mass of limestone, overlooking the architectural muddle. It is as quaint as any of the scenes in the old cities of Lombardy upon the slopes of the mountains, among the terraces cultivated with the grape, the olive, and the fig.

Just beyond Dubuque we come upon one of the landmarks of the pilots of the

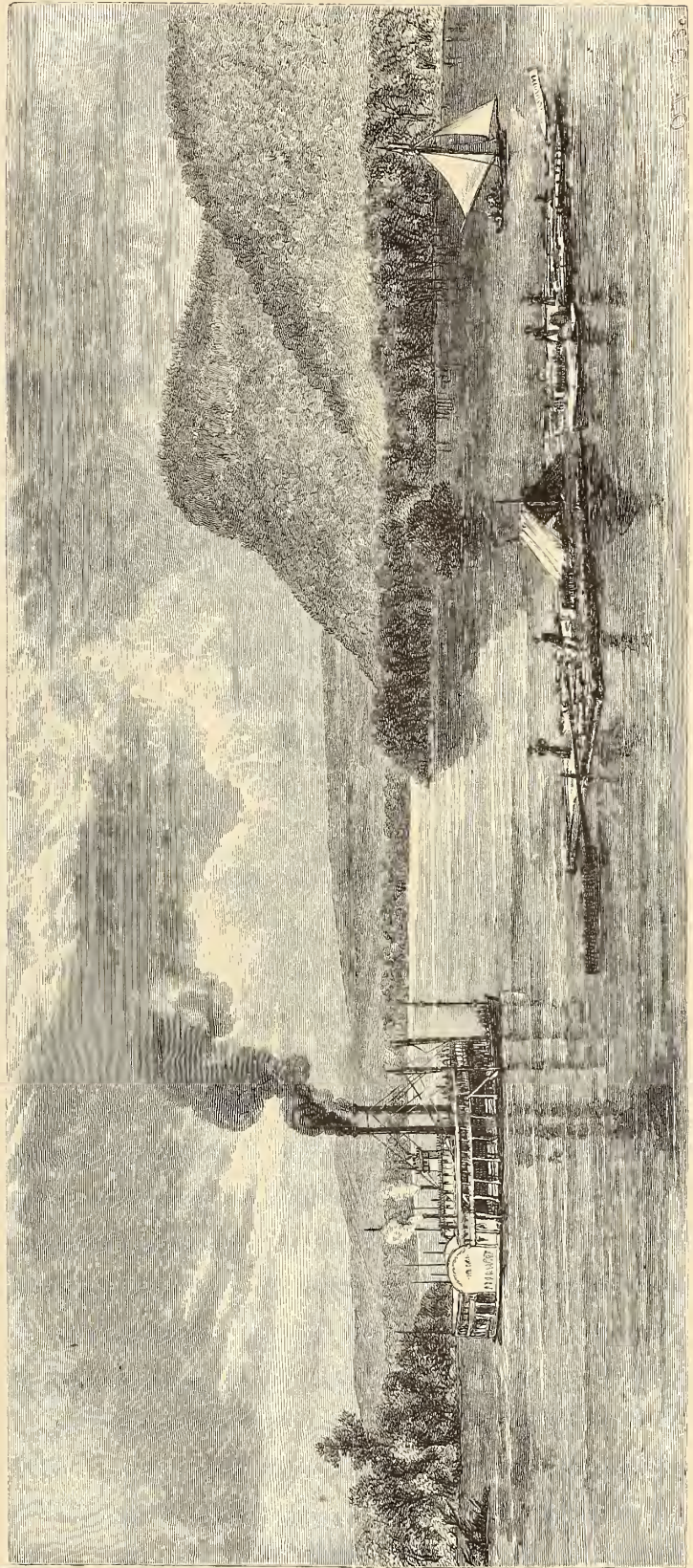
upper river—Eagle Point, a splendid bluff, some five hundred feet high. The railroad from Dubuque to St. Paul runs upon the western side here, and continues to do so until it crosses at Hastings, a long way north. It runs at the base of the bluffs, and commands the picturesque points almost as well as the steamer. At this point the bluffs are unusually high and massive, presenting often another variety of mountain-form, in which the summit rolls down, as it were, and the perpendicular walls beneath seem like a short column supporting a monstrous dome. Eagle Point is not of this kind, however; but the sloping portion blends so gradually with the perpendicular that, to the eye, it seems one enormous wall, descending from the forest above to the water beneath. The



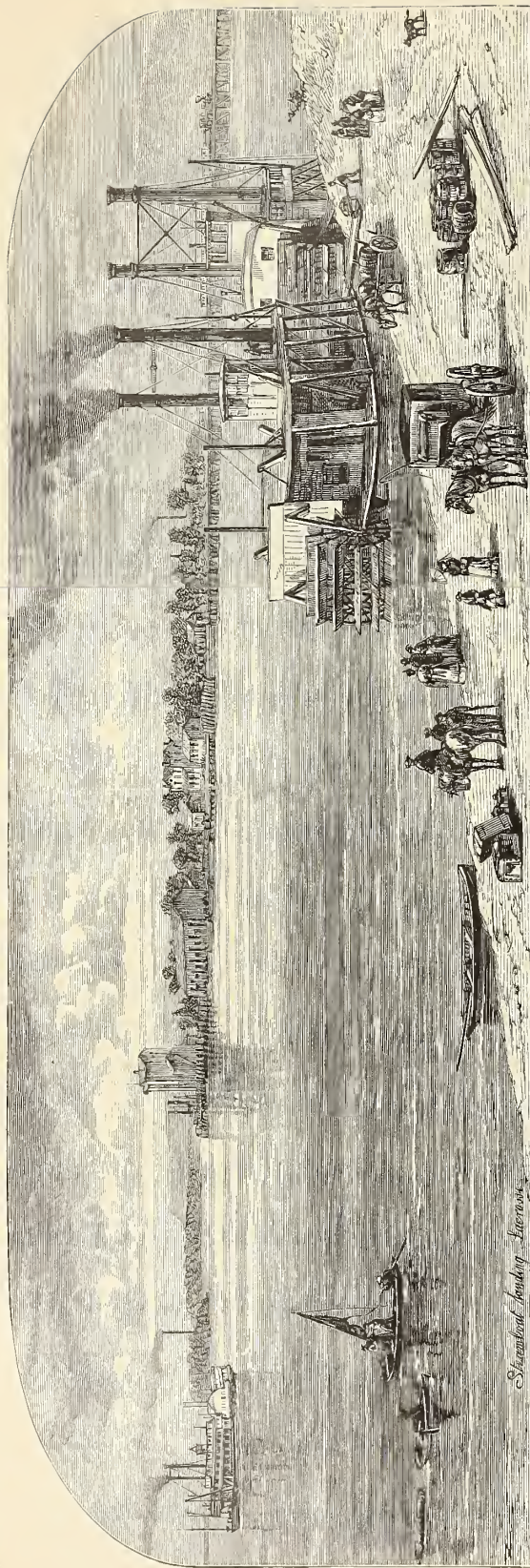
Buena Vista.

trees here attain a large size, and dot the champaign country that stretches far away on every side. Sometimes the cliffs have been so changed by the action of water as to produce those colossal sloping banks which are called “downs” in England, where not a particle of the limestone is visible, the whole being covered with a rich mantle of green. The effect of these downs is peculiarly pleasing in sudden turns of the river, when in the distance a portion of the Mississippi seems to be isolated, and fancy cheats us with the belief that the broad, gleaming sheet is the commencement of a romantic lake among the hills. Then these great roofs of green become a most exquisite background, more especially when the landscape is tamed down by a thin, silvery mist. Perhaps one of

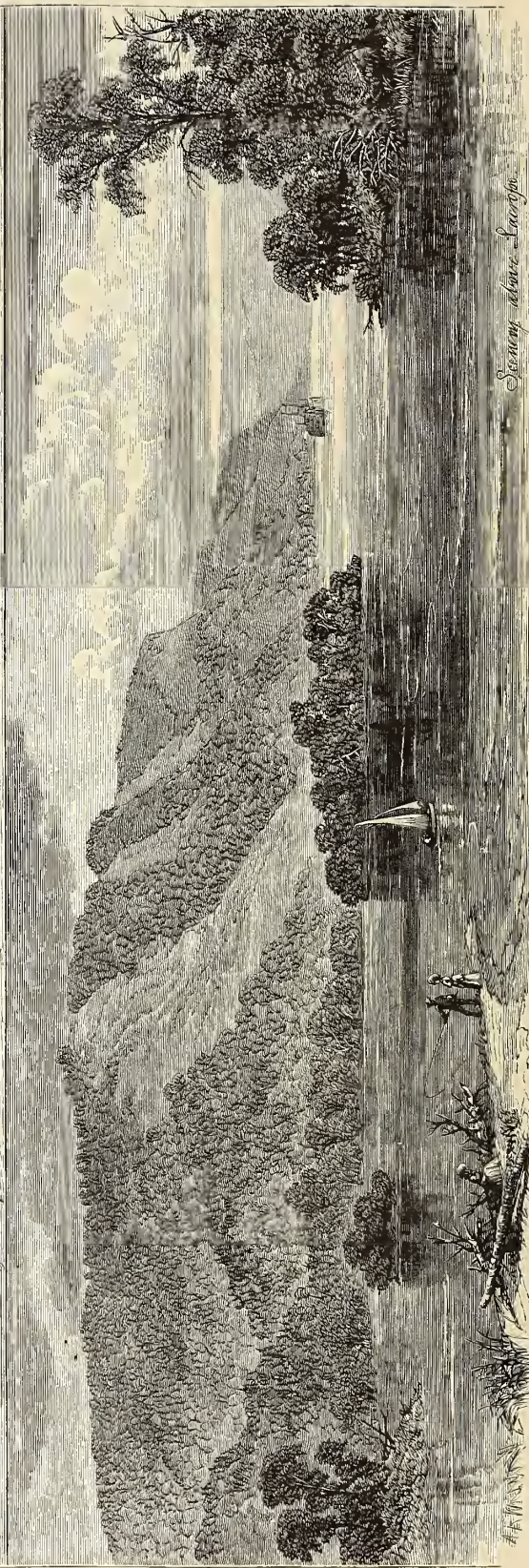
the causes of this lake-like appearance is the comparative freedom of this part of the Mississippi from islands. There are small dots of green, willowy land here and there, but not in such numbers or proportions as to contract the view of large expanses of water. Right in the centre of this beautiful region is the little village of Buena Vista, which owes its name, and indeed its existence, to the appreciative taste of a Westerner who fixed his household-gods here in the centre of all that was lovely in Nature. The place is well known to pilots, because in the vicinity there is an outcropping of lower silurian, which resembles exactly ruins of some gigantic structure. It is not precisely an outcropping, because it has become visible by the washing away of the soil that concealed it. There is at its base an indescribable mass of fragments, round which creepers and wild-vines have twined themselves in picturesque confusion, and on each side of it the forest-trees grow in the greatest luxuriance. The ravines on each side are broad and



At the Mouth of the Wisconsin.



Steamboat loading lumber



Scenery above La Crosse

LA CROSSE, AND SCENERY ABOVE

picturesque, but give no idea or suggestion of what the bluff was before it crumbled away, leaving, as it were, its skeleton visible.

The mouth of the Wisconsin is broad, but the water is shallow, and the channel is obstructed by sand-bars, covered with rank vegetation. The bluffs here, on the opposite side, are covered with trees, and, both in their contour and general appearance, remind one very much of the hills along the western branch of the Susquichanna. On the western side we are still in the State of Iowa but the eastern shore belongs to Wisconsin,



Three Miles above La Crosse.

one of the great wheat-raising regions. All along the line of the river here, the towns have something to do with the traffic in cereals, but most of it is becoming concentrated in Dubuque. Somehow, whether it is imagination or not can scarcely be analyzed, but the air here seems purer and more bracing than it did below, yet the sun's rays are immensely powerful. The bluffs, that are directly exposed to the full force of the summer sun, are bare of vegetation as the palm of one's hand—masses of white rock. But, wherever a curve gives a shelter to vegetation, the trees spring up joyously to the blue .

air, and the wild-vines hang their festoons around the fantastic spires and jutting cornices of the limestone. This is, in sober truth, an exquisite part of the river, from the greater variety of the scenery, the wooded hills, and the exquisitely pure character of the water, which is clear and limpid as that of Lake Leman. The bluffs alternate from massive, deeply-wooded hills to long walls of limestone, with bases and huge cornices and bartizan towers, deep crypts, and isolated chimneys. Often, from the deep heart of the oaks and maples crowning a majestic bluff, starts up a skeleton splinter of bare lime, white as alabaster, in the pure air, a little reminder that the hill had been much higher. Sometimes it will not be a pinnacle, but a regular series of towers or donjon-keeps, with wild-vine



Queen's Bluff, below Trempealeau.

banners waving from the outer ramparts. In other places, the summits will be entirely denuded of timber, but will be covered with a bright mantle of emerald turf. In the ravines between, the trees are low, thick, and bushy, the very place for the covert of a deer, and one watches instinctively to see some motion in the leafy shade, and to detect the brown antlers of some leader of the herd. In the midst of these wonders there comes a break, where a little river pours its waters into the Father of Streams. A smiling prairie, level as a billiard-table, is spread on each side of the mouth for several miles. Here is the town of La Crosse, built upon the prairie where all the Indian tribes, for hundreds of miles around, used to have their great ball-playing, that game

which the French travellers called "la crosse," and which has given its name to this stirring city, bustling with manufactures, and noisy with the screams of locomotives. And still we are on the right bank of the river, and still in the State of Wisconsin; the opposite shore is in Minnesota, also a great grain and lumber mart. Here we begin to see big rafts coming down the stream, with often twelve men tugging away at the clumsy, huge oars, battling against the swift current. Above La Crosse, the valley of the Mississippi widens considerably, and the hills recede, leaving long slopes of upland, covered with noble trees. The river is perfectly studded with islands; in fact, one is never out of sight of them. They are all low, composed of alluvial soil, washings from the banks, and are covered with a dense growth of shrub-oak, from which occasional cotton-woods soar up to considerable height. Sometimes they are in the centre, sometimes they fringe the banks; but, in every position, they add greatly to the beauty of the scene.



Scenery below Trempealeau.



Approach to Trempealeau.

The bluffs here are, in many cases, over six hundred feet high, and of varied shapes, the pyramidal beginning to appear with persistent recurrence.

Queen's Bluff, a fragmentary pyramidal bluff, is one of the landmarks by which the pilots know that they are approaching the fairy region of Trempealeau. Queen's Bluff has not only been cleft in twain by the greater Mississippi of the past, but its face has been scooped out by the winds, and Nature has kindly filled up the gloomy void with fine trees. Its southern side is exposed directly to the noonday sun, and is a bare, precipitous mass of glaring white, without so much as a blade of grass to shade it from the sun's fierce kisses. There are great cracks in it, which are positively blue in shadow, from the intensity of the glare.

The steamboat glides onward over the glassy tide, and nears rapidly one of the three rocky islands of the Mississippi. The first was at Rock Island, the second is here at Trempealeau, about eighteen miles above La Crosse. It is sometimes called Mountain Island, for its rocky

height attains in one part an altitude of five hundred and sixty feet. But the name which the French *voyageurs* gave it is so poetical that it would be a sin to change it. It rises sheer out of the water in the centre of the channel, and the French called it "Mont qui trempe à l'eau" (Mountain which dips in the Water). Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the approach to this most romantic and picturesque spot, which, in the writer's opinion, exceeds in positive beauty the far-famed scenery of Lake Pepin, twenty-five miles up the river. The river lies like a lake in the



Trempealeau Island.

bosom of the hills, which are so varied in beauty that they defy description. They do not present an amphitheatre of peaks, but are rather like an edging or the setting of emeralds around a diamond. Their forms offer every possible combination of picturesque lines, every known conformation of limestone-rocks, blended with ever-changing hues of green, from the deep tints of evergreens to the bright emerald of grassy plains. The river seems to sleep below, its placid surface giving back all the glorious beauty of its environing. The locomotive creeps at the base of the great bluffs, as if conscious of

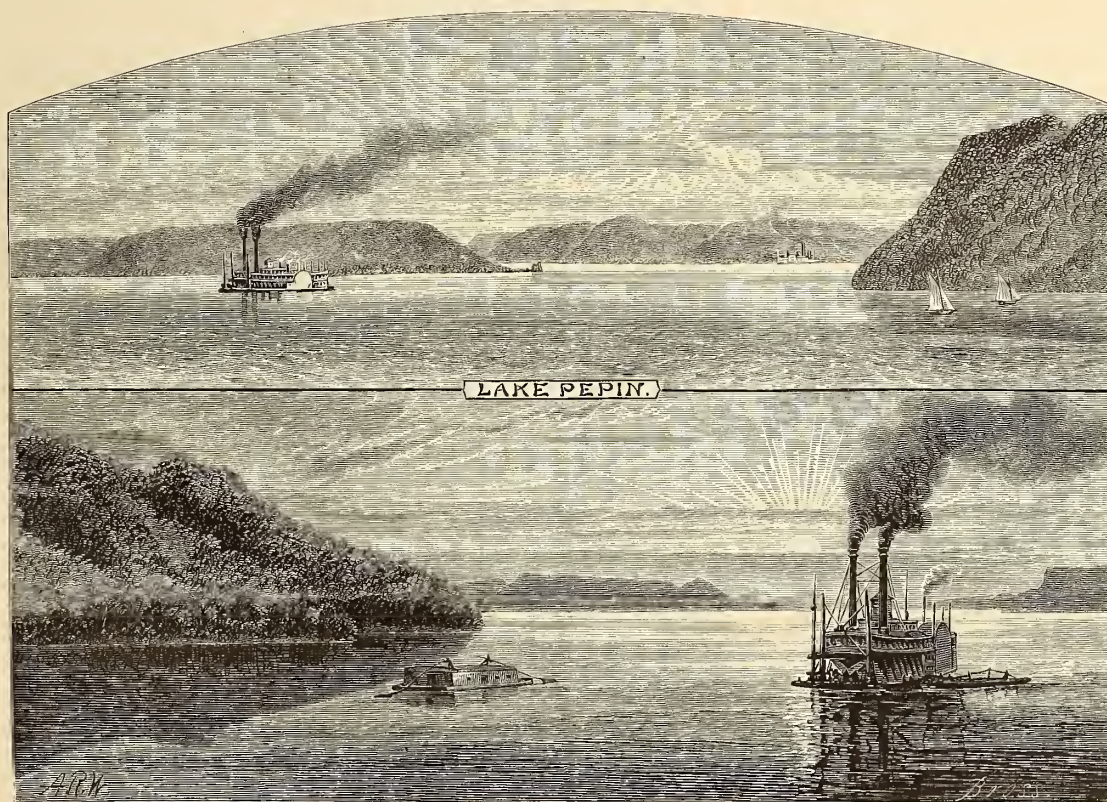


Chimney Rock, near Fountain City.

intrusion, and emits its whistle in a plaintive, deprecatory manner, that the hills echo and reëcho with increasing pathos. The islets that nestle around the huge form of Trempealeau are mostly covered with sedge-crashes, waving with the slightest puff of air. The mountain is by no means bare. There are parts which are covered by thick forests, growing with the greatest luxuriance on the steep ascent; and there are spaces where nothing but the barren rock is seen, with all its huge stratification exposed to view. Spots of the barren rock are covered with a minute lichen, which gives to the limestone a warm, rich effect, like red sandstone; in other spots it is dazzling white, like marble. There is a winding path up Trempealeau for those who care to make the ascent, and,

in autumn, the sides of this road are lined with berry-bushes. Nothing is more suggestive in the distance than this same winding foot-way, especially when behind it a golden-edged cloud of cumulus formation is slowly sailing by; then it seems a path to El Dorado, to the cities of elf-land, where, in silence, await the bold adventurer, beauteous maidens, in fountained courts, rich with the perfume of celestial flowers, and where birds sing strains of a sweetness never heard from mortal instrument, but akin to those divine airs that flit through the brain, as pitilessly beyond the grasp as the golden-cornered cloud itself. Trempealeau is a study for the painter, a theme for the poet, a problem for the geologist, a clew for the historian. Whosoever will study it with his soul rather than his wit shall not fail of exceeding great reward.

It is hard to say under what aspect Trempealeau looks the best—whether from the distance below, or from a nestling-place in the islets at its feet, or from the village of Trempealeau, five miles above. This little place ought to be visited by every painter and poet in America, and should become the headquarters of every one who loves the scenery of his country, during the summer months. It is a grief that Americans should wander off to the Rhine and the Danube when, in the Mississippi, they have countless Rhines and many Danubes. What does it matter if every peak along the former has the dismantled walls of some robber-baron's den? Is Drachenfels one whit more castellated than any of the nameless bluffs about and around Trempealeau? All that is beautiful in lake-scenery, in lower mountain-scenery, in river-scenery, is garnered here. The





MAIDEN'S ROCK, LAKE PEPIN.

great trees that line the bascs of Trempealeau are worthy of the Titan that has nourished them, and develop such trunks, such branches, as do the eyes good to see. The little isles crouch at the foot of the mountain-island as if seeking protection from the rush of the spring waters or the live bolt of the storm. They are of every shape, and the combinations of their trees and their sedgy banks offer a thousand hints of beauty



Limestone Natural Walls, below St. Paul.

and suggestions of romance to the intelligent glance that takes them in. Sometimes the cotton-trees clump themselves as in a park; anon, by a few strokes of the oar, and in a trice, one gazes at a vista of branches through which, obscurely in the distance, one sees through the tremulous summer a great broad flank of darkened limestone. And the clear, limpid water that glides around them, and that laves the rocky sides of the grand

Trempealeau, gleams with such brightness, and glows so under the sunlight, and sleeps in silvery lengths under the moonlight, that one cannot but love it. In the distance, looking back regretfully from the village of Trempealeau, every cape and headland is softened, and the green hues of the forest-clad sides become a warmish gray, verging in blue. The little isles appear like dots of trees, springing up out of the silvery wave that spreads itself out in a dazzling sheet of reflected sunshine. And, if any one, after seeing these things, shall pine for the castled crags of the Rhine, let him come and survey Chimney Rock, near Fountain City, some twenty-five miles higher up. It is true that the hand of man never wrought at these things, but, for all that, it is the precise image of Chepstow



Near St. Paul.

Keep, in "merrie England," and is, to all intents and purposes, as much a castle as any ruin of the German river. The spectator who views this peculiar mass of limestone from above the river will fail to see why it received its name. But, from below, and passing abreast, one observes that the extreme mass on the right hand is altogether detached, and presents a very striking resemblance to the enormous stone chimneys which are built up *outside* the houses in Virginia. The castle rises from a dense growth of trees, mostly of maples, and at the base of the bluff there is a sort of natural terrace, very broad and even, which is free from vegetation of any kind, and looks not unlike the terrace of a proud palatine home. Below this is an accumulation of soil, washed

down by the river in spring tides, which has offered a resting-place to wandering seeds. These have grown into a belt of scrub-oak, very low and very compact, forming a pleasant foreground to the scene above.

We now approach Lake Pepin, the first glimpses of which are truly charming. The Mississippi here swells into a large expanse of water, in some parts five miles across, and this widening extends for twenty-five miles. By many this region is considered the finest that the river affords, but most artists will decide for the vicinity of Trempealeau. The water here is very deep, and, in the summer-time, is so calm, so unruffled, so still, that one cannot discern with the eye any appearance of a current. So easily do the side-wheel steamboats pass through the water that they seem to be moving through air, so gentle and equable are the pulsations. And it is really an annoyance to be passed by a stern-wheeler; the great machine in the rear tosses the water about and churns it into foam, destroying the serene impressions that had been left upon the mind. Looking northward, on entering the lake, one observes a high rocky point on the left shore, elevating itself like a sentinel of a fairy host guarding the entrance to the enchanted land. In the mid-distance another promontory of high and menacing aspect juts out into the lake, concealing from view the sweep of the upper end of the lake, which here makes a bold curve to the eastward. A superb amphitheatre of bluffs encloses the lake, many of which have an elevation of five hundred feet. These present every variety of form, some of them being square masses, like the keep of an old castle; others flow out in a series of bosses; others are angular, others conical. Here, in one direction, is a pyramid, with numerous depressions and ravines mottling the white mass with veins of shadow; and here, in another, is a vertical wall, with perfect mouldings of cornices and plinths. Anon, steals into the view a gently-sloping mound, covered with herbage and trees. All of these does the delicate-hued surface of the lake reflect with perfect fidelity, excepting that the light objects are elongated, and their outlines are lost; but the dark, stern capes are given back with scrupulous exactitude, line for line, bush for bush, mass for mass.

This is Lake Pepin in a calm. But this daughter of the hills is not always in a good-humor, and, when her waves are ruffled by the angry winds, she rages with a fury that is by no means innocent. Its vicinity to St. Paul makes it a favorite resort for those who are fond of boating, and the surface in the summer is often dotted with the white sails of miniature yachts. These have a hard time in stormy weather, for the waves are very high and very short, and succeed each other with a rapidity which makes steering almost impossible. Many a sailing-boat has been dashed by the mad waters right into the forests that here, in every direction, come sloping down to the water's edge. In all the little villages nestling in the amphitheatres of the lake, there are stories of such disasters, though they never yet taught prudence to any one. The great tradition of death and sorrow belongs to Maiden's Rock. The tale of Winona's tragical suicide



ST. PAUL, FROM DAYTON'S BLUFF.

has been widely circulated, but it is so much a part of Lake Pepin's attraction that it cannot be passed over in silence. Winona was a young girl of that confederacy, named by itself Dah-co-tah, which the French called Sioux, but whose real name is Tetone. She loved a hunter of the same division of the confederacy, but her parents wished her to marry a warrior of the Wapasha division, and, by threats and actual blows, extorted from her a promise of compliance. The day before the union she ascended a bluff of great height, whose upper part is a sheer precipice, and began chanting her death-song. Soon the base was surrounded by the tribe, and all those who possessed any influence over the girl shouted to her to descend, and that all should be well. She shook her head in disbelief, and, breaking off her song, upbraided them bitterly, not only for wishing to marry her against her will, but for their folly in preferring the claims of a warrior, who did nothing but fight, to those of a hunter, who fed the tribe. Then she continued her interrupted chant, and threw herself, at its conclusion, from the height, being dashed to pieces in the great buttress of rocky *débris* below.

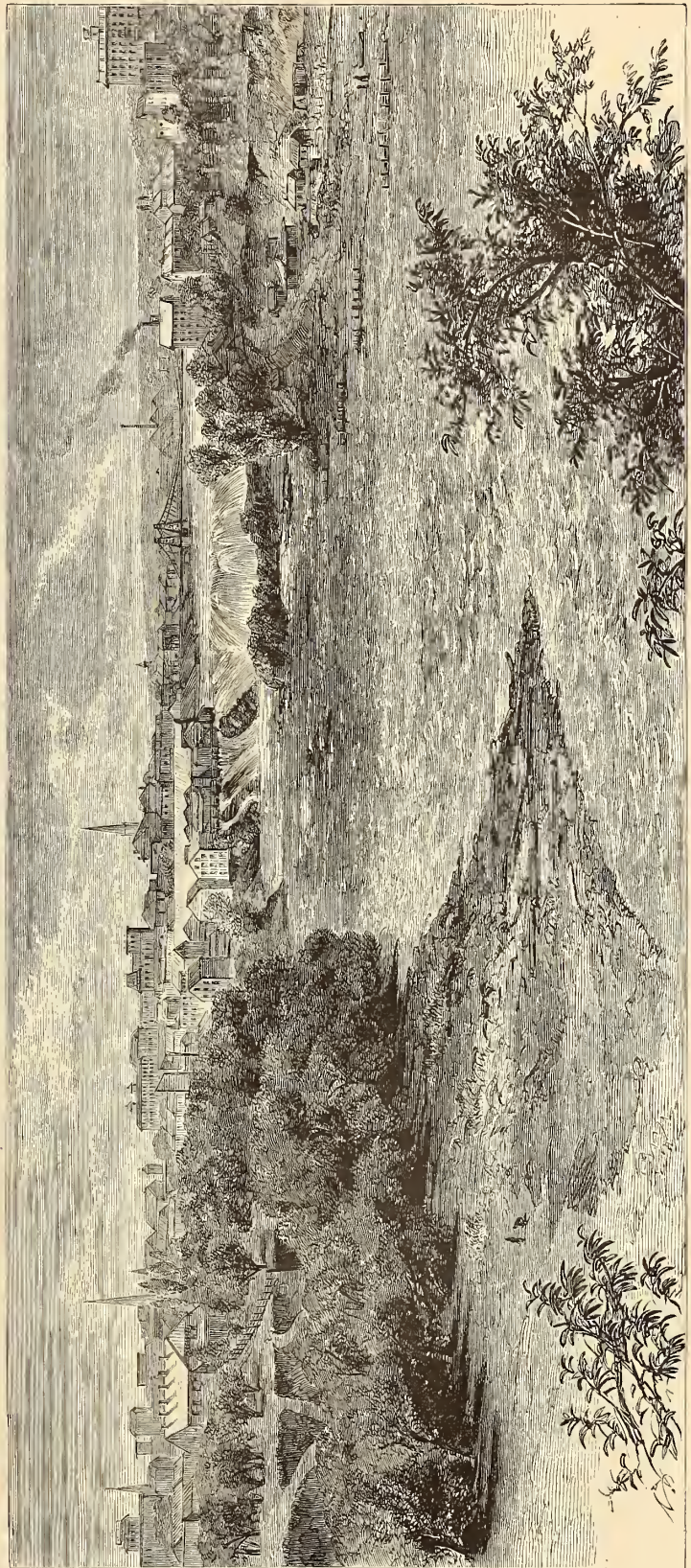
Frontenac is in the centre of the lake-region, and is left behind with veritable regret. When we get once more into the river it seems quite narrow, though this is the effect of contrast. At Hastings, the railroad which has hitherto faithfully accompanied us on the left side makes a change to the other shore, just in the region of the limestone walls. These are not very high, but they produce a forcible impression by their length and regularity. The bluffs rise over them in great green domes, and often large trees crown their ledges; but there are spots where, for miles upon miles, these walls stand alone, unadorned by vegetation—white, glaring, and monotonous. Still, there is a quiet strength and sternness about this formation, which impress some organizations more forcibly than actual beauty, and the spots where these ramparts are partially covered with great trailing wild-vines are indeed highly picturesque. The river-scenery at this point is essentially lovely. There is a multiplicity of islands, showing every possible massing of vegetation, and, in many cases, the bluffs are quite low, and admit a broad view of woodland and prairie. The effect is park-like, and, when a powerful sun pours upon the scene a flood of light, nothing more softly beautiful can be imagined. Looking northward in the distance, we obtain faint glimpses of St. Paul; but it is impossible to get a good view of this picturesque city from the river. This is the getting-off place, the end of navigation on the Mississippi, and therefore every one is sure of being able to go to Ball's Bluff, or, better still, to Dayton's Bluff, on the east side of St. Paul, where, with one sweeping glance, the eye takes in the city, its towers, and its elevators, the railroad-bridges, the opposing rocky shores, and the graceful curve of the river.

The chief attraction, of a picturesque nature, in this vicinity, however, is not upon the Mississippi, but on the little Minnehaha River, an outlet of Lake Minnetonka, whose waters are poured into the Minnesota not far from the junction of that river



FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

with the Mississippi. The famous falls here are by no means what one would imagine from the poem of Longfellow. There is but little water, yet what there is is more admirable at its lowest than at its highest volume. For the chief beauty of the fall is in the crossing of the delicate spiral threads of water, producing an effect which reminds one of fine lace. About two hundred feet below there is a bridge, and, as this is only thirty feet long, it will assist the reader in forming a correct idea of the proportions of this somewhat too famous cataract. The gorge is elliptic in form from the centre of the falls to the bridge, and quite narrow everywhere. The depth is about sixty feet. On each side of the top of the falls are numerous birch-trees, and the summits of the gorge crowned with various forest-trees. Below the bridge, the bluffs or banks on each side cease to be precipitous, and come sloping down to the water's edge, with all their trees, the branches of many actually dipping into the brink. The veil of the fall-



Minneapolis, St. Anthony, and St. Anthony's Falls.

ing water is so thin that one can see the rock behind it. There is a good path behind, which even ladies can follow, except when the wind blows directly opposite, when the adventurous traveller would get well drenched.

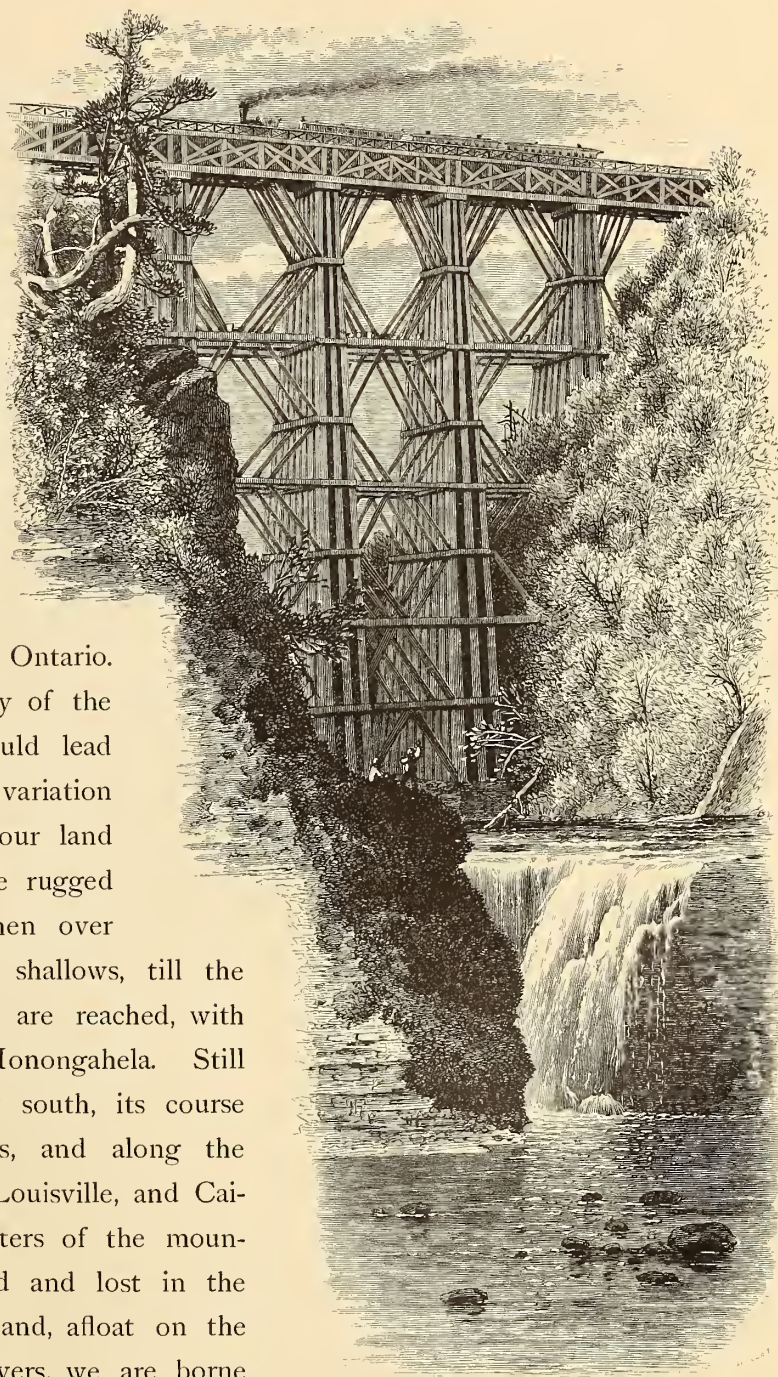
By rail from St. Paul to St. Anthony, on the Mississippi River, the distance is about ten miles, and every pilgrim in search of the picturesque ends his journey here. Minneapolis is on one side of the river, and the city of St. Anthony on the other. The falls can be seen with equal advantage from either side, though, if one wants to try both views, the suspension-bridge enables one to do so with perfect ease. The rapids above the cataract are very fine, in fact much finer than the fall itself, for the river is broad above, nearly seven hundred feet wide, and, within the last mile, makes a descent of fifty feet. As the falls are only eighteen feet, they often disappoint the spectator, more especially as commerce has interfered with them, and converted them into water-power, second only to that of Rocky Island at Moline. The rapids are in reality splendid, even in the summer-time. The jostling waters heave up great surges several feet high, from which the wind strikes sheets of spray. In the centre there is a broad, well-defined mass of water, like a ridge, elevated over the stream on each side. Furious eddies boil and circle in this with a deep, gurgling sound, and, when a pine-tree comes down, it goes under, and comes shooting up into the air hundreds of feet below, but with every particle of bark stripped off, and great splinters wrenched from the hard wood by the battling currents underneath. Just above the fall, on the very verge, the waters steady themselves for the leap, but, before that, the waves cross and recross, and stagger with blind, furious haste. The best view seems to be from the centre of the suspension-bridge, for there you can see the grand rapids, and do not see the dams and factories on either side. Looking up the falls, however, you do gain something, for you have a full view of the extraordinary piles of limestone-slabs forced off by the united action of the currents and the ice. These are heaped in many places along the shore with the greatest regularity. The slabs are like the tops of tables, many of them as smooth as possible, this being the distinguishing characteristic of limestone-cleavage. And, the force of the water being in one direction below the falls, the slabs are not broken in the descent, but are gently left by the receding waves along the shore in regular rotation. Still, from this point of view, the dams and other obstructions are too plainly in sight, and, though they cannot make one forget the immense volume of the river that comes leaping onward, yet they do destroy all the romance and much of the beauty of the water-fall.

THE VALLEY OF THE GENESSEE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.

THERE is said to be a mountain-peak in Potter County, Pennsylvania, standing upon which the observer may mark the fountain-head of two rivers. Though flowing through adjacent gorges, their courses are soon divided, the one tending southward, while the other marks out a winding way to the harbor at Charlotte, there losing itself in the waters of Lake Ontario. To follow down the pathway of the southward-flowing stream would lead the traveller through every variation of climate and verdure that our land affords—now shadowed by the rugged peaks of the Alleghanies, then over rough rapids and dangerous shallows, till the smoky precincts of Pittsburg are reached, with the blending waters of the Monongahela. Still farther, and bearing west by south, its course leads through fruitful valleys, and along the busy wharves of Cincinnati, Louisville, and Cairo. Here the clear, fresh waters of the mountain-rivulet are finally merged and lost in the expanse of the Mississippi; and, afloat on the bosom of the Father of Rivers, we are borne on its sluggish current to the delta, and the borders of the Southern gulf.

This tour of fancy ended, the river-voyager retraces his path till he stands again upon the Northern summit, and girds himself for the second and northward journey.



Railroad-Bridge, Portage.

This, though short as compared with his southward course, will yet prove one of exceeding beauty, and rich in all those varied phases which unite to form what we call the picturesque. It is to the "beautiful Genesee" that we now turn; and, as the valley that bears its name, and owes its richness to the river's turbulent moods, lies far to the northward, in the limits of the neighboring Empire State, we hasten toward it, trusting to the paths through which the river first made its way.

In its early course, the Genesee is not marked by any exceptional beauty or peculiar charm of surroundings. Nor is it till the falls at Portage are reached that the river asserts its claim to recognition as one of the most beautiful and picturesque of all our Eastern streams.

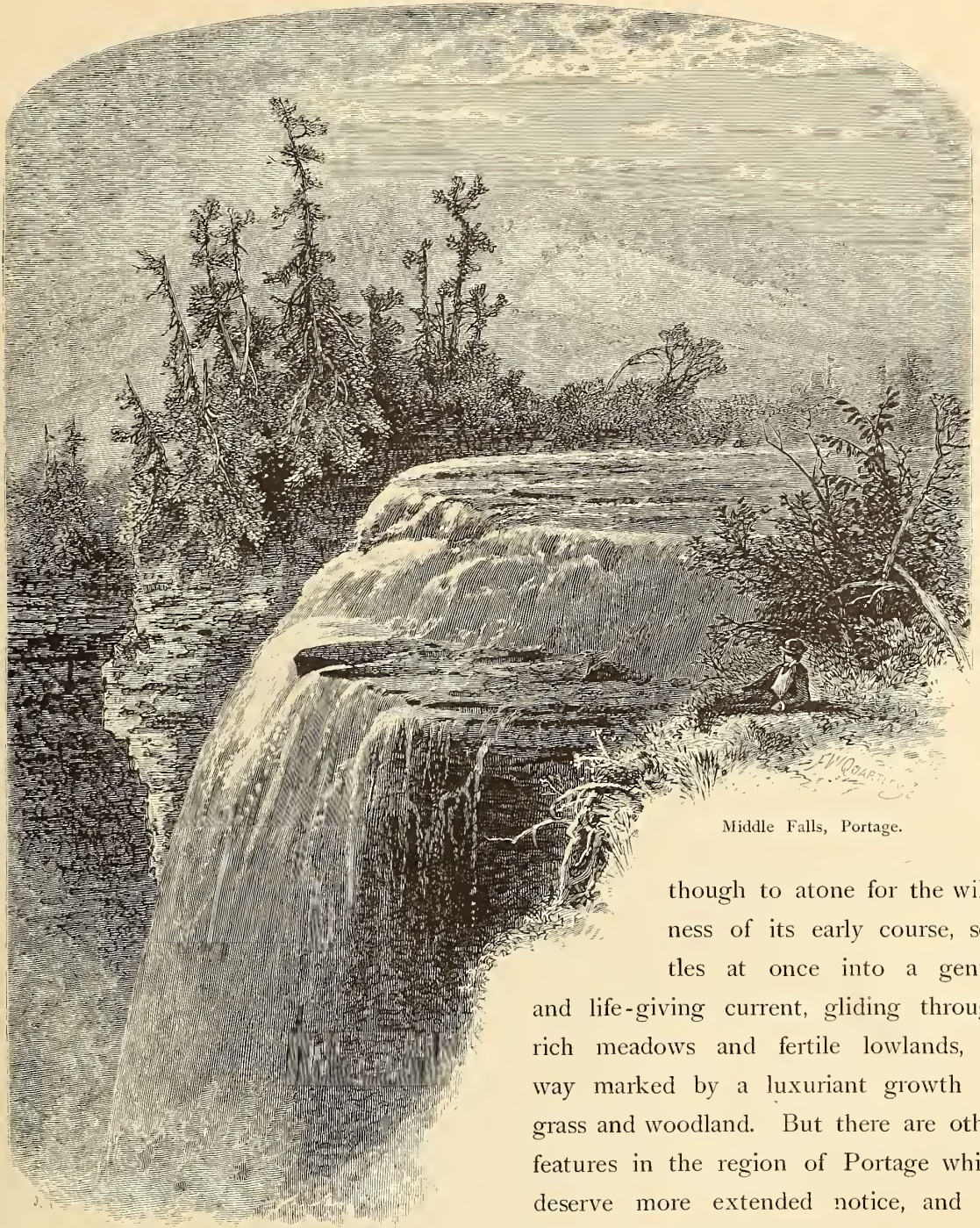
The summer tourist, if he leave the car of the Erie Railway at Portage Village, will be first attracted by what is the least picturesque though an important feature in the foreground; and that is the great bridge which spans the ravine and river at this point—a work which will well repay a careful survey, since it is regarded as a triumph of the bridge-builder's skill. This bridge, or, more properly, viaduct, is said to be the largest wooden structure of its kind in the world. It crosses the river at a point hardly a stone's-throw above the brink of the First or Upper Fall; and its lightly-framed piers, with their straight lines reaching from the granite base to the road-way above, contrast strangely with the wild roughness of the natural chasm it spans.

The reason given by the artist for not presenting an extended and architecturally complete view of this great work is not without force. "This is a tour in search of the picturesque," he says; "and the straight lines, sharp angles, and cut-stone buttresses of a railway-bridge do not belong to that order of beauty." Assenting to this just estimate of the artist's mission, we turn away from this hasty survey of the bridge to the contemplation of the rough-hewn, rugged walls of the chasm it spans.

Divided for an instant by the stone buttresses of the bridge, the waters of the river unite again, just in time to present a bold and unbroken front upon the brink of the first fall. As the body of water which passes over these falls is comparatively small—except in seasons of flood—and as the first precipice is but sixty-eight feet in height, the effect would be of little moment, were it not for the striking character of the surroundings.

Entering the gorge a short distance above the brink of this Upper Fall, the river has cut for itself a wild, rugged channel, the walls of which rise in a perpendicular height of from two to six hundred feet, each successive fall resulting in a deepening of the chasm, and a consequent increase in the height of the rocky barriers.

It is this chasm that constitutes the distinctive feature in the upper course of the Genesee. Beginning abruptly at a point not far above the Upper Fall, it increases in depth and wildness until the village of Mount Morris is reached, at which point the stream makes its exit from the rocky confines as abruptly as it entered them, and, as



Middle Falls, Portage.

though to atone for the wildness of its early course, settles at once into a gentle and life-giving current, gliding through rich meadows and fertile lowlands, its way marked by a luxuriant growth of grass and woodland. But there are other features in the region of Portage which deserve more extended notice, and to these we willingly return.

Having recovered from their first bold leap, the waters unite and flow onward in gentle current, with an occasional ripple or miniature rapid, for the distance of half a mile, when the brink of the second and highest fall is reached. Over this the waters pour, in an unbroken sheet, a distance of one hundred and ten feet. At the base of this fall the waters have carved out, on the western side, a dark cave, which may be approached by a wooden stairway, standing at the foot of which we see the sky as from the depths of a crater.

Ascending again to the plateau that reaches out on a line with the brink of this fall, we come in sight of Glen Iris, a rural home, the fortunate owner of which is evidently the possessor of a sympathizing and appreciative taste for the beauties with which he is surrounded.



Lower Falls, Portage.

Upon the lawn that divides Glen-Iris Cottage from the brink of the precipice stands a rude log-cabin, which is in the possession of a history so closely linked with that of the first inhabitants of this wild region that it becomes at once a monument of peculiar interest. The form of this cabin is given by the artist with so careful a regard for truth that a description is not needed. We have called it merely a log-cabin; and yet it is, in truth, an ancient Indian council-house, and stands alone, the only ruin of what was once a village

of the Iroquois. This ancient council-house of Caneadea stood originally upon a bluff of land overlooking the Genesec, about twenty-two miles above its present site. It was the last relic of aboriginal sovereignty in the valley, and it is not surprising that it should be so jealously guarded by its present owner, Mr. Letchworth, on whose lawn it stands. During the Indian wars, all the white captives brought in from the South and East were here received, and compelled to run the gantlet before this council-house, its doors being their only goal of safety. Among the famous captives who were thus put to the test was Major Moses van Campen, a name distinguished in the annals of the wars with the Iroquois. This building sheltered Mary Jemison, "the white woman of



Indian Council House.

the Genesee," after her long, fearful march from the Ohio to her home and final resting-place in the valley beyond. It was here that the chiefs of the Seven Nations were wont to hold their councils of war. There is no record of the date of its construction, but upon one of the logs is the sign of a cross, the same as that which the early Jesuit fathers were known to have adopted as the symbol of their faith. Besides this single evidence of the presence of the stranger, the old council-house bears upon its rough sides the marks and signs of the Indians who are now without a home or a country, and yet who once could call all these wild passes, royal forests, and broad acres, their own, by virtue of a long inheritance. When the Indians took their departure to more western



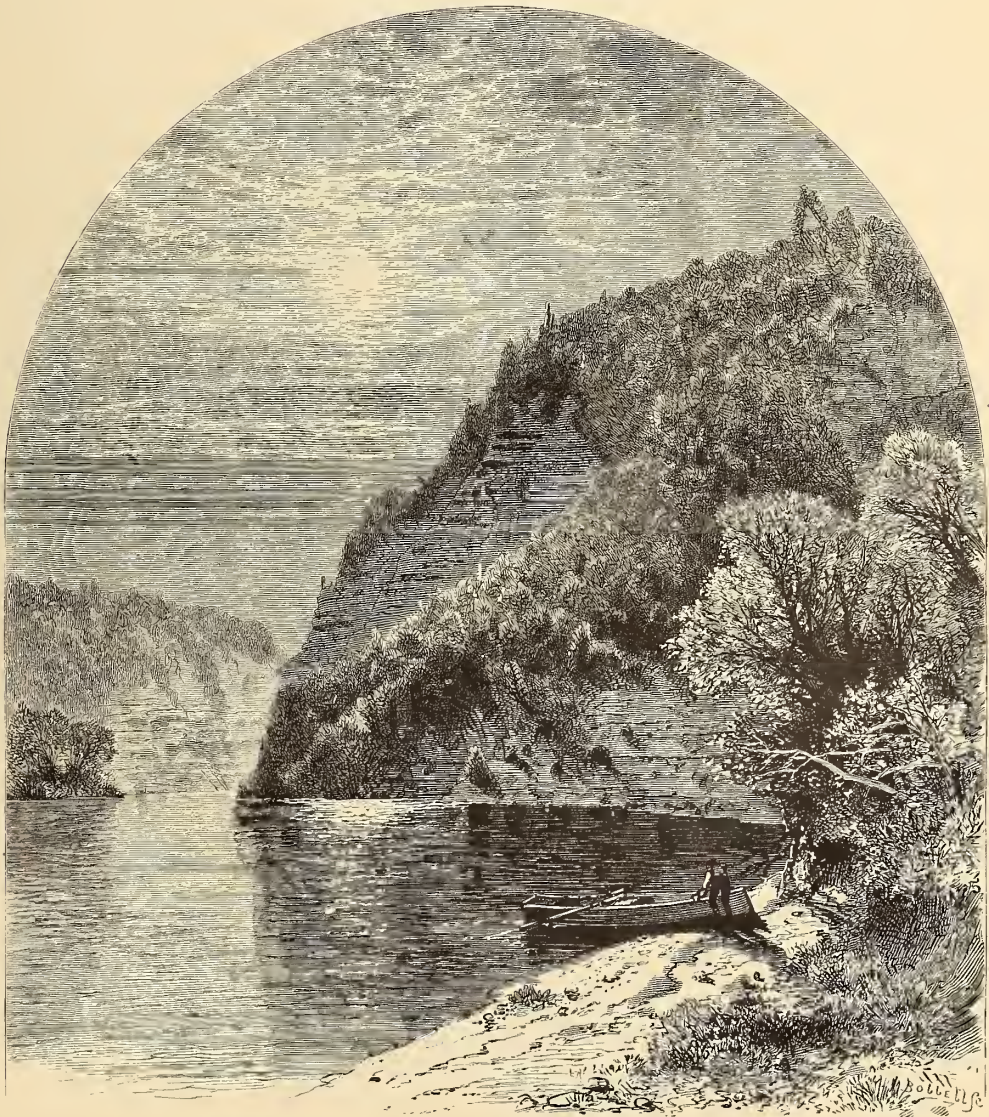
High Banks, Portage.

reservations, the old council-house came into the possession of a white squatter, who guarded it against decay, and made it his home for fifty years.

It is this council-house that now stands on the lawn at Glen Iris, in full view of the distant bluffs, and within but a stone's-throw of the Middle Fall. Prompted by his own worthy interest in this last relic of the old league, Mr. Letchworth caused the council-house to be removed from its original site at Caneadea, and erected where it now stands. In effecting this removal, great care was taken to place the building precisely as it originally stood, each stick occupying the same relative position to the others. At the rededication of the building, in the autumn of 1872, there were present twenty-

two Indians. Among these justly-distinguished guests were the grandsons of Mary Jemison, Cornplanter, Red-Jacket, Tall Chief, Captain Brant, Governor Blacksnake, and other chiefs whose names are associated with the early history of this region. Many of these strange guests wore the costumes of their tribes. The council-fire was again lighted; the pipe of peace—the identical one presented by Washington to Red-Jacket—was passed again around the circle of grave and dignified chiefs, many of whom were natives of the valley, and whose ancestors were once the sole possessors of all this land. These men were said to be fine representatives of their race; and the speeches that followed the first silent ceremony were delivered in the Seneca tongue, with all the old eloquence and fire. It was an occasion worthy of a lasting record, as this was, no doubt, the last Indian council that will ever be held in the valley of the Genesee.

After the Revolutionary War the league of the Iroquois was broken, the Mohawks,



High Banks, Mount Morris.

with Brant at their head, entering the service of the British, while the Senecas remained true to the new claimants of their soil. Thereafter, Mohawk and Seneca met only as enemies; nor was the feud healed until the day of this their last council, when the grandsons of Brant and Cornplanter shook hands across the council-fire, and there smoked the pipe of peace.

The lonely council-house, the dying embers, and the dull rustle of the falling autumn leaves—all seemed in accord with this the last scene in the history of that wild race whose light has gone out with the rising of the new sun.

Turning again to the river, we follow down a wild mountain-road for the distance of two miles, at which point a narrow, winding foot-path leads down a steep and rugged defile. Descending this, and guided by the rush of waters below, we suddenly come upon the Lower Falls. Here the waters of the river are gradually led into narrower channels, until the stream becomes a deep-cut canal, which, rushing down in swift current between its narrow limits, widens out just upon the brink of the fall, that more nearly resembles a steep rapid than either of the others. Standing upon one of the projecting rocks which are a feature of this fall, we can only catch occasional glimpses of the cavern's bed, so dense and obscuring are the mist-clouds. A second and more hazardous pathway leads from these rocky observatories to the base of this the last of the Portage falls; and the course of the river now lies deep down in its rock-enclosed limits, until the broad valley is reached.

To this rocky defile the general name of High Banks is given—a name rendered more definite by a prefix denoting their immediate locality. Thus we have the High Banks at Portage, the Mount-Morris High Banks, and, at the lower end of the valley, the High Banks below the lower fall at Rochester.

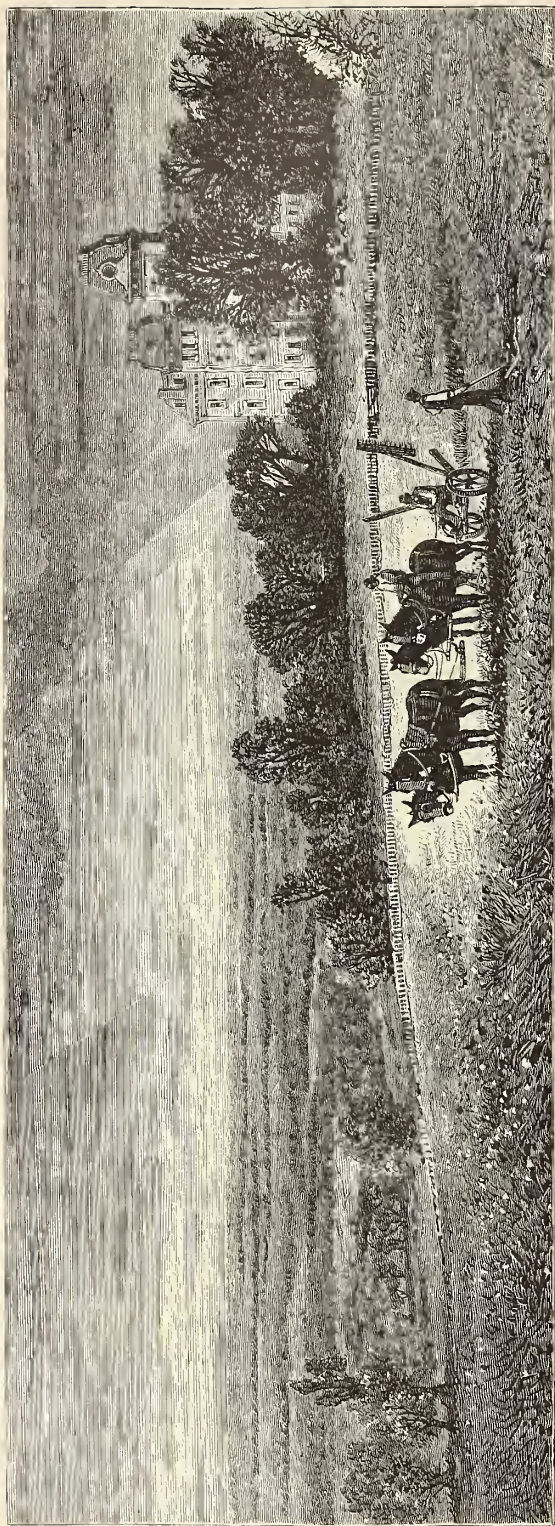
To the tourist who is possessed of a full measure of courage and strength, a journey along the river's shore from the lower falls to the valley will reveal wonders of natural architecture hardly exceeded by the cañons of the far West. Here, hidden beneath the shadows of the overhanging walls of rock, it is hard to imagine that, just beyond that line of Norway pines that forms a fringe against the sky above, lie fertile fields and quiet homes. A just idea of the depth of this continuous ravine can best be secured by an ascent to one of the projecting points above, where, resting on a ledge of rock, the river is seen at one point six hundred feet below, a distance which changes with the varying surface of the land above. At certain points the river seems to have worn out a wider channel than it can now fill, and here are long, narrow levels of rich, alluvial soil; and, if it be the harvest-season, we can catch glimpses of life in these deep-down valleys, pigmy men and horses gathering in a miniature harvest of maize or wheat; while, at noonday, the rich golden yellow of the ripened grain contrasts strangely with the deep, emerald green of the sloping sides or the dull gray of the slaty walls beyond.

Although the point where the river enters the ravine at Portage is but twelve miles in a direct line from that of its exit at Mount Morris, the distance, following its winding course among the hills, is much greater. Having traversed this distance, however, we are brought suddenly into the presence of a scene the direct antithesis of all that has gone before. Emerging through what is literally a rocky gate-way, the whole mood of the



Elms on the Genesee Flats.

river seems to have changed with that of its surroundings. In order to make this change as conspicuous as possible, we ascend to one of the two summits of the terminal hills. Standing upon this, and shaded by the grand oaks which crown it, we have but to turn the eye southward to take in at a glance the whole valley below, which is a grand park, reaching far away to the south. The sloping highlands are dotted here and there with rural villages, whose white church-spires glisten in the rich, warm sun-

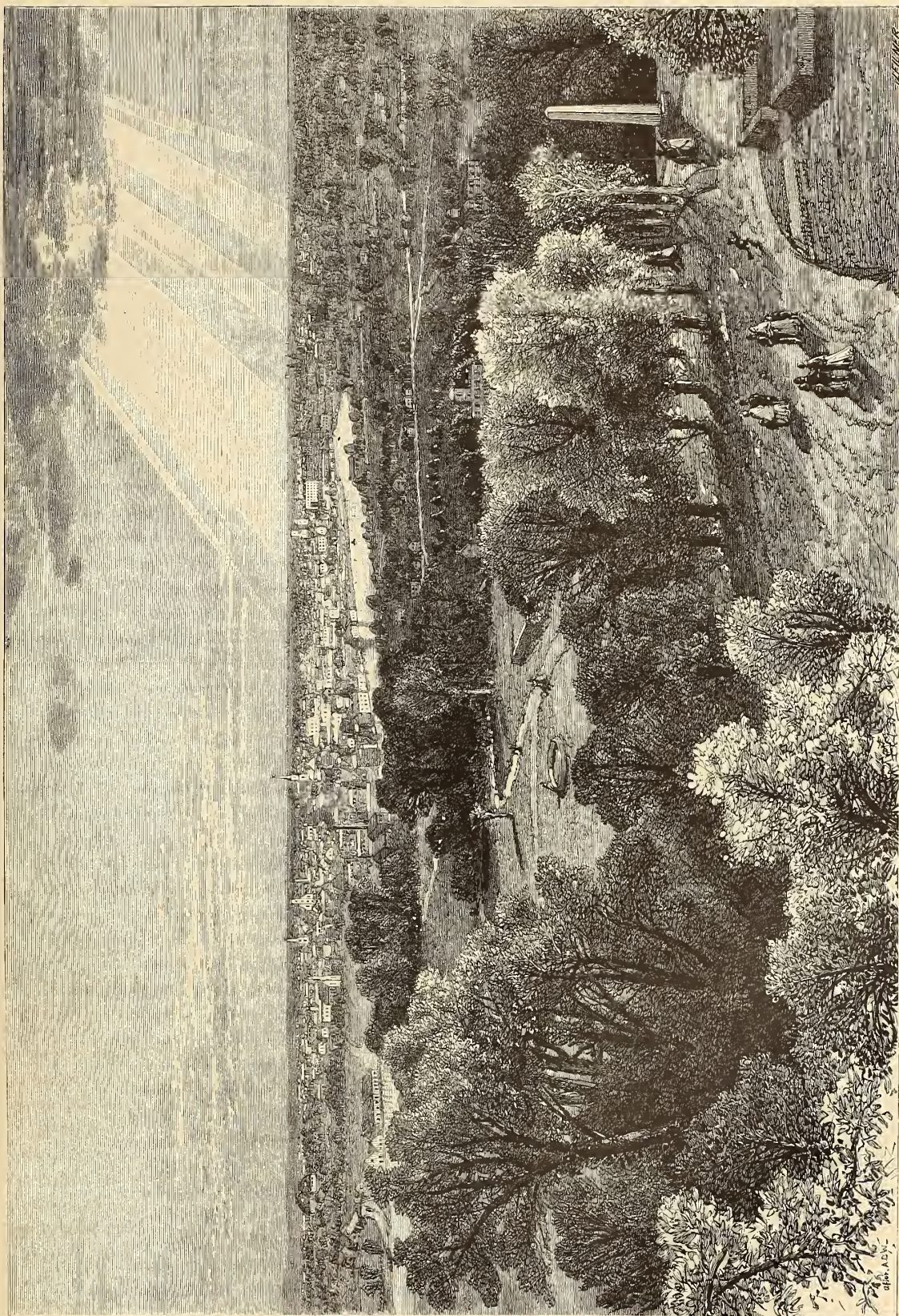


Flats of the Genesee.

light. Below and around are the meadows and alluvial places known as the Genesee Flats.

The present view embraces broad, level fields, marked out by well-kept fences, enclosing areas often one hundred acres in extent. Should it be the harvest-season, we may distinguish almost at our feet broad fields crossed their entire length by endless rows of richly-tasselled broom-corn. To the right are the justly-celebrated nurseries, with their lines of miniature fruit and shade trees; the distant slopes are dotted with the golden wheat-harvests; while, reaching far away to the south, are the rich meadow-lands of the Genesee. In the midst of all flows the river, its waters giving life and beauty to the numerous groves of oaks and elms which shadow its course. It is, in fact, a broad lawn, unbroken save by an occasional hillock, with here and there groves of rare old oaks, beneath whose shade droves of cattle graze at leisure. These groups of oaks and elms are a marked feature of the flats, and many of our most famous landscape-painters—among others Casilear, Coleman, Durand, and Kensett—have taken up their abode here in order to secure sketches of these “trees,” which have afterward figured as among the most attractive features of their finished works.

This valley, like all others watered by rivers taking their rise in neighboring mountain-districts, is subject to frequent and occasionally disastrous inundations. Fortunately, however, the moods of the river are oftenest in accord with those of the varying seasons; for this reason freshets seldom come upon the ungathered harvests. The possibility of this event, however, leads the landholders to reserve their meadows



ROCHESTER, FROM MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.



East Side, Upper Falls of the Genesee.

upon the flats for grazing purposes, and hence the damage of a flood is mainly confined to the destruction of fences and an occasional hay-barrack. The regular recurrence of these inundations affects, also, the laying out of the highways. Were it not



West Side, Upper Falls of the Genesee.

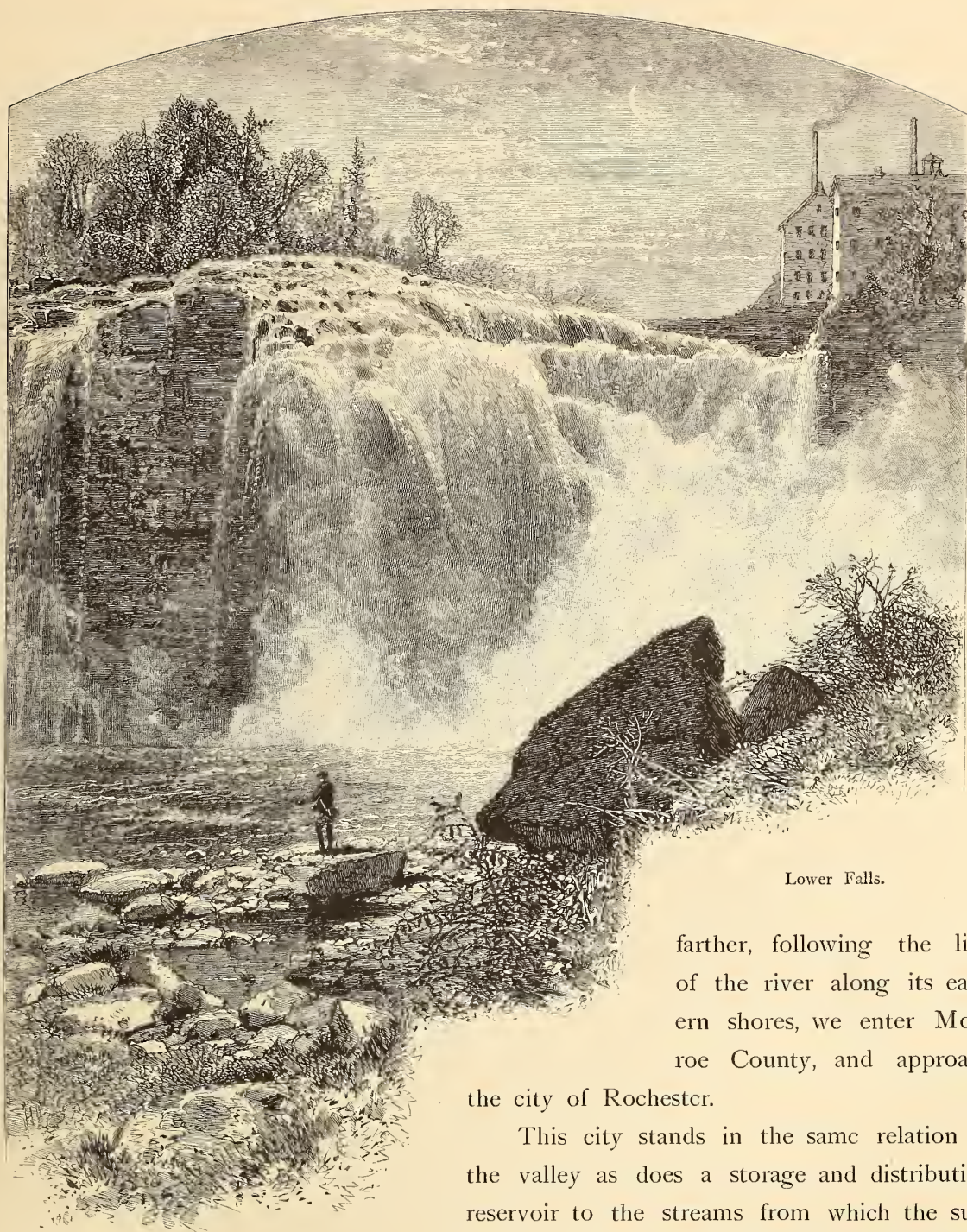
for the floods, the main avenues north and south would naturally be surveyed along the level land of the flats. As it is, however, these highways lead along the adjacent hill-sides, with an occasional road leading across the valley. Among the important

and most frequented of these avenues is that leading from the village of Mount Morris southward, and known as the Mount-Morris Turnpike. It is along this that our southward journey now tends, the objective point being the lovely village of Geneseo.

This village is the shire town of Livingston County, within the boundaries of which the richest of the valley-lands are situated. It stands upon the eastern slopes of the valley, the river, at its nearest point, running half a mile distant. The history of Geneseo is that of the valley itself, since it was here that many of the first white settlements were made. We enter its limits from the south, and the first suggestion of its presence is the old Wadsworth homestead, whose broad porticos, facing westward, command a glorious view of all the rich domain below. The grounds that belong to this old mansion mark the southern limit of the village proper, the entrance to which is bounded by the homestead-grounds upon the right, and an old, prim-looking village park upon the left. Leaving the artist to obtain his desired sketch of the valley from this point, we will turn our back upon him for the present, while we ascend the avenue marking the southern boundary of the town, and reverently enter the "Village on the Hill." Here lies, in the peace and rest that come after noble service, all that remains of one of New York's most illustrious citizens, General James S. Wadsworth, who, after distinguished service in the field, fell "with his face to the foe" in the battle of the Wilderness.

Along the western slope of the hill, upon the summit of which is this village of the dead, rests the village of the living; and one might go far to find a more perfect rural hamlet. The streets, which run at right angles, are lined with graceful shade-trees; and the view from those running east and west embraces that of the rich valley in the foreground, and, in the distance, the undulating harvest-fields. That dark opening into the hill-side toward the south is the gate-way through which the river enters the valley; while, far away northward, that cone-shaped eminence marks the suburbs of the city of Rochester, our next objective point, and the limit of our valley tour.

Transferring ourselves and baggage, including the artist's easel and the tourist's portfolio, from the lumbering stage to the less rural but more expeditious rail-car, we are soon under way, northward bound. The railway that serves as a means of exit from the region of the upper valley is a branch of the Erie, known as the Genesee Valley road. It connects the city of Rochester with the valley villages of Avon, Geneseo, Mount Morris, and now Dansville, the last a flourishing town seated upon one of the tributaries of the Genesee, and thus being entitled to a place among this beautiful sisterhood. At Avon this road crosses the northern branch of the Erie. At this point are the justly-famous sulphur springs; and, if the health-giving properties of these waters are in any degree commensurate with their mineral strength, Avon deserves a front rank among the health-resorts of the State. Continuing our journey twenty miles



Lower Falls.

farther, following the line of the river along its eastern shores, we enter Monroe County, and approach

the city of Rochester.

This city stands in the same relation to the valley as does a storage and distributing reservoir to the streams from which the supply is received. In its early days, the life of

the city was dependent upon the harvest of the valley; when these were abundant, then all went well. Having already referred to the wheat-product of the valley, we can readily understand the need and consequent prosperity of the city, which has long been known as the "Flour City of the West." Although now ranking as the fifth city in the State, there are yet living many persons whose childhood dates back of that of the city in which they dwell. From a brief historical sketch on the subject, we learn that, in expressing aston-

ishment at the career of Rochester, De Witt Clinton remarked, shortly before his death, that, when he passed the Genesee on a tour with other commissioners for exploring the route of the Erie Canal, in 1810, there was not a house where Rochester now stands. It was not till the year 1812 that the "Hundred-acre Tract," as it was then called, was planned out as the nucleus of a settlement under the name of Rochester, after the senior proprietor, Nathaniel Rochester. "In the year 1814," writes one of these pioneers, "I cleared three or four acres of ground on which the Court-House, St. Luke's Church, First Presbyterian Church, and School-house No. 1, now stand, and sowed it to wheat, and had a fine crop. The harvesting cost me nothing, *as it was most effectually done by the squirrels, coons, and other wild beasts of the forest.* Scarcely three years, however, had elapsed before the ground was mostly occupied with buildings." From this and abundant kindred testimony, it is evident that the early pioneers of this western region were men of energy and foresight, who saw in the valley of the Genesee the "garden-plot of the West," and in the then village of Rochester the future "Granary of America."

Having already referred to the second series of falls and high banks, we will again return to the guidance of the river as it enters the city limits at its southern boundaries. Its course lies directly across or through the centre of the city, the main avenues, running east and west, being connected by several iron bridges, with the exception of that known as the Main-Street Bridge, which is of stone, and the two wooden railway-bridges.

It is at the city of Rochester that the Erie Canal encounters the Genesee River, which it crosses upon the massive stone aqueduct, that has long been regarded as one of the most important works of American engineers. In its present course the river has rather the appearance of a broad canal, save that the current is rapid, and, at times, boisterous. The shores are lined by huge stone mills and factories, the foundation-walls of which act the part of dikes in confining the waters to their legitimate channels. At a point near the Erie Railway depot the river is crossed by a broad dam, from either side of which the waters are led in two mill-races, which pass under the streets and conduct the waters to the mills along the route. At a point somewhat below the centre of the city, and yet directly within its limits, are the First or Upper Falls. These are ninety-six feet in height, and it is thus evident that, with such a cataract in the centre of the city, the facilities for obtaining water-power could hardly be excelled. The mill-races conduct the main supply along the two opposite shores, and, as the mills are mainly situated below the level of the falls, the full force of the water can be utilized. The illustrations of the Upper Fall have been so designed that the two combined present a full view of the whole front as viewed from the chasm below, the darkened channels through which the water from the races are returned to the river being shown to the right and left.

The brink of this fall marks the upper limit of a second series of high banks



Entered, according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1872, by D. Appleton & Co. in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

The Smoky Mountains

[NORTH CAROLINA]

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

similar in general character to those that lie between Portage and Mount Morris. The height of these walls at certain points exceeds three hundred feet. At the distance of about a mile from the Upper Fall, a second descent of about twenty-five feet is followed, at the distance of a few rods only, by the Third or Lower Falls, which are nearly one hundred feet in height. It thus appears that, within the limits of the city, the waters of the Genesee make a descent, including the falls and the rapids above them, of two hundred and sixty feet, and the water-power, as estimated for the Upper Fall alone, equals forty thousand horse-power. Among the interesting features of Rochester are its nurseries and seed-gardens, the largest in the world.

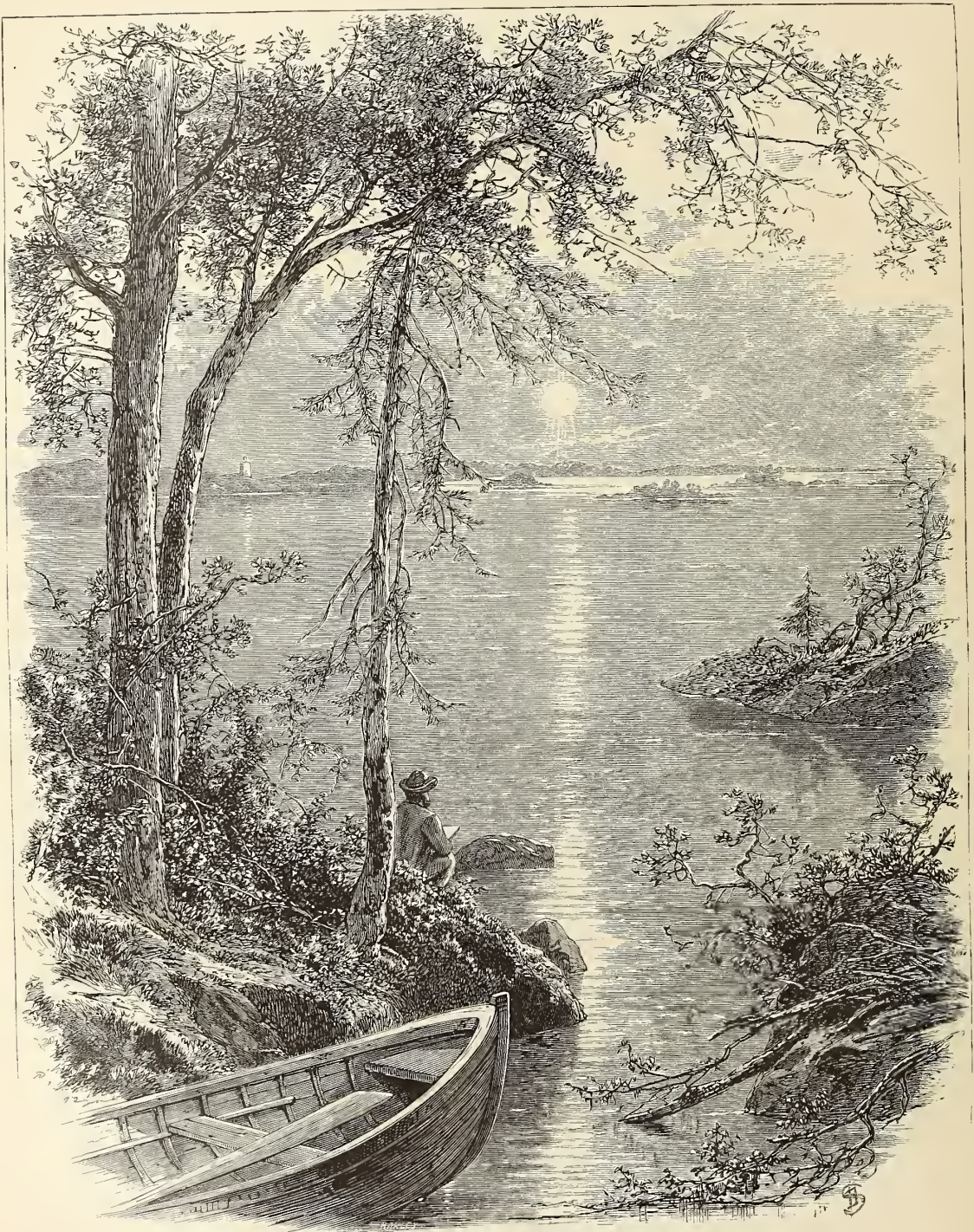
As the river has now reached the level of Lake Ontario, it assumes the character of a deep-set harbor, and the vessels engaged in lake-traffic can ascend it five miles to the foot of the Lower Falls. The port of entry, however, is at the mouth of the river, where stands the village of Charlotte. Here are wharves, a light-house, and a railroad-depot, which road leads direct to Rochester.



Light-house, Charlotte.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY.

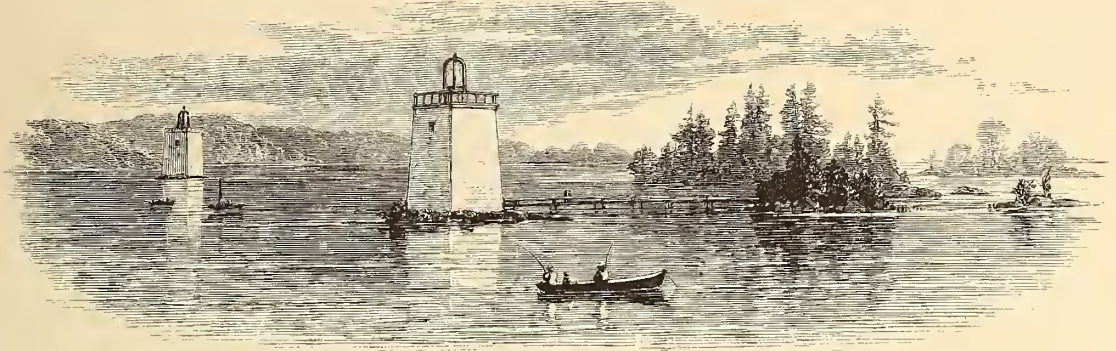
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.



Entrance to Thousand Islands.

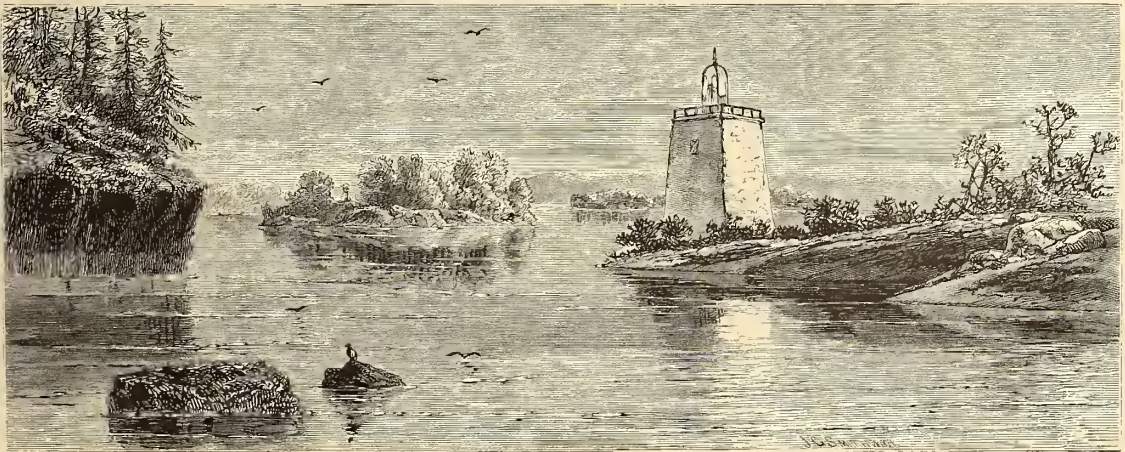
IT is three o'clock of a June morning on the St. Lawrence; the little city of Kingston is as fast asleep as its founder, the old Frenchman De Courcelles; the moon is

ebbing before the breaking day; a phantom-like sloop is creeping slowly across the smooth stream. At the steamboat-wharf there is a little blaze of light and a rush of noisy life, which breaks, but does not penetrate, the surrounding silence. The Lake-Ontario steamer has brought a pack of eager tourists into the town—not to stay, for another vessel is in waiting, ready to bear them down the river, through the rapids and



Light-Houses among the Thousand Islands.

the channels of the Thousand Islands, to Montreal. The pent-up steam screams through the pipes; lamps gleam fitfully among barricades of freight and baggage on the wharf; men's voices mingle hoarsely. "All aboard!" The bell rings out its farewell notes; the whistle pipes its shrill warning into the night, and the Spartan slips her moorings, to the pleasure of the sleepy travellers who crowd her decks and cabins. By this time the east



Among the Thousand Islands.

is tinted purple, amber, and roseate. Night is fast retreating. Ardent young couples, on their wedding-journey, are a notable element among our fellow-travellers; but there are all sorts of other people from the States, with here and there a chubby, florid, drawling Englishman. Most of us are journeying on round-trip tickets from New York, and are as intimate with one another's aims and ends as if we were crossing the ocean together.

We all came up the Hudson in the *Vibbard*; all occupied the same Pullman car between Albany and Niagara, and will all rush to the same hotels in Montreal and Quebec, as fashion bids us. Soon after leaving Kingston, we bestir ourselves, and choose eligible seats in the forward part of the boat. We chat without restraint, and expectation is rife as we near the famed Thousand Islands. The descriptions we have read and the stories we have heard of the panorama before us flock vividly into our memories. We are all accoutred with guide-books, maps, and books of Indian legend. One sweet little neighbor of ours, in regulation lavender, brings out a neatly-written copy of Tom Moore's "Row,

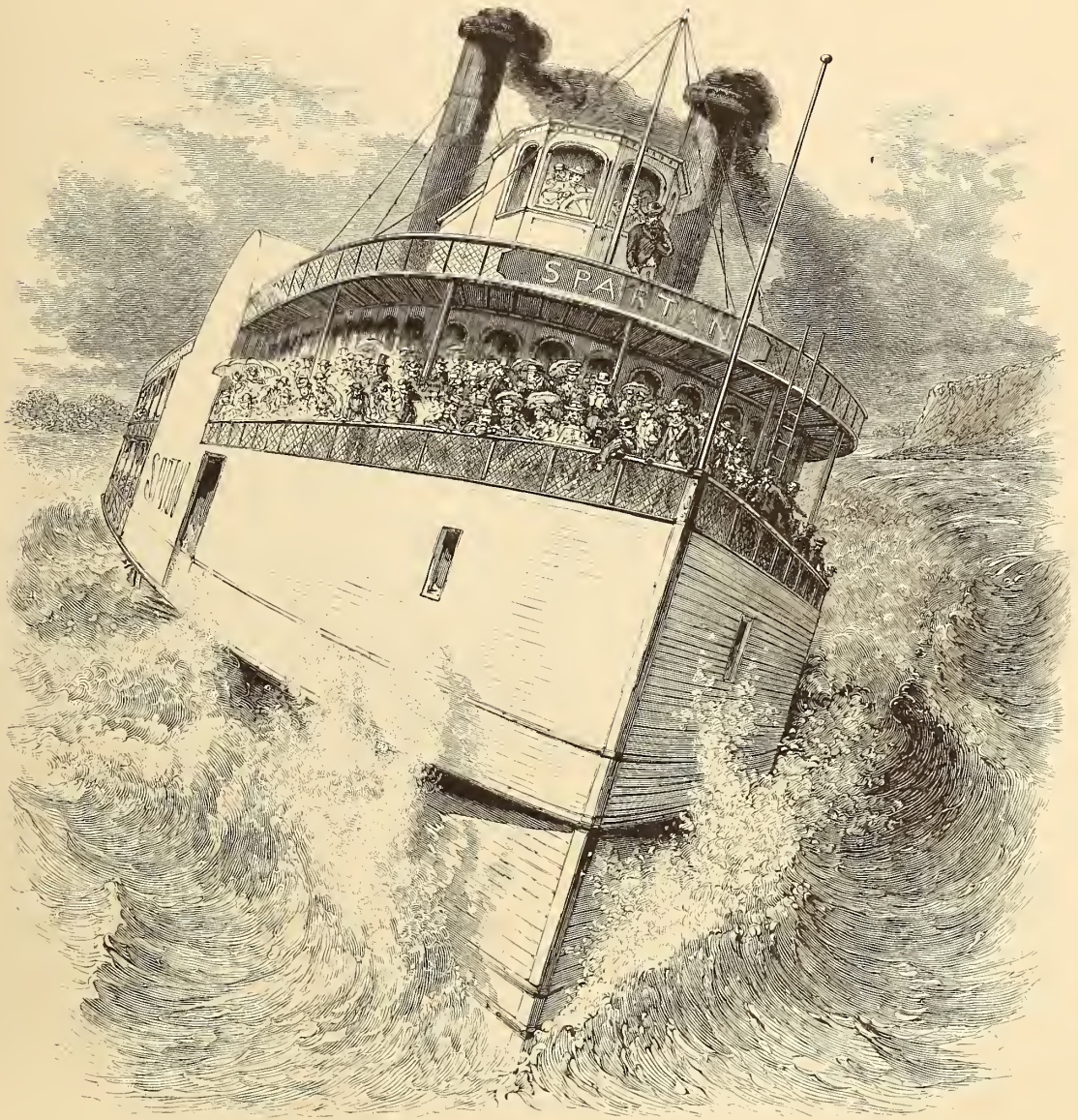


Between Wellesley Island and the Canadian Shore.

Brothers, row," which she holds in her pretty hand, ready to recite to her husband the very moment *St. Anne's* comes into view. Meanwhile she is fearful that *St. Anne's* may slip by unnoticed, notwithstanding the assurances made to her that the much-desired *St. Anne's* is twelve hours' sail ahead of us. How lightly she laughs as the boat's white stem cleaves the cool, gray surface! and how enthusiastically she repeats Ruskin as the colors in the morning sky grow warmer and deeper, and as the sun rises directly ahead of us, opening a golden pathway on the water! and how prettily surprised she is when her beloved tells her that the Thousand Islands number one thousand six hundred

and ninety-two, as may be ascertained in the Treaty of Ghent! Still listening to her childish prattle, we are further occupied with the banks of the river, and the numerous dots of land that lie in our course—the Thousand Islands.

Are we disappointed? That is the question which most of us propound before we proceed many miles. There is little variety in their form and covering. So much alike



Entering the Rapids.

are they in these respects that our steamer might be almost at a stand-still for all the change we notice as she threads her way through the thirty-nine miles which they thickly intersperse. In size they differ much, however, some being only a few yards in extent, and others several miles. The verdure on most of them is limited to a sturdy growth of fir and pine, with occasionally some scrubby undergrowth, which sprouts with northern

vigor from crevices in the rocky bed. The light-houses which mark out our channel are a picturesque feature, and are nearly as frequent as the islands themselves; but all are drearily alike—fragile wooden structures, about twenty feet high, uniformly whitewashed. As the *Spartan* speeds on, breaking the rippling surface into tumultuous waves, we meet a small boat, pulled by a lonely man, who attends to the lamps from the shore, lighting them at sunset, and putting them out at sunrise. Some anglers are also afloat, and anon a large fish sparkles at the end of their line, and is safely drawn aboard. The islands are famous for sport, by-the-way. Fish of the choicest varieties and the greatest size abound in their waters, and wild-fowl of every sort lurk on their shores. They also have their legends and romances, and the guide-books tell us, in eloquent language, of the adventures of the “patriots” who sought refuge among their labyrinths during the Canadian insurrection. As the sun mounts yet higher, and the mist and haze disperse, we run between Wellesley Island and the Canadian shore, and obtain one of the most charming views of the passage. The verdure is more plentiful and the forms are more



Montreal Island.

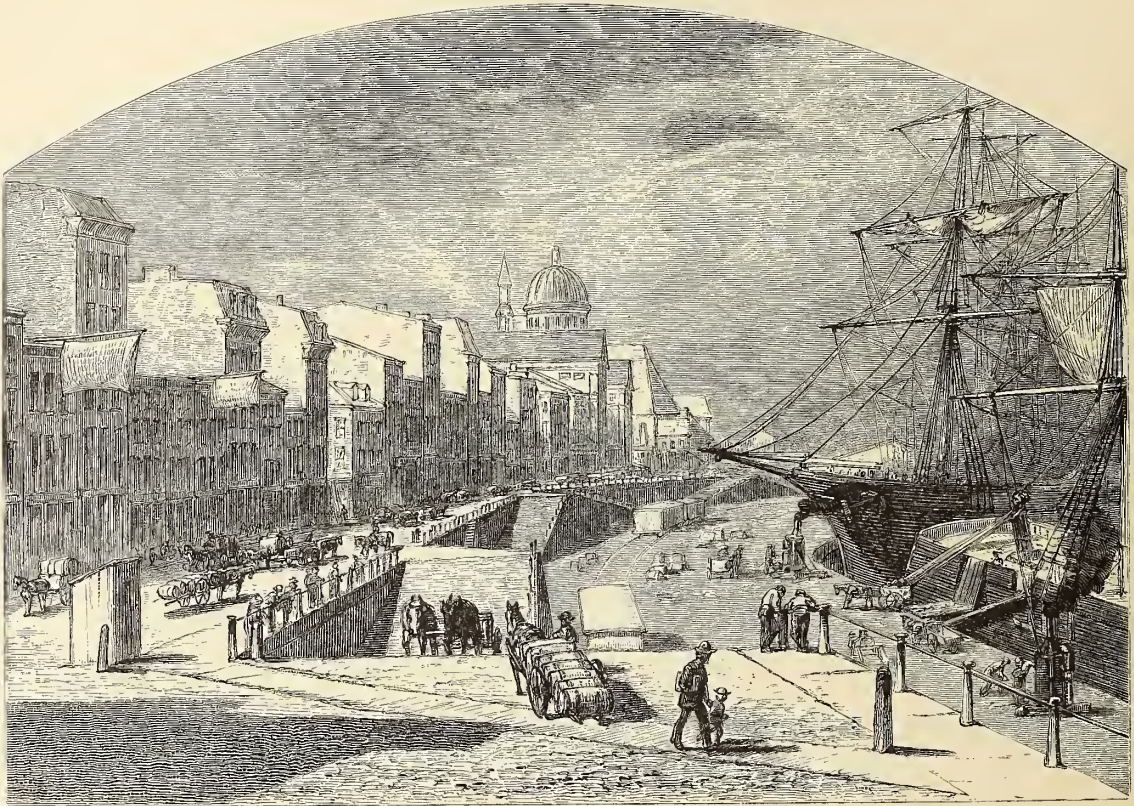
graceful than we have previously seen. Tall reeds and water-grasses crop out of the shoals. An abrupt rock throws a reddish-brown reflection on the current, which is skimmed by a flock of birds in dreamy flight. The banks of the island and the mainland slope with easy gradations, inclining into several bays; and afar a barrier seems to arise where the river turns and is lost in the distance. Thence we steam on in an enthusiastic mood toward Prescott, satisfied with the beauties we have seen, and arrive there at breakfast-time, five hours and a half after leaving Kingston. Our preconceptions—have they been realized? Scarcely. But an artist in our company tells us, consolingly, that preconceptions are a hinderance to enjoyment, and ought to be avoided, and that when he first visited the Yosemite, last summer, he spent several days in getting rid of idle dreams before he could appreciate the majesty and glory of the real scene.

Below Prescott we pass an old windmill on a low cape, where the insurrectionists established themselves in 1837; and, two miles farther, we catch a glimpse of a gray old French fortification on Chimney Island. Here, too, we descend the first rapids of the

river—the Gallope and the Deplau Rapids—with full steam on. No excitement, no breathlessness, attends us so far in our journey. Engravings we have seen represent the water as seething white, with a preposterous steamer reeling through it at a fearful rate. The passengers gather in a mass on the forward deck, and brace their nerves for the anticipated sensation. They wait in vain. The Gallopes and Deplaus are passed almost without their knowledge. But we are nearing the famous Long-Sault Rapids, the passage of which, we know, must be thrilling. An Indian pilot comes on board to guide us through—at least, the guide-book assures us that he is an Indian, and supplements its text with a corroborative portrait of a brave, in war-paint and feathers, standing single-handed at the helm—and, as he enters the wheel-house on the upper deck, he is an absorbing object of interest. A stout, sailorly fellow he appears, without an aboriginal trait about him, or a single feather, or a dab of paint. There are some bustling preparations among the crew for what is coming. Four men stand by the double wheel in the house overhead, and two others man the tiller astern, as a precaution against the breaking of a rudder-rope. Passengers move nervously on their seats, and glance first ahead, and then at the captain standing on the upper deck, with one hand calmly folded in his breast, and the other grasping the signal-bell. Timid ladies are pale and affrighted; young faces are glowing with excitement. The paddles are yet churning the water into snowy foam. We sweep past the scene of the battle of Chrysler's Farm without noticing it. In a few seconds more we shall be in the rapids. The uneasy motions of the passengers cease altogether, and their attention is engrossed by the movements of the captain's hand. As he is seen to raise it, and the bell is heard in the engine-room, the vibrations of the huge vessel die away; the water leaps tempestuously around her, and she pauses an instant like a thing of life, bracing herself for a crisis, before she plunges into the boiling current and rides defiantly down it. It is a grand, thrilling moment; but it is only a moment. The next instant she is speeding on as quietly as ever, without other perceptible motion than a slight roll. The rapids are nine miles long, and are divided in the centre by a picturesque island, the southern course usually being chosen by the steamers. The Spartan ran the distance in half an hour, without steam, and then emerged into the waters of Lake St. Francis, which is twenty-five miles long and five and a half miles wide.

This expanse exhibits few interesting features, and we have ample opportunity to cool from the excitement caused by the descent of the rapids. The banks of the lake are deserted, and the only human habitations seen are in the little village of Lancaster. We are impressed, indeed, from our start, with the few evidences of life in the river country and on the river itself. There are not many farm-houses or fine residences—only a few small villages, of a humble character for the most part, and an occasional town. The drear monotony of our passage through Lake St. Francis is followed by renewed excitement in the descent of the Cedar Rapids, at the foot of which we enter

Lake St. Louis. Uninteresting as is Lake St. Francis, still more so is the sheet of water now before us, bordered as it is by flat lands reminding us of the Southern bayous. But it is here we get our first glimpse of the bold outlines of Montreal Island, rising softly in the background; and here, too, the river Ottawa, ending in the rapids of St. Anne's, pours its volume into the greater St. Lawrence. Contemplating the expanse in the subdued evening light, it impresses us with a depressing sense of primitive desolation—a vague, untrodden emptiness—and infuses melancholy into our feelings without exciting

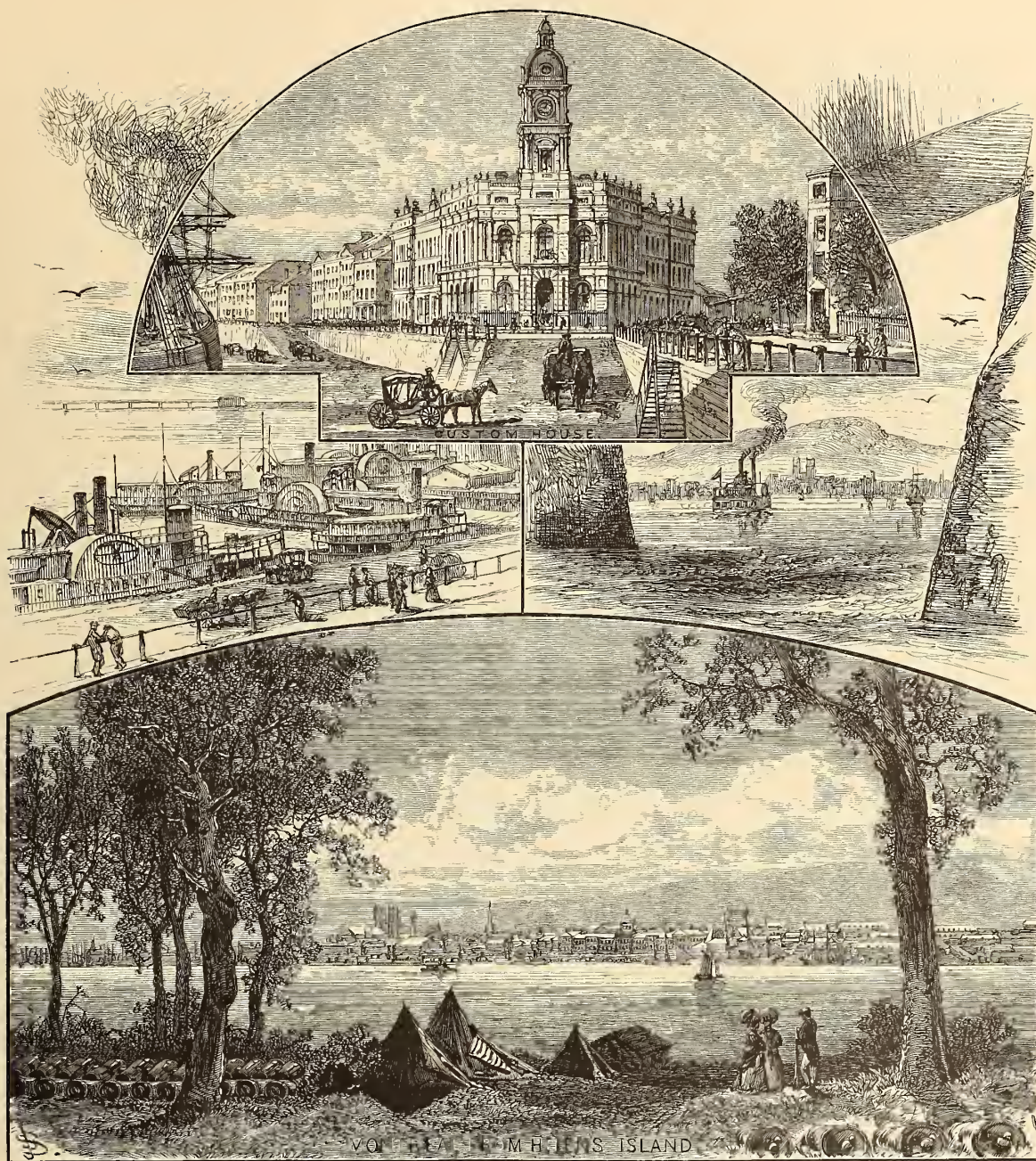


River-Front, Montreal.

our sympathies. But soon we are aroused to a more agreeable and becoming frame of mind by our little bride in the lavender dress, who is briskly reciting "Row, Brothers, row," to her submissive Corydon:

"Blow, breezes, blow! The stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

A queer-looking barge, with a square sail set, lumbering across our course, and throwing a black shadow on the water that is now richly tinted with purple and deep red; a light-house at the extremity of a shoal, yet unlighted; a mass of drift-wood, sluggishly moving with the current; a puff of smoke, hovering about the isolated village of St.



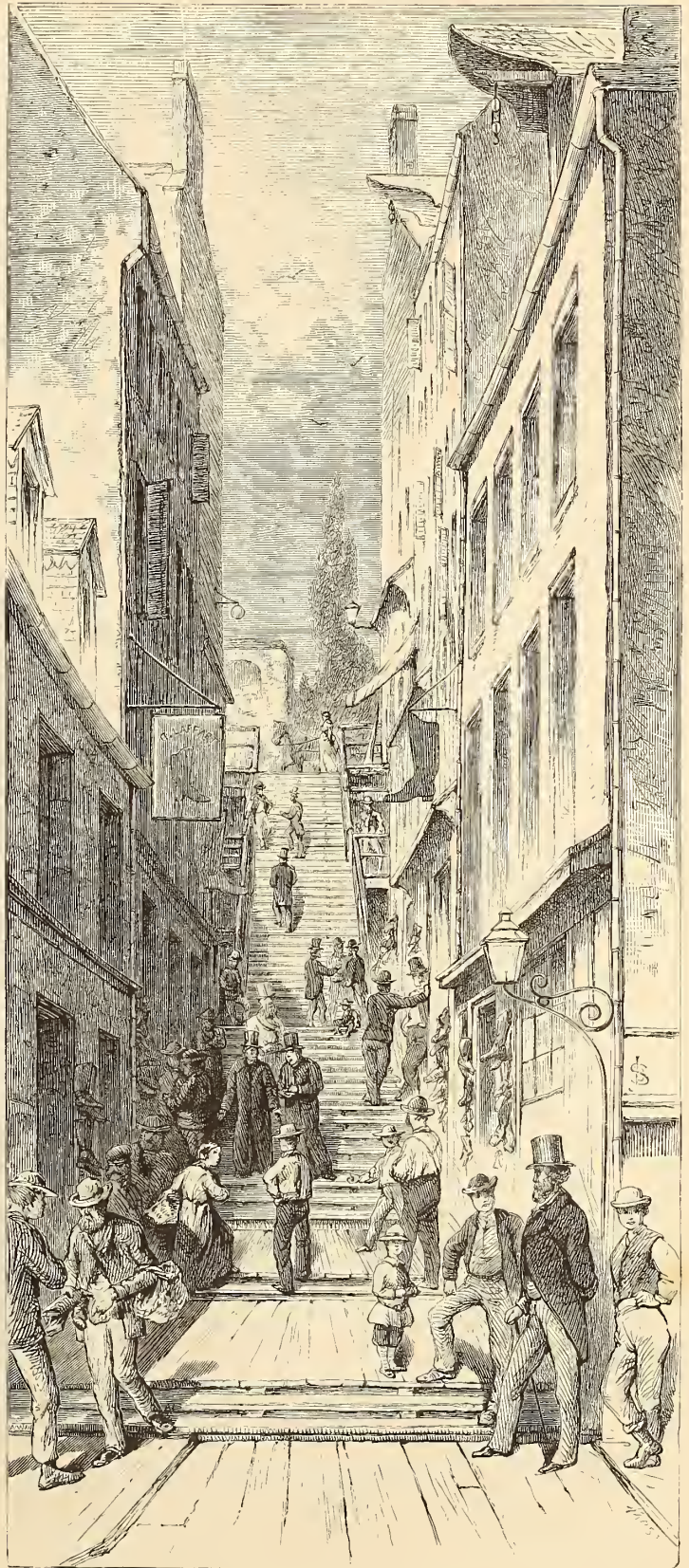
MONTREAL.

Clair—these things are all we meet in our voyage across the broad St. Louis. Farther up the river there has been little more life—once in a while a monstrous raft coming down from the wilderness, manned by four or five sturdy fellows who live a precarious life in a rude hut perched on the groaning timbers. Nothing more than this—no Indians skimming the rapids in birch canoes, no vestiges of the old life of this region, and no stirring evidences of the newer civilization. Occasionally we have met a steamer, as large as the Spartan, making the upward passage, and apparently moving through the fields on the banks of the river. An incorrigibly practical friend of ours explains: “A vessel of such burden cannot ascend the rapids; and canals, with a system of locks, have been cut in the land wherever the rapids occur. Between Kingston and Montreal there are eight canals, forty-one miles long, and supplied with twenty-seven locks, capable of admitting the largest paddle-steamers.” The same friend, incited by our inquiries, has much pleasure in adding several other facts about the river for our information: “The St. Lawrence was originally called the Great River of Canada, and was also known under the names of the Cataraqui and the Iroquois. Its present name was given to it by the explorer Cartier, who entered it with some French ships on the festival-day of St. Lawrence, in 1535. He had been preceded by one Aubert, a mariner of Dieppe, in 1508; but Cartier went to a higher point than Aubert, anchoring nearly opposite the site of Quebec. In 1591, another exploration having been made in the mean time, a fleet was sent out from France to hunt for walruses in the river; and the veteran scribe Hakluyt announces that fifteen thousand of these animals were killed in a single season by the crew of one small bark.”

Here the practical man is interrupted. The steamer stops at the Indian village of Caughnawaga, and, after a short delay, proceeds toward the Lachine Rapids. In the descent of these we are wrought to a feverish degree of excitement, exceeding that produced in the descent of the Long Sault. It is an intense sensation, terrible to the faint-hearted, and exhilarating to the brave. Once—twice—we seem to be hurrying on to a rock, and are within an ace of total destruction, when the Spartan yields to her helm, and sweeps into another channel. As we reach calm water again, we can faintly distinguish in the growing night the prim form of the Victoria Bridge, and the spires, domes, and towers of Montreal, the commercial metropolis of British North America. The gentle hills in the rear, well wooded and studded with dwellings, are enveloped in a blue haze, darkening on the southern skirts, where the heart of the city beats in vigorous life. Lights are glimmering in the twilight on the river; black sailing-craft are gliding mysteriously about with limp canvas; the startling shriek of a locomotive echoes athwart, and a swiftly-moving wreath of luminous-looking smoke, followed by a streak of lighted windows, marks the progress of a flying night-train wheeling beyond the din and toil of this dim spot. We feel the sentiment of a return home in reaching a thriving, populous city again, after our day's wandering through the seclusive garden-islands of the St. Lawrence;

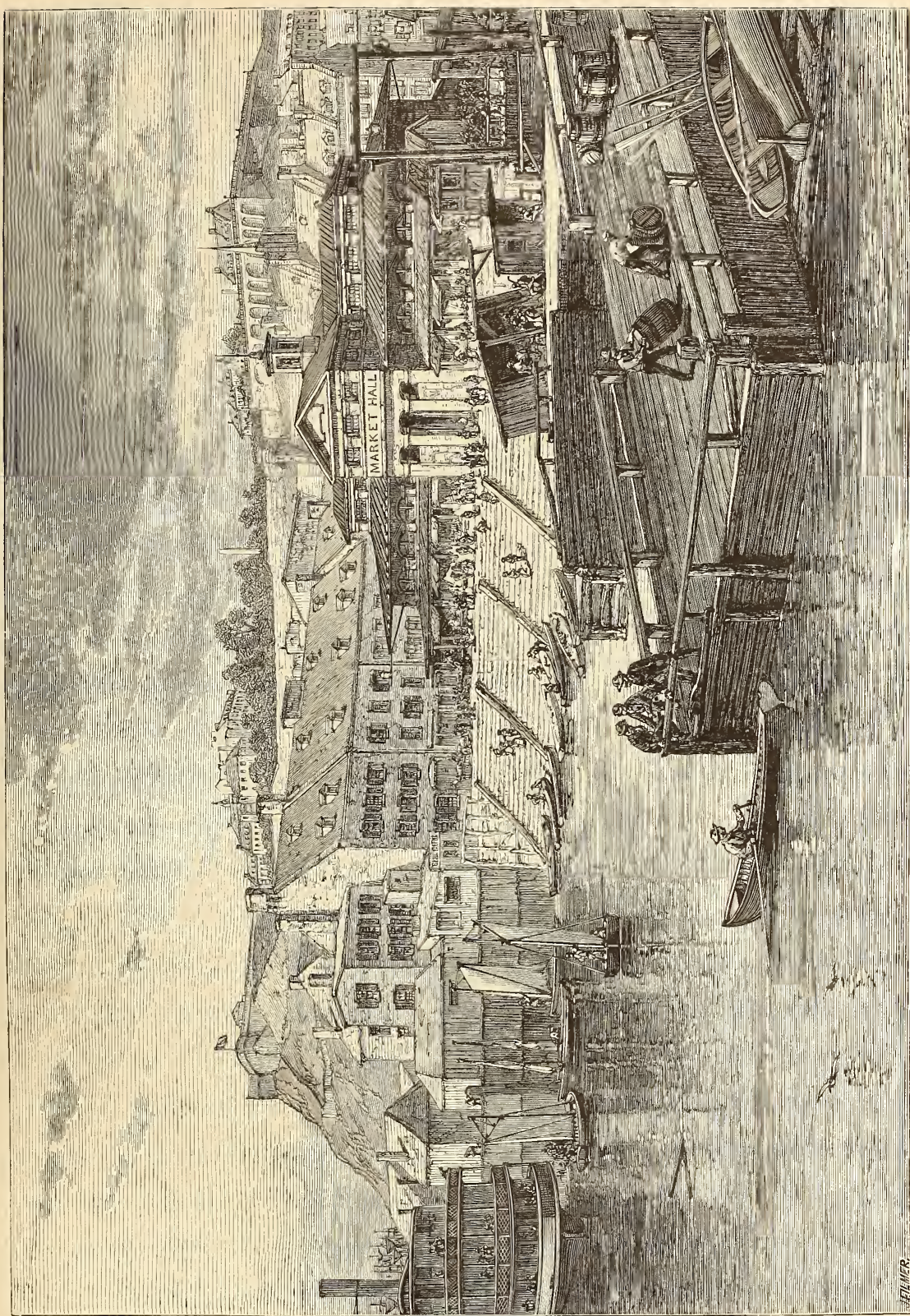
and we yawn complacently on our restoration to the electric bells, the attentive waiters, and unromantic comforts of the modern hotel.

A night's rest among these, in a bed of faultless whiteness, prepares us for the following day's tramp through this ancient metropolis of the Indians (which long bore the name of Hochelaga) and modern metropolis of the Canadians. Montreal does not resemble an English city—the streets are too regular—and it does not resemble our own American cities, than which it is more substantially built. Its substantiality is particularly impressive—the limestone wharves extending for miles, the finely-paved streets lined with massive edifices of the most enduring materials, imprinted with their constructors' determination that they shall not be swept away in many generations. There is an honest austerity in the character of the work—no superfluous ornamentation, no clap-traps of architecture. The site is naturally picturesque. It is on the southern slope of a mountain in the chain which divides the verdant, fertile island of Montreal. There are a high town and a low town, as at Quebec; and on the up-



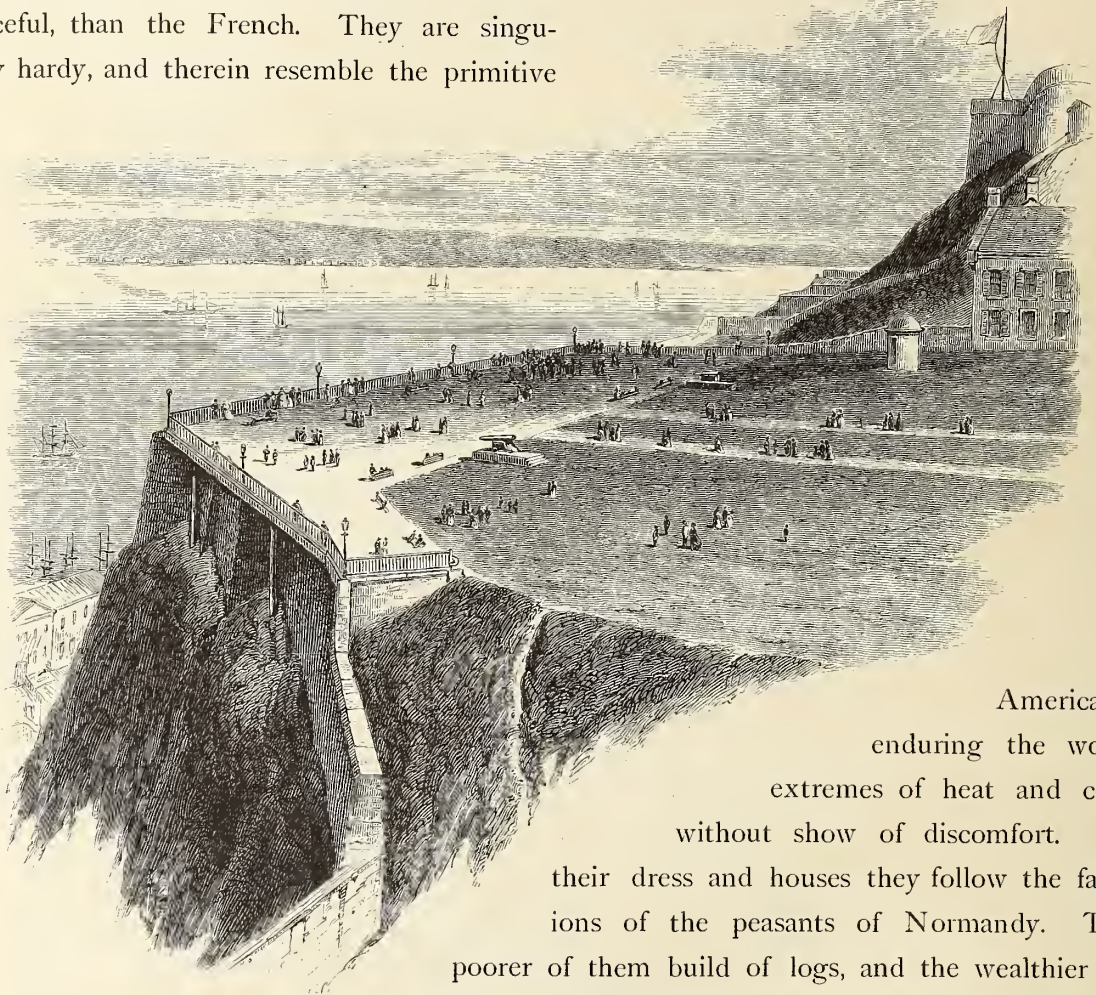
Breakneck Stairs, Quebec.

reaching ground, leafy roads winding through, are the villa residences of the fashionable. The prospect from these bosky heights repays, with liberal interest, the toil of the pedestrian who seeks them from the city. Perched on some balcony, as a king on a throne, he may survey, on the fair level beneath him, the humming streets; the long line of wharves, with their clustering argosies; the vast iron tube which binds the opposite sparsely-settled shore to the arterial city; Nun's Island, with its flowery grounds, neatly laid out; beautiful Helen's Island, thick with wood; the village of Laprairie, its tinned spire glistening like a spike of silver; the golden thread of the St. Lawrence, stretching beyond the Lachine Rapids into mazes of heavy, green foliage; the pretty villages of St. Lambert, Longueuil, and Vercheres; and afar off, bathed in haze and mystery, the purple hills of Vermont. Perchance, while his eye roams over the varied picture with keen delight, there booms over the roofs of the town the great bell of Notre-Dame, and he saunters down the height in answer to its summons—through hilly lanes of pretty cottages on the outskirts into the resonant St.-James Street; past the old post-office, which is soon to be superseded by a finer structure; underneath the granite columns of Molson's Bank—Molson's Bank, as celebrated as Childs's Bank at Temple Bar; through Victoria Square, and on until he reaches the Place d'Armes. Here is the cathedral of Notre-Dame, a massive structure capable of holding ten thousand people, with a front on the square of one hundred and forty feet, and two towers soaring two hundred and twenty feet above. Climbing one of these towers, the view of the river and city obtained from the mountain-side is repeated, with the surrounding streets included. Opposite the cathedral, in the Place d'Armes, is a row of Grecian buildings, occupied by city banks; on each side are similar buildings—marble, granite, and limestone, appearing largely in their composition. In the centre we may pause a while in the refreshing shade of the park, and hear the musical plashing of the handsome fountain as it glints in the bright sunlight. Thence we wander to the magnificent water-front, which offers greater facilities for commerce than that of any other American city. The quays are of solid limestone, and are several feet below a spacious esplanade, which runs parallel with them. The cars of the Grand Trunk Railway bring produce from the West to the very hatchways of the shipping, and cargoes are transferred in the shortest possible time and at the least possible expense. Our practical friend carries us off to the Victoria Bridge, and utters some of his pent-up knowledge on that subject, which we listen to with praiseworthy fortitude: "Its length is nearly two miles. It is supported by twenty-four piers and two abutments of solid masonry. The tube through which the railway-track is laid is twenty-two feet high, and sixteen feet wide. The total cost of the structure was six million three hundred thousand dollars." Then we go to see the Bonsecours Market, the nunneries, Mount-Royal Cemetery, the imposing Custom-House, the Nelson Monument, and the water-works; and in the evening we continue our journey down the river to Quebec.



MARKET-HALL AND BOAT-LANDING, QUEBEC.

We might be travelling through some broad river of France, so thoroughly French are the names of the villages. On one bank are L'Assomption, St. Sulpice, La Vittre, Berthier, Fond du Lac, and Batiscon; on the other, Becancour, Gentilly, St. Pierre, De-chellons, and Lothinier. But the people of these villages are neither European nor American in language, manners, or appearance. Descended from the old French settlers, crossed with the Indian and American, they retain some of the traits of each. Their high cheek-bones, aquiline nose, and thin, compressed lips, refer us to the aboriginal; but they are below the average height, while stouter and stronger, and less graceful, than the French. They are singularly hardy, and therein resemble the primitive



Durham Terrace, Quebec.

Americans, enduring the worst extremes of heat and cold without show of discomfort. In their dress and houses they follow the fashions of the peasants of Normandy. The poorer of them build of logs, and the wealthier of stone. Their houses are alike one-storied, low-roofed, and whitewashed. In their habits they are notably clean and thrifty, simple, virtuous, and deeply religious. A traveller once declared them to be "the most contented, most innocent, and most happy yeomanry and peasantry of the whole civilized world;" and in that opinion all concur who have had an opportunity to observe them. A day might be pleasantly spent with them, but the steamer hastens us on to Quebec, and leaves the spires of their little churches golden in the sunset sky.



From the Top of Montmorency Falls, looking toward Quebec.

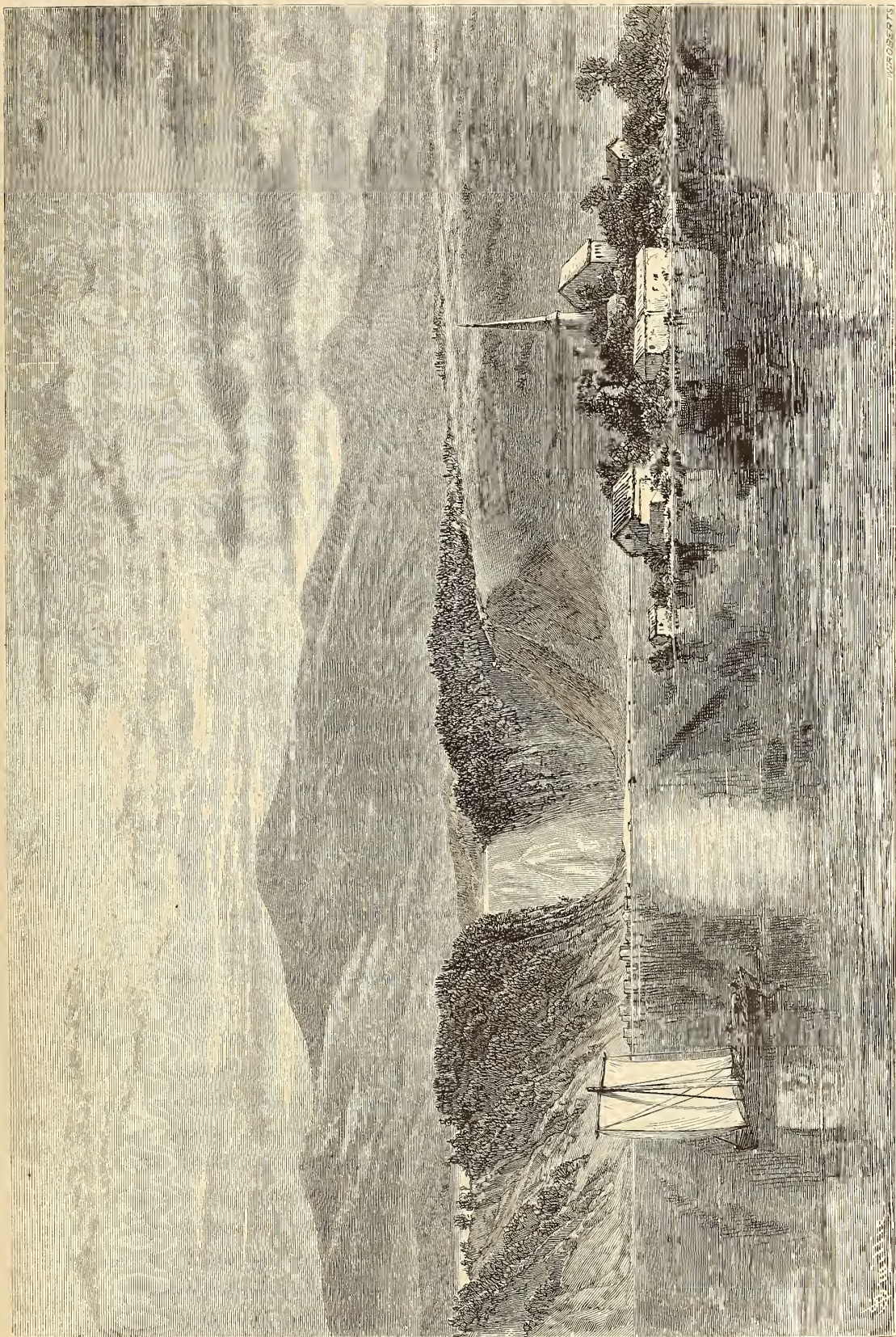
view obtained is not the most impressive. It would be better, we are assured, were we coming from down the river. But who that loves the ancient, the gray, the quaint, is not touched with emotion on finding himself at the portals of the noble old fortress looking down upon the ample water-path to the heart of the continent? Who is proof at the sight against a little sentiment and a little dreaming? Our minds are fraught with memories of the early explorers, of battles and their heroes, of strange social conditions that

Quebec !
The historic
city of Cana-
da ; the city of conquests,
of military glory, of be-
wildering contrasts ! It is

yet early morning when we arrive there ; a veil of mist obscures the more distant objects. As we approach from Montreal, the

have existed and exist in the shadow of yon looming rock, whither our steamer's bow is directed. We can look into no epoch of its history that is not full of color and interest. Illustrious names are woven in its pages—Richelieu, Condé, Beauharnais, Montmorency, Laval, and Montcalm. Two nations struggled for its possession. We see old Jacques Cartier ascending the river in 1534, and holding a conference with the Indians then in occupation of the site, which they called Stadacona. Half a century later, Champlain, the geographer, enters the scene at the head of a vigorous colony, and builds barracks for the soldiers, and magazines for the stores and provisions. He is not fairly settled before an English fleet speeds up the St. Lawrence, captures Quebec, and carries him off a prisoner to England. Then a treaty of peace is signed, and the city is restored to France, Champlain resuming his place as governor of the colony. Thereafter, for a hundred and fifty years, France rules unmolested, and the lily-flag waves from the heights of the citadel; but a storm impends, and soon England shall add New France to her colonial empire. Two armies contend for the prize: Wolfe, on the land below, at the head of the English; Montcalm, on the heights above, at the head of the French. With the armies thus arrayed, Wolfe is at a disadvantage, which he determines to overcome by strategy. A narrow path twisting up the precipice is discovered, and, on a starlight night, the valiant young general leads his men through the defile. The enemy's guard at the summit is surprised and driven back; the English occupy the table-land which they desired, and where they can meet their antagonists on equal terms. On the following day the battle is fought: Montcalm advances, and covers the English with an incessant fire; Wolfe is wounded in the wrist, and hastens from rank to rank exhorting his men to be steady and to reserve their shots. At last the French are within forty yards of them, and a deadly volley belches forth. The enemy staggers, endeavors to press on, and falls under the furious attack that opposes. Wolfe is wounded twice more, the last time mortally, but his army is victorious; and, as he sinks from his horse, the French are retreating, and Montcalm, too, is mortally wounded.

Who, approaching Quebec for the first time in his life, is not for a moment thus lost in reverie over its past, and, on entering the city, is not charmed with the sharp contrasts the people and their buildings afford? Some one has described Quebec as resembling an ancient Norman fortress of two centuries ago, that had been encased in amber and transported by magic to Canada, and placed on the summit of Cape Diamond. But, while there are streets which might have been brought, ready built, from quaint old towns in provincial France, the outskirts of the city are such as Americans alone can create. At one point we may easily fancy ourselves in Boulogne; a few steps farther, and a crooked lane in London is recalled to us; farther still, and we are in a narrow Roman street; and, across the way, in a handsome thoroughfare, we find some of the characteristics of New York. So, too, it is with the inhabitants, though the variety is not as extensive. Half the people have manners and customs of the French,



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

the other half are equally English. You hear French spoken as frequently as English, but it is French of such a fashion as Parisians sometimes confess themselves at a loss to understand.

The Montreal steamer, after passing Wolfe's Cove and Cape Diamond, keeping the city well out of view, lands us at an old wharf a few yards above the Champlain Market, where we get our first glimpse at Quebec. At our back is the placid river, with a crowd of row-boats and sloops and schooners drifting easily in the stilly morning air; to the right is the Market-Hall, a pleasing building of important size, with several rows of broad stairs running from its portals to the water's edge; behind it are the dormer-windowed, slated and tinned roofs of the lower town; behind these, again, on the heights, the gray ramparts, Durham Terrace, resting on the buttress arches of the old castle of St. Louis, the foliage of the Government Garden, and the obelisk erected to Wolfe and Montcalm. Looking to the left is the citadel, fair enough, and smiling, not frowning, on this summer's morning, with the Union Jack folded calmly around the prominent flag-staff. Which of all these "objects of interest" shall we "do" first? We debate the question, and start out undecided. Once upon a time, when Quebec was a garrisoned town, the English red-coats gave the streets a military aspect; and, as we roam about, forgetting that they have been recalled, we are surprised to find so few soldiers. The military works are neglected, and have not kept pace with time. We ramble among the fortifications; here and there is a rusty, displaced cannon; a crumbling, moss-covered wall. The citadel itself, so proudly stationed, is lonely, quiet, drowsy, with no martial splendor about it. One can fancy that the citizens themselves might forget it, but for the noon and curfew gun that thunders out the time twice a day. The garrison is composed of volunteers; no more do we see the magnificently-trained Highlanders, in their fancy uniform. We are also surprised, but not displeased, at the sleepy atmosphere that pervades all; for we have been told that the French Canadians are especially fond of *fêtes* and holidays, shows and processions. They might be anchorites, for all we see of their gayety; possibly they have not yet arisen after the carouse of last night. There is a general air of quiet that belongs to a remote spot apart from the interests and cares of the outside world—a dreamy languor that a traveller is apt to declare absent in the smallest of the United States cities. He himself is as much a stranger here as in London, and those around him perceive his strangeness. We had not walked far, before even a pert little shoeblack's inexperienced eyes detected us as aliens. "He' yar, sir; reg'lar Noo'-ork s-s-shine!" Down in the lower town a great fleet of vessels are at moorings, and the wharves are crowded with men and vehicles; but the traffic makes astonishingly little noise—perhaps because it is done with old-country method, and without the impetuosity that New-York people throw into all their work.

In Breakneck Stairs, which every tourist religiously visits, we have one of those alleys that are often seen in the old towns of England and France—a passage, scarcely



Under Trinity Rock, Saguenay.

fifteen feet wide, between two rows of leaning houses, the road-bed consisting of several successive flights of stairs. Boot and shoe makers abound here, and their old-fashioned signs—sometimes a golden boot—adorn their still more old-fashioned stores. The occupants are idly gossiping at their doors; plainly enough they are not overworked. Yonder are two priests; here some tourists. These are all the sights we see at Breakneck

Stairs. In the evening, Durham Terrace offers a telling contrast to the more sombre quarters of the city. It is one of the finest promenades in the world; adjoining are the Government Gardens; from the railing that surrounds it, the view down the river is enchanting. Seen from the elevation of the terrace, the lower town, with its tinned roofs, seems to be under a veil of gold. It is here, on this lofty esplanade, that Quebec airs itself; and, at twilight, throngs of people lounge on benches near the mouths of beetling cannon, and roam among the fountains and shrubbery of the Place d'Armes. Such dressiness, fashion, and liveliness appear, that we are almost induced to withdraw our previous statement about the quiet character of the city, and to believe that it really is very gay and very wicked. But, as the darkness falls, the crowd begins to disperse; and, when the nine-o'clock gun sends a good-night to the opposite shore, nearly all the promenaders have gone home to bed, with Puritan punctuality.

On the next day we go to Montmorency. We hire a calash, and pay the driver three dollars for taking us there and back, a round distance of sixteen miles. The calash is used in summer only. It is something like a spoon on wheels, the passenger sitting in the bowl and the driver at the point. We jolt across the St. Charles River by the Dorchester Bridge, and then enter a macadamized road leading through a very pretty country, filled with well-to-do residences. Farther away, we pass the Canadian village of Beauport, and get an insight of old colonial life. The houses are such as we referred to in coming from Montreal to Quebec—all alike in size, form, and feature. Thence we follow an English lane through sweet-scented meadows until we arrive at the falls, and, after paying a small fee, we are admitted to some grounds where, from a perch at the very edge of the rock, we can look upon the fleecy cataract as it pours its volume into the river. It is the grandest sight we have yet seen in the Canadian tour. Hereabout the banks are precipitous—two hundred and fifty feet high—and covered with luxuriant verdure; the falls are deep-set in a small bay or chasm, and descend in a sheet, twenty-five yards wide, broken midway by an immense rock hidden beneath the seething foam. The surrounding forms are picturesque in the extreme. In winter, the guide-book tells us, the foam rising from the falls freezes into two cones of solid ice, which sometimes attain a height of one hundred feet, and the people come from Quebec in large numbers with their "toboggins"—a sort of sleigh or sled, as those familiar with Canadian sports will not need to be informed—with which they toil to the summit of the cone, and thence descend with astonishing velocity. Men, women, and children, share in the exciting exercise. Half a mile above the falls we visit the Natural Steps, where the limestone-rock bordering on the river has been hewn by Nature into several successive flights of steps, all remarkably regular in form; and, in the evening, we are returning to Quebec, which, as it is seen from the Beauport road, strikes one as the most beautiful city on the continent.

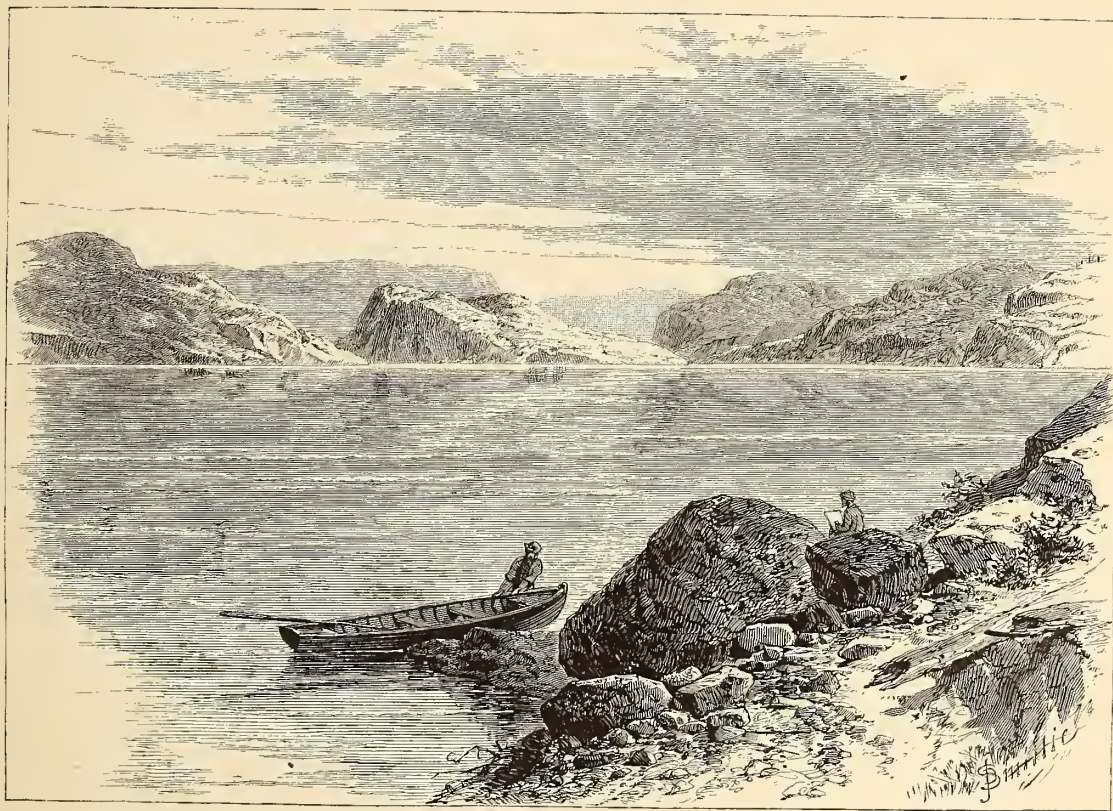
In the morning we are on board the Saguenay boat, among as varied a crowd as



POINT NOIR, TRINITY ROCK, AND CAPE ETERNITY, SAGUENAY RIVER.

might be formed by the commingling of the cabin and steerage passengers of an America-bound ocean-steamer. Yonder are the people who have come from New York with us, and have shared all our joys and sorrows; here are some recent colonists bound on a "holiday 'outin';" there is a group of half-breeds, in richly-colored dresses; and everywhere, in the cabins and on deck, are people from Montreal and Quebec, who are going to "Salt-water." At first we imagine that "Salt-water" is the name of a landing, and we look for it in vain in the time-tables; but presently a light is thrown upon our ignorance. Salt-water means Murray Bay and Cacouna, where the Canadians go for their sea-bathing, which they cannot have at Quebec, as the water there is fresh. We are delayed for half an hour waiting for the Montreal boat; but, as soon as she arrives, and transfers a few extra passengers to us, we start out into the stream. For nearly an hour we retrace by water the trip we made yesterday by land, and are soon abreast of the Montmorency Falls, which are seen to still better advantage than on the day before. Afar off, the stately range of the Laurentian Hills roll upward in a delicate haze; and, through the trees on the summit of the bank, the river Montmorency shimmers in perfect calm, with something like the placid resignation of a brave soul conscious of an approaching death. The stream is divided here by the island of Orleans, a low-lying reach of farm-land, with groves of pine and oak embowering romantic little farm-houses and cottages, such as lovers dream of. But, as we journey on, this exquisite picture passes out of view, and the river widens, and the banks are nothing more than indistinct blue lines, marking the boundary of the lonely waters. Few vessels of any kind meet us—occasionally a flat-bottomed scow, with a single sail, so brown and ragged that the wind will not touch it; or a sister-boat to ours; and once we meet one of the Allen-line steamers coming in from the ocean, passengers swarming on her decks from bowsprit to wheel-house. We yawn, and read novels, and gossip, until the afternoon is far advanced, and Murray Bay is reached. About the little landing-place some of the evidences of fashionable civilization are noticeable, and, in the background, is a verandaed hotel of the period. But the land around is wild; and, not far away, are the birch-bark huts of an Indian tribe. The sentiment of the scene is depressing, and, as our steamer paddles off, we cannot help thinking with Mr. Howells that the sojourners who lounge idly about the landing-place are ready to cry because the boat is going away to leave them in their loneliness. At Cacouna, more fashionable people are waiting for the steamer, the arrival of which is the event of the day; but their gayety and chatter also seem unnatural, and they excite our sympathies much in the same manner as do the young man and woman standing alone on the Plymouth beach in Broughton's "Return of the Mayflower." The sun has set before our steamer crosses the St. Lawrence toward the mouth of the Saguenay, and black clouds are lowering in the sky as we glide to the landing at Tadoussac. This also is selected as a watering-place by some Canadians; but the hotel is overcast by older log-cabins, and Tadoussac is still the "remote, unfriended,

melancholy, slow station" of the Hudson Bay Company that it was a hundred years ago. The captain grants his passengers two or three hours ashore, and the opportunity is taken by most of us to visit the oldest church in America north of Florida, which Tadoussac contains among its other curiosities. It is a frame building, on a high, alluvial bank, and the interior, as we see it lighted by one small taper, appears scarcely more than thirty feet square. A handsome altar is placed in an octagon alcove in the rear, with altar-pieces symbolizing the crucifixion; and the walls are adorned with two pictures, one a scriptural scene, the other a portrait of the first priest who visited Canada. We are interrupted in our stroll by the steamer's bell summoning us back.



St. Louis Island, from West Bank of Saguenay.

The storm-clouds are drifting thickly across the night-sky; the moon battles with them for an opening. Gusts of wind sweep through the firs. The sea has grown tumultuous in our absence, and, in the increasing darkness, we can discern the billows breaking into a curling fringe of white. The steamer starts out from the jetty, and has not proceeded many yards before the tempest beats down upon her with all its force. The moon is lost behind the banks of cloud; heavy drops patter on the deck. In a storm of wind and rain, the elements in fiercest strife, we enter the dark, lone river, as into a mysterious land.

It is not surprising that the Saguenay, with its massive, desolate scenery, should



Point Crêpe, near the Mouth of the Saguenay.

have inspired early mariners with terror. To them it was a river with marvellous surroundings, with an unnavigable current, immeasurable depths, terrible hurricanes, inaccessible and dangerous rocks, de-

structive eddies and whirlpools; but, in later days, treasures were discovered in its bounds, and it was frequented by vessels in search of the walrus and the whale. The old superstitions are no longer entertained; but the river is undisturbed—the walrus and the whale have been driven away, and lumber-rafts, coming down from the wilderness, are all that usually stir it. The Indians called it Pitchitanichetz, the meaning of which, you will not be surprised to learn, we could not discover. It is formed by the junction of two outlets of St. John's Lake, which lies in the wilderness, one hundred and thirty miles northwest of Tadoussac, and covers five hundred square miles of surface. From some distance below the lake the river passes over cliffs in several magnificent cascades, rushing between rocky banks from two hundred to one thousand feet high; and, for a distance of sixty miles from the mouth, it is about one mile wide. In some parts, soundings cannot be found with three hundred and thirty fathoms; and, at all points, the water is exceedingly deep, presenting an inky-black appearance. Fish may be caught in great abundance, including salmon, trout, sturgeon, and pickerel.



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On the Poverty Coast, Massachusetts

FROM A PAINTING BY J.F. KENSETT

New York D. Appleton & Co.

During the night of storm, the steamer has threaded her way through the hills, and, on a glorious morning, we arrive at a little village in Ha-ha Bay, the nominal head of navigation. The scenery is less massive and sullen here than at any other point, and the character of the crowd at the landing is diversified in the extreme. There are lumbermen, Scotch Highlanders, *habitants*, American tourists, Canadian tourists, English tourists, and aboriginals. Some of the *habitants* have brought with them little canoes, filled with wild-strawberries, which they offer for sale; and, during our detention here, there is considerable bustle. We then resume our journey down the dark river. Ha-ha Bay, with its shrubbery and beaches, is soon out of sight; we are sailing between two towering walls of rock, so dreary, so desolate, that those of us who are impressionable become dejected and nervous. The river has no windings; few projecting bluffs; no farms or villages on its banks. Nature has formed it in her sternest mood, lavishing scarcely one grace on her monstrous offspring. Wherever a promontory juts out one side of the river, a corresponding indentation is found upon the opposite shore; and this has been made the basis of a theory that the chasm through which the black waters flow was formed by an earthquake's separation of a solid mountain. We are willing to believe almost any thing about its origin; it fills us with grief, and our little bride is actually crying over it. The forms are rude, awkward, gigantic; but, like giants, unable to carry themselves. There are no grassy meadows; little greenery of any kind, in fact; only some dwarfed red-pines living a poor life among the rocks. It is a river of gloom, marked with primitive desolation. Occasionally an island lies in our path, but it is as rugged and barren as the shore, formed out of primitive granite, offering no relief to the terrible monotony that impresses us. And, once in a while, a ravine breaks the precipitous walls, and exposes in its darkling hollow the white foam of a mountain-torrent. Near such a place we find a saw-mill, and some attempt at a settlement that has failed dismally. We think of passages in Dante; of—

“The dismal shore that all the woes
Hems in of all the universe.”

The water is skimmed by no birds, nor is there a sound of busy animal life. Only now and then a black seal tosses its head above the surface, or dives below at our approach, from some projection where he has been quietly sunning himself. Masses of perpendicular rock rise above the surface to an unbroken height of over one thousand feet, and extend still farther below. What wonder that the sensitive little woman is in tears over the awful gloom Nature exhibits? Of course, there are some of our fellow-tourists who are not impressed with any thing except the immensity of the spaces, but it is reserved for her finer senses to hear Nature's voice in the savage tones of the rocks, and to weep at its sternness.

Presently we near Trinity Rock and Cape Eternity, and one of the crew brings a

bucket of pebbles on to the forward deck. As these two capes are accounted among the grandest sights of the voyage, there is a flutter of anticipation among the passengers, and the decks are crowded again. A slight curve brings us into Trinity Bay, a semi-circular estuary, flanked at the entrance by two precipices, each rising, almost perpendicularly, eighteen hundred feet above the river. The steepest is Trinity, so called because of the three distinct peaks on its northern summit, and that on the other side is Cape Eternity. Trinity presents a face of fractured granite, which appears almost white in contrast to the sombre pine-clad front of Eternity. And now, as the boat seems to be within a few yards of them, the passengers are invited to see if they can strike them with the pebbles before introduced. Several efforts are made, but the stones fall short of their mark, in the water. For the rest of the day we are toiling through like wildernesses of boulders, precipices, and mountains. We bid adieu to Trinity and Eternity at Point Noir, thread the desolate mazes of St. Louis Island, and soon are passing Point Crêpe, where the rocks, the everlasting rocks, look in the distance like the channel of a dried-up cataract. Toward night we are in the St. Lawrence again, and as we speed across the brighter waters the moon is rising over Murray Bay, and the wreck of a canoe reposing on the low beach reminds us of the desert through which we have passed.



Mount Murray Bay, St. Lawrence.

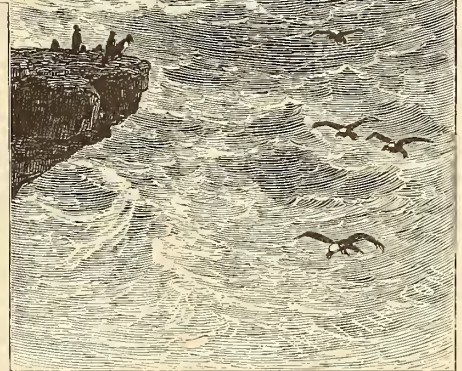
THE EASTERN SHORE, FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.



Pulpit Rock, Nahant.

THE coast of New England between Boston and Portland is for the most part irregular and rocky, and in many spots picturesque. Nature seems to have supplied it with every variety of sea-coast aspect and beauty, from the jagged mass of frowning and rough-worn rock overhanging the waters to the long, smooth reach of broad, curving beaches, and the duller landscape of green morass extending unbroken to the water's edge. There is no coast on the Atlantic seaboard which presents a wider choice for the lover of marine pleasures; for the rich city-man and his family who seek in proximity to the ocean their summer recreation from the cares and excitements of the year; for the artist searching to reproduce on canvas the visible romance of Nature;



for the gay camping-out parties of students, of youths, and maidens; and for those whose health is supposed to derive benefit from the fresh ocean-breezes, the bathings, and the pastimes offered by the salt-water expanse. Thus, Bostonians and Portlanders have no need to go far from home to find delightful spots for the summer holidays. Within convenient distance of either place are spots where *paterfamilias* may deposit his family

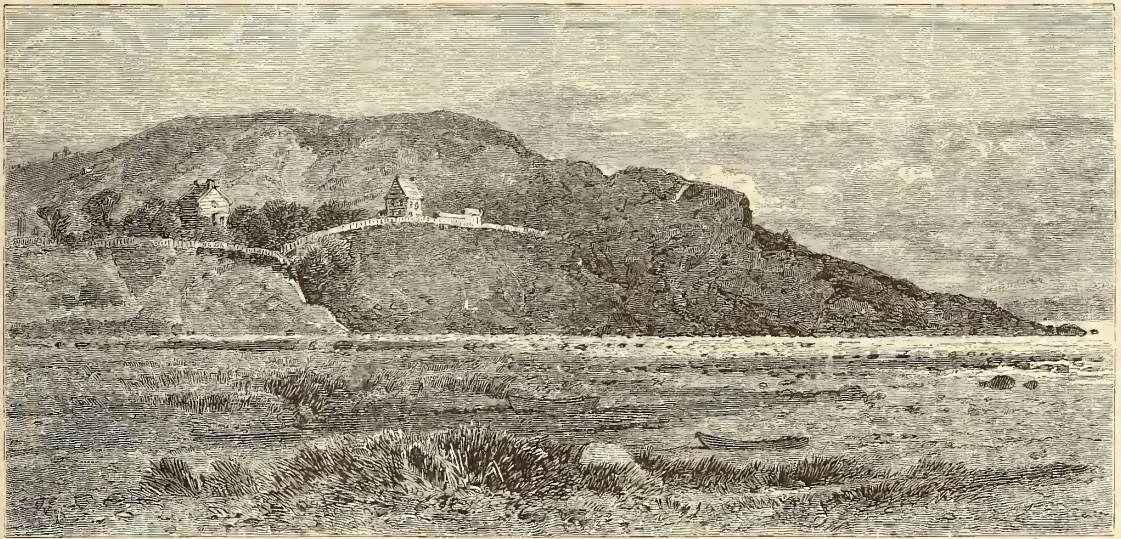


Swallows' Cave, Nahant.

for the summer in a long-porched hotel, or build for them a cosy, picturesque cottage, quite within daily access from his business haunts, whither he may go and repose overnight, and each morning return invigorated to the labors of office or counting-room.

The picturesqueness of the Eastern shore betrays itself as soon as you have steamed away from the Boston docks. Eccentric and irregular peninsulas of land, abruptly widen-

ing and narrowing, now a mere thread between water and water, now a wide, hilly space, are encountered at once. East Boston stands upon one of these, and presents a crowded, rather smoky aspect, with its many chimneys, its well-filled docks, and its elevation at the extremity, crowned with the quarter of private residences. The steamboat is forced to make many a curve and winding, and, shortly after leaving East Boston, passes through a straitened channel between the sharp, narrow Point Shirley, a mere needle of a peninsula, and the irregularly-shaped Deer Island, with its spacious Almshouse, shaped like a Latin cross, and its ample accommodation for the paupers of the neighboring city. As you proceed through the harbor, the eye catches sight of many islands of various dimension and contour—some green with lawns, others bleak and arid with herbless sand and rock; here surmounted by a fort, there a hospital or house of correction, sometimes an hotel whither excursions are made in the summer at popular prices. The



The Old Fort, Marblehead.

southern coast looms irregular and sometimes imposing behind, while a glimpse is had of similar eccentricities and rough beauties of Nature in the direction whither you are proceeding.

After passing around Point Shirley, the broad stretch of Chelsea Beach comes into view, extending from the lower part of the peninsula to Lynn Bar. This is the favorite resort of the less well-to-do classes of Boston, while here and there are sea-side residences which betray the taste of a wealthier social class for this neighborhood. There are convenient and cosy hostelries, furnishing refreshment to the merry-makers, and ample provision for the sea-bathing, which is so refreshing to the denizen of the busy and dusty city.

Beyond Pine's Point, which is the strip of land at the northern end of Chelsea Beach, the sea makes one of its abrupt invasions into the line of coast, and has scooped



Salem, from the Lookout on Witches' Hill.

out there a miniature harbor, with uneven coast borderings, called Lynn Bar. This is the inlet to the thrifty "leather-city," which stands just by, intent on supplying mankind with shoes. Lynn Bar is bounded on its eastern side by the long and slightly curved western side of the peninsula of Nahant. From this point of view, you form no conception of the noble picturesque beauties and architectural decorations which this bold and strangely-shaped promontory affords. It is only when you have landed, and advanced to an elevated position, that one of the most, if not the most striking landscape on the Eastern shore presents itself to the sight.

Nahant is about eight miles northeast from Boston, and is easily reached, in less than an hour, from the city by boat. Of all the sea-side resorts of the vicinity, it is justly the most sought; for neither Cohasset, Nantasket, nor Scituate, on the southern shore, can compare with it, as combining each several variety of marine scenery and pleasure advantages. The

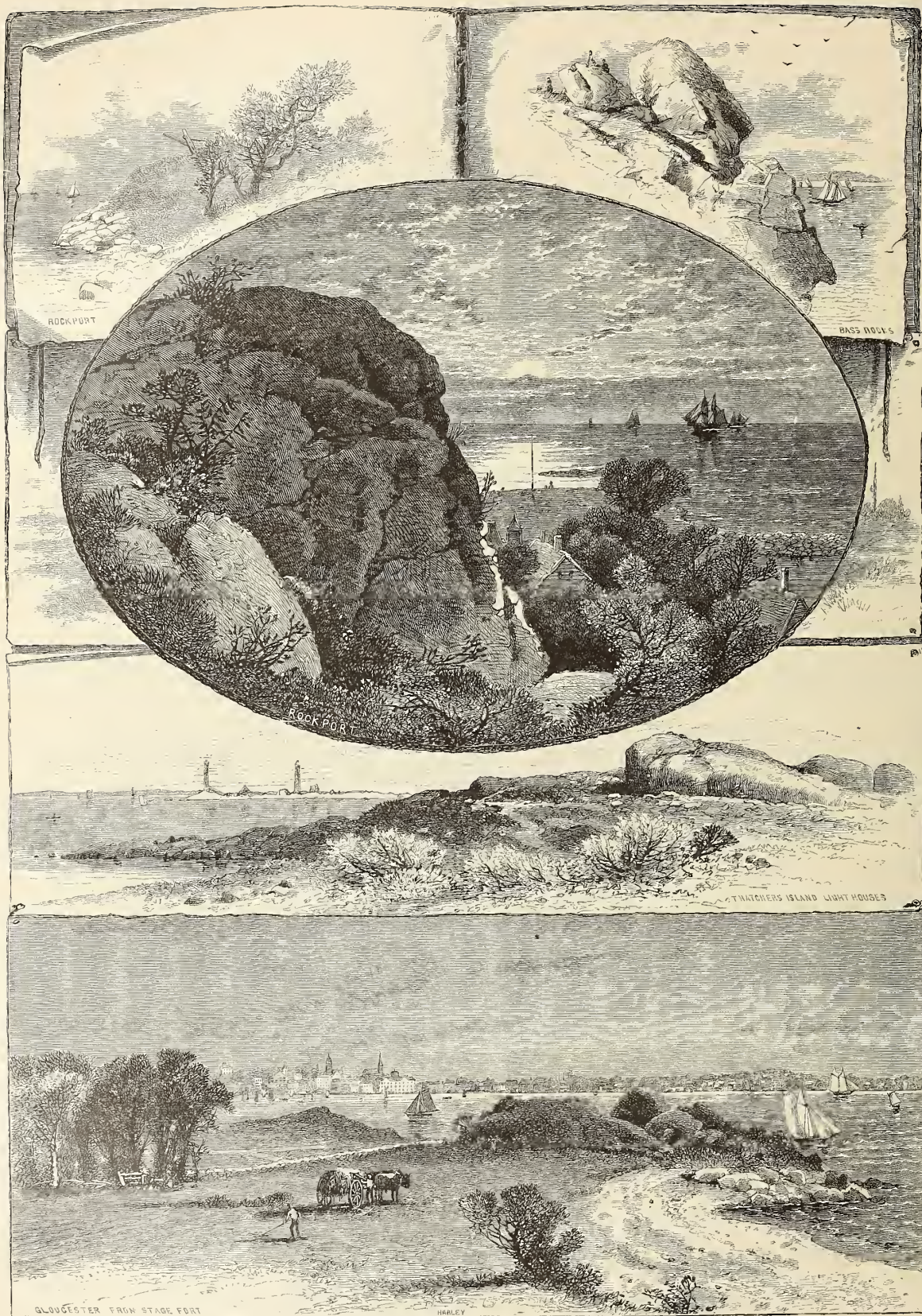
peninsula, as it stretches out from the main-land, is at first a narrow neck, crossed by a few steps, for some distance almost straight. On one side is the pretty harbor of Lynn; on the other a noble, wide beach, sweeping in a direct line for some distance, then curving, in a short semicircle, round the rocky cliffs beyond which lies the scarcely less lovely and famous Swampscott. This narrow neck begins anon to thicken irregularly, with here and there a sudden eruption of rugged rock, and finally broadens into a rocky, uneven eminence. This promontory is shaped like a horseshoe. On the two sides the shore is rocky, with its Black Rocks, West Cliff, Castle Rock, Saunders's Ledge, Natural Bridge, and so on; while in the convex side of the horseshoe are several exquisite diminutive beaches, lying below the jagged eminences.



Norman's Woe, Gloucester.

A writer, describing the rocky beauty of Nahant, says: "The rocks are torn into such varieties of form, and the beaches are so hard and smooth, that all the beauty of wave-motion and the whole gamut of ocean-eloquence are here offered to eye and ear. All the loveliness and majesty of the ocean are displayed around the jagged and savage-browed cliffs of Nahant."

Few marine localities, moreover, have been so elegantly adorned by the wealth which calls forth the best efforts of the architectural art. Here are noble sea-side residences—of granite, brick, and wood—Swiss cottages and French villas, some shrouded in ivies and parasites, nearly all having, in spacious bay-windows and broad, sheltered piazzas, delightful outlooks upon the ocean. Nor has the naturally bleak and craggy peninsula

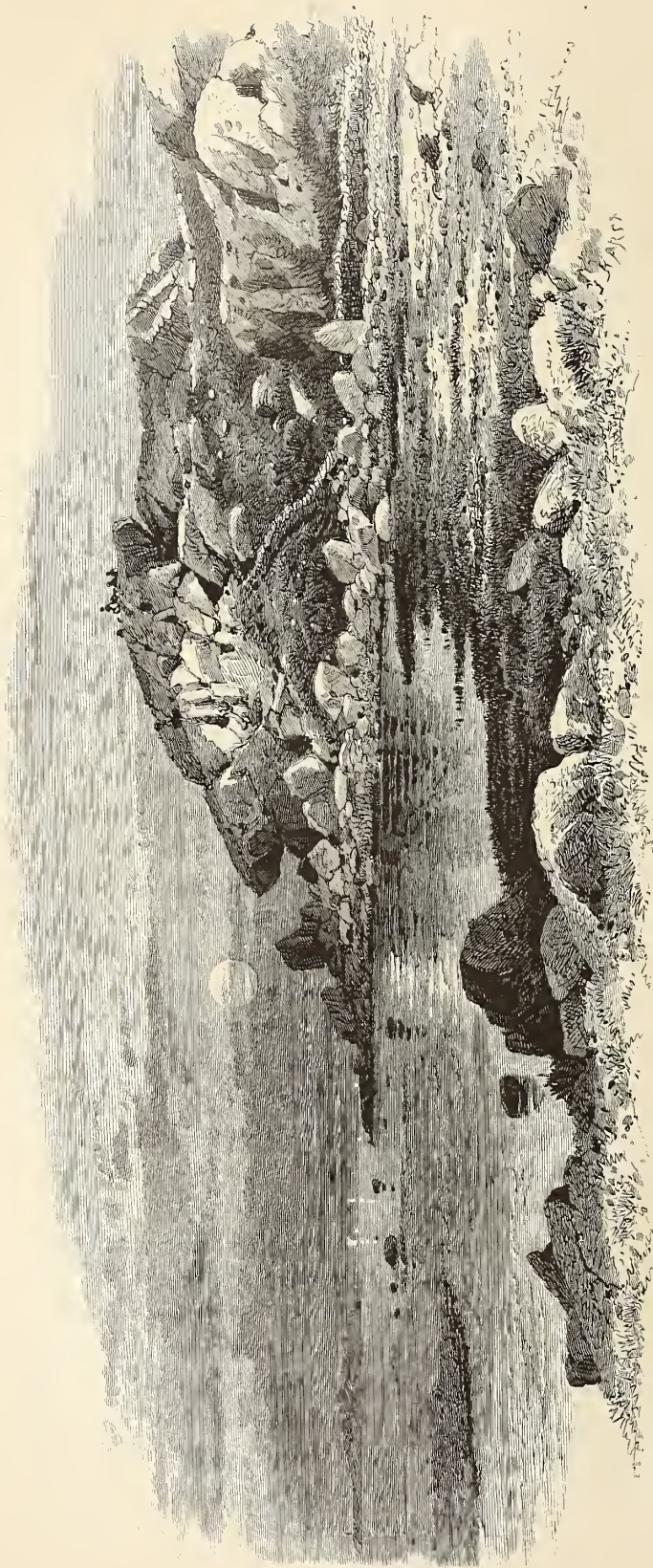


GLoucester AND ROCKPORT.

refused to nourish beautiful lawns and gardens, amply sprinkled with flower-parterres, betraying the artistic care which riches are able to procure.

The artist has reproduced two of the most striking of the many natural wonders which the eternal lashing of the waves has wrought out of the obstinate rock-masses about Nahant. Pulpit Rock lies just by the lower eastern shore of the horseshoe, between the Natural Bridge and Sappho's Rock. It is a huge, jagged mass, rising some thirty feet above the water, with roughly-square sides, broad and heavy below, but projecting abruptly into an angle of forty-five degrees at the top. At a little distance, the upper part appears like a pulpit, upon which some Titan preacher's Bible and prayer-book have been laid ready for service—hence the name; and here, if one is bold enough to venture up the slippery, moss-grown sides, is a famous eyry, whence to contemplate the sea, sitting in the midst of its wash and roar. The Swallows' Cave is farther on, at the lower end of the eastern curve of the horseshoe, between the steamboat-wharf and Pea Island. It is a long, gloomy cavern, overhung by a dome of irregular strata, heaved together in strange, shelving layers. The cave is eight feet high and seventy long, and derives its name from its having long been occupied by colonies of swallows, which built their nests in its sombre crevices, and flew in and out in fluttering multitudes. But the invasion of their retreat by curiosity-seekers has expelled them thence. The cave may be entered for some distance by a row-boat; and here is a favorite cool haunt in the hot summer days, when the beaches are insufferable. Nahant presents other wonders, but none more striking. There are John's Peril, a great, yawning fissure in one of the cliffs; the huge, oval-shaped mass called Egg Rock; a beautiful natural structure, which might almost be taken for a savage fortress, Castle Rock, with battlements, embrasures, buttresses, and turrets, the only kind of counterpart to the castle-ruins which so richly deck European scenes that our new America affords; a boiling and seething Caldron Cliff; a deep-bass Roaring Cavern; and a most grotesque yet noble natural arch, with a cone-like top, and leading to a natural room in the rock, which is known as Irene's Grotto.

Beyond the broad Long Beach, which sweeps from the promontory of Nahant in almost a straight line to Red Rock, is the not less beautiful and fashionable sea-side resort of Swampscott, with its Dread Ledge, and pretty beach, and clusters of charming and lavishly-adorned marine villas; while just northeastward of Swampscott juts out far into the sea the rude and uneven and historic peninsula of Marblehead. This spot was one of the first settled in New England, the town of Marblehead having been incorporated by the Puritan colony just fifteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. So bleak and bare are the Marblehead rocks that Whitefield asked, in wonder, "Where do they bury their dead?" It is a quaint old settlement, with many queer houses still standing which were built and occupied before the Revolution. The sea penetrates the peninsula with a narrow and deep little harbor; and it is around this that



Bass Rocks, Gloucester.

the town has clustered. Once on a time Marblehead was famous for its fishermen; and it is the scene of Whittier's poem, "Skipper Ireson's Ride." A hundred years ago it was, next to Boston, the most populous town in Massachusetts. Now its character has almost wholly changed from the olden time, for it has become a brisk centre of the shoe-manufacture. The Old Fort is a plain, hoary-looking edifice, standing on the rugged slope of the promontory looking toward the sea.

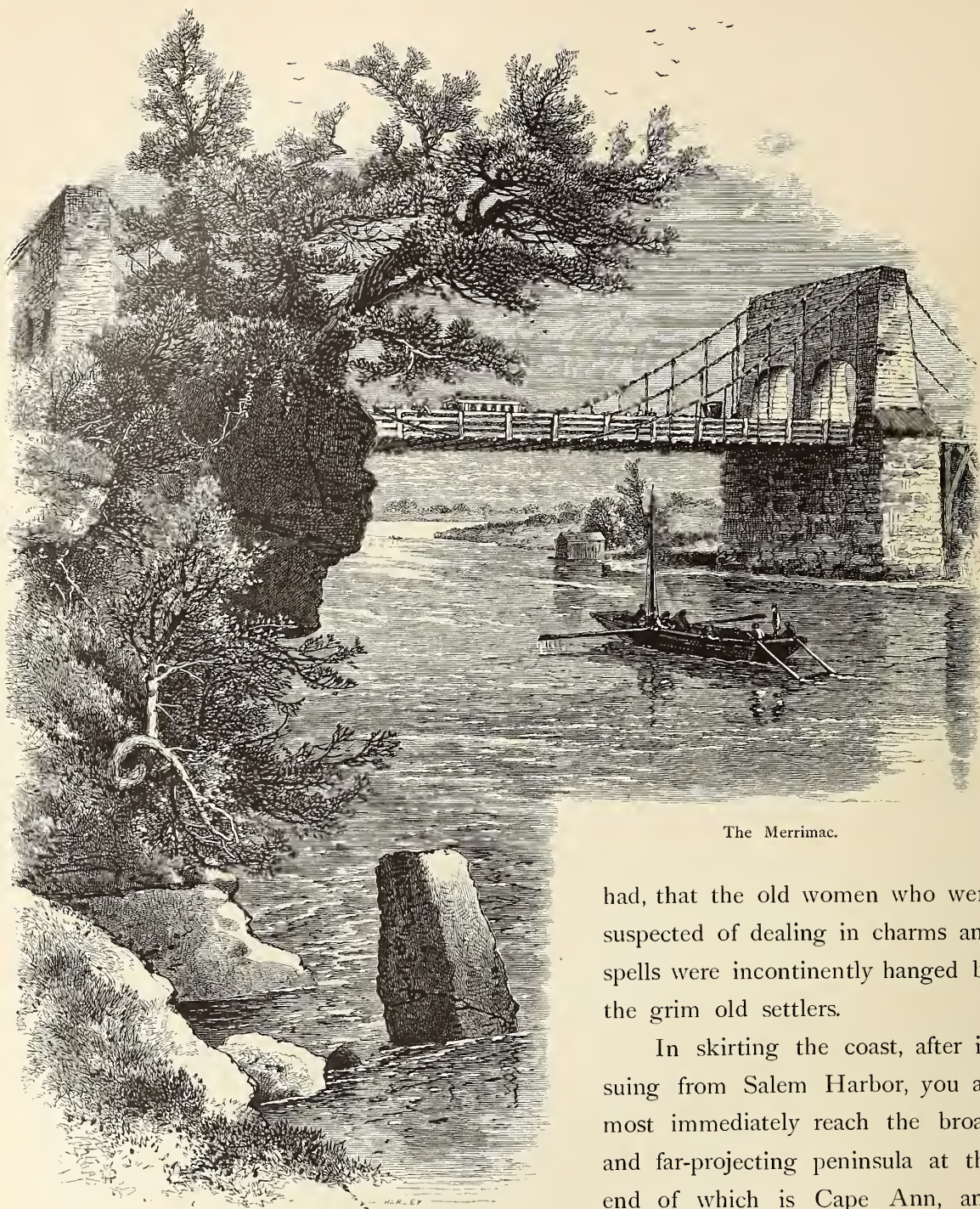
Just around the extremity of Marblehead are the harbor and the still more ancient Puritan settlement of Salem. Seven years after the landing at Plymouth, the district between the "great river called Merrimac" and the Charles was set off as a separate colony; and the year afterward Endicott selected Salem as the capital of this colony. It was called Salem, "from the peace which they had and hoped in it." Of all New-England towns, it bears most plainly the stamp of a venerable antiquity. It is a grave and staid place, and there are still streets largely composed of the stately mansions of the colonial and marine aristocracy; for Salem was

once not only a metropolis, but a port teeming with lordly East-Indiamen, and warehouses packed with the choicest fabrics and spices of the Orient. It is, commercially, a stranded city, reposing upon its memories, and brimful of quaint and striking traditions. It has its antiquarian museums and its historic buildings, and here is sacredly



*Point of Cape Ann, from Cedar Avenue, Pigeon Cove.

preserved the original charter granted by Charles I. to Massachusetts Bay. Here, too, is the oldest church still standing in New England, erected in 1634, and whose first pastor was Roger Williams. Salem was the town of witches; and it was on the hill represented by the artist, from which a fine view of the picturesque and drowsy town is



The Merrimac.

had, that the old women who were suspected of dealing in charms and spells were incontinently hanged by the grim old settlers.

In skirting the coast, after issuing from Salem Harbor, you almost immediately reach the broad and far-projecting peninsula at the end of which is Cape Ann, and which forms the northern bound-

dary of Massachusetts Bay. Included between this and Scituate, on the south, is the great, semicircular basin which narrows into the spacious harbor of Boston. The coast between Salem and Gloucester is studded with spots at once naturally attractive and historically interesting. The rocky Lowell's Island, a famous destination for summer excursions, appears in full view from Salem. Opposite to it, on the mainland, is Beverley Beach, with the old town of Beverley, but a few years younger

than Salem, in the near background. From one of the promenades here a fine view is had of the sea, with its sprinkling of forts and islands. A little to the north, inland, is Wenham, noted for a charming lake, and the spot of which an old English traveller of two centuries ago said, "Wenham is a delicious paradise;" while beyond is Ipswich, with its "healthy hills," and its ancient female seminary, where the Andover students, says a venerable writer, "are wont to take to themselves wives of the daughters of the Puritans." The quaint village of Manchester lies on the rugged shore; and, soon after passing it, the harbor of Gloucester is entered.

Gloucester is a characteristic New-England sea-coast town. It is the metropolis of the Northern fisheries. Its harbor is one of the most picturesque and attractive on the coast; and the town rises gradually from the wharves, presenting at once the aspect of venerable age and of present activity. All around it are fine points of view seaward, beaches, and rocky cliffs, with a more generous share of the relief of verdure than along the more southerly coast. Interspersed with the residences of the retired captains and well-to-do fishermen, who form a large portion of the population, are fine mansions used as summer residences; for Gloucester, as well as its vicinity, is a favorite resort. Many and various are the scenes in the neighborhood, which curiosity, wonder, and love of the beautiful, have sought out among the rocks and inlets. Of one of these Longfellow has written in "The Wreck of the Hesperus:"

"And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe."

Norman's Woe is, indeed, a drear and sombre mass of rocks, lying just beyond the shrub-fringed shore, where many a vessel has struck against the ragged reefs in the northeast storms, though on a calm summer's day it adds one of the elements of a beautiful marine landscape. Near by are other curiosities, attractive to the sight-seers who make their headquarters in the vicinity. Among them, perhaps the most notable is Rafe's Chasm, an enormous fissure in the irregular and high-piled ledge, which yawns into the rock a hundred feet, and pierces it to a depth of fifty feet. Here the imprisoned waves at times struggle with fierce and sonorous fury, the noise of their roar, heard long before the spot is reached, endowing them, in the fancy, with the reality of living though insensate savagery. Not far off is another marvellous fissure in the trap-rock; and beyond is the bright and cheerful colony of summer villas which have clustered around Goldsmith's Point.

Cape Ann is really an island, being separated from the main-land by Squam River and a canal called the Cut. Its general appearance is rugged and rocky, with granite hills and ledges, in some places craggy and bald, in others grown over with wild and



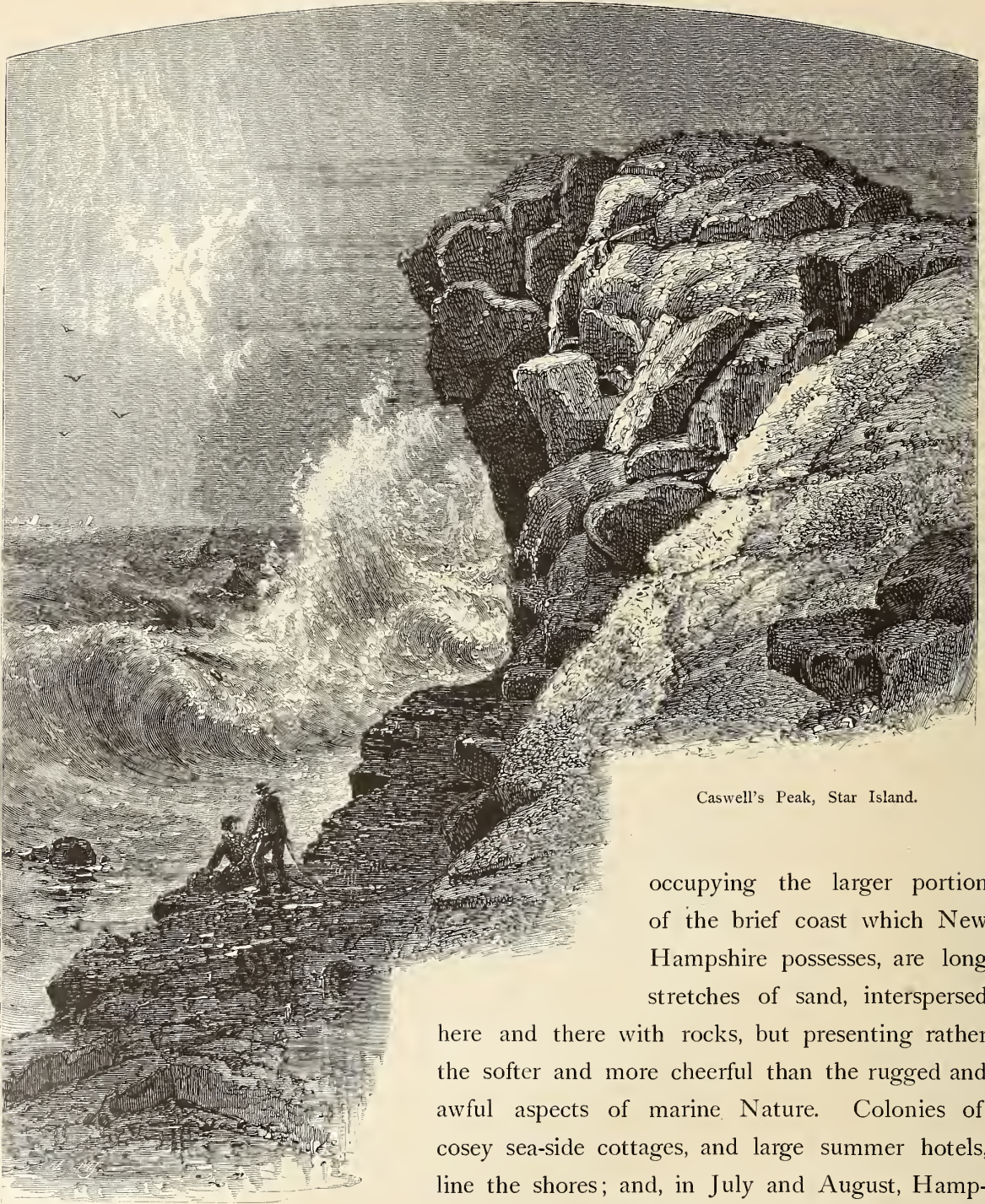
PORTSMOUTH AND ISLES OF SHOALS.

picturesque forests. From *Tompson's Mountain* the excursionist obtains a superb view, not only of the sea and immediate coast, but of *Massachusetts Bay* and *Boston*, with the yellow dome of the *State-House* looming in the distance, on the south, and *Mount Monadnock*, in *New Hampshire*, in the northwest. Below may be seen broad marshes, beautified by an abundance of magnolias and water-lilies, with wild, entangled dells and winding brooks, orchards and meadows, and waving fields of grain. *Cape Ann* is noted for its trees and flora. Here grow picturesque tracts of woodland, contrasting pleasantly with the great gray rocks and the azure sea; there are the oak, the birch, the maple, and the yellow-pine, red-cedars, and the beautiful red-gum tree; while the wealth of wild-flowers—masses of roses perfuming the air, the trailing arbutus, dog's-tooth violets, tender wind-flowers, innocents and sassafras, columbines and wake-robins—makes the marshy fields and ledge-crevices glow with a kaleidoscope of color and exquisite botanic textures.

Only less romantic than *Nahant* are the outermost shores of *Cape Ann*, while the ample foliage adds a feature which even the gardening-art cannot impart to the more southerly resort. *Pigeon Cove*, especially, has in these later days become a noted watering-place; for here is not only a noble view of the waters, but the opportunity to enjoy many a delightful excursion amid the lovely scenes and marvellous sculpture which Nature has provided. The little place has been provided with wide avenues and promenades, with groves of oak and pine, which lead to striking landscape-views—among them the *Breakwater*, which forms the outer wall of the snug little cove, and *Singer's Bluff*, which overhangs the sea.

Passing from the varied beauties of *Pigeon Cove*, with its alternate ruggedness, glistening beach, and luxuriant foliage, the northern side of *Cape Ann* is crossed by an ancient road, which at times enters beneath an arching of willows, and again emerges in sight of the waves and sails. In a short while *Annisquam* is reached, and then the venerable sea-side village of *Essex*, just where the peninsula rejoins the main-land. The coast for a while becomes little notable for any peculiar characteristics of picturesqueness, until the broad, bay-like mouth of the "great" river *Merrimac* is approached. From its entrance, the old, historic town of *Newburyport*, surmounting an abrupt declivity, some three miles up the broad and rapid river, is espied. Like *Salem* and *Marblehead*, it is one of those antique coast-towns which have, to a large degree, lost their maritime importance, while preserving the relics and mementos of a former commercial prosperity. Few places more abound with old traditions and family histories, and few inspire more pride in their annals and past glories in the breasts of the natives.

The shore between *Newburyport* and *Portsmouth* is almost continuously straight and even. The abrupt eccentricities of boulder and storm-hewed rock-masses have nearly disappeared. Long and sunny beaches have taken the place of craggy peninsulas and yawning fissures, sinuous inlets and shapeless projections. *Salisbury*, *Hampton*, and *Rye*,



Caswell's Peak, Star Island.

occupying the larger portion of the brief coast which New Hampshire possesses, are long stretches of sand, interspersed

here and there with rocks, but presenting rather the softer and more cheerful than the rugged and awful aspects of marine Nature. Colonies of cosy sea-side cottages, and large summer hotels, line the shores; and, in July and August, Hampton and Rye Beaches are alive with carriages,

bathers, and saunterers on the long, surf-washed reaches.

Portsmouth, like Newburyport, is situated on a river-bank, some three miles from the open sea, there being a spacious bay between it and the Maine shore, with an island directly in its mouth. "There are more quaint houses and interesting traditions in Portsmouth," says one writer, "than in any other town of New England"—a proposition, however, which the townsmen of Newburyport and Salem would eagerly dispute. It is,

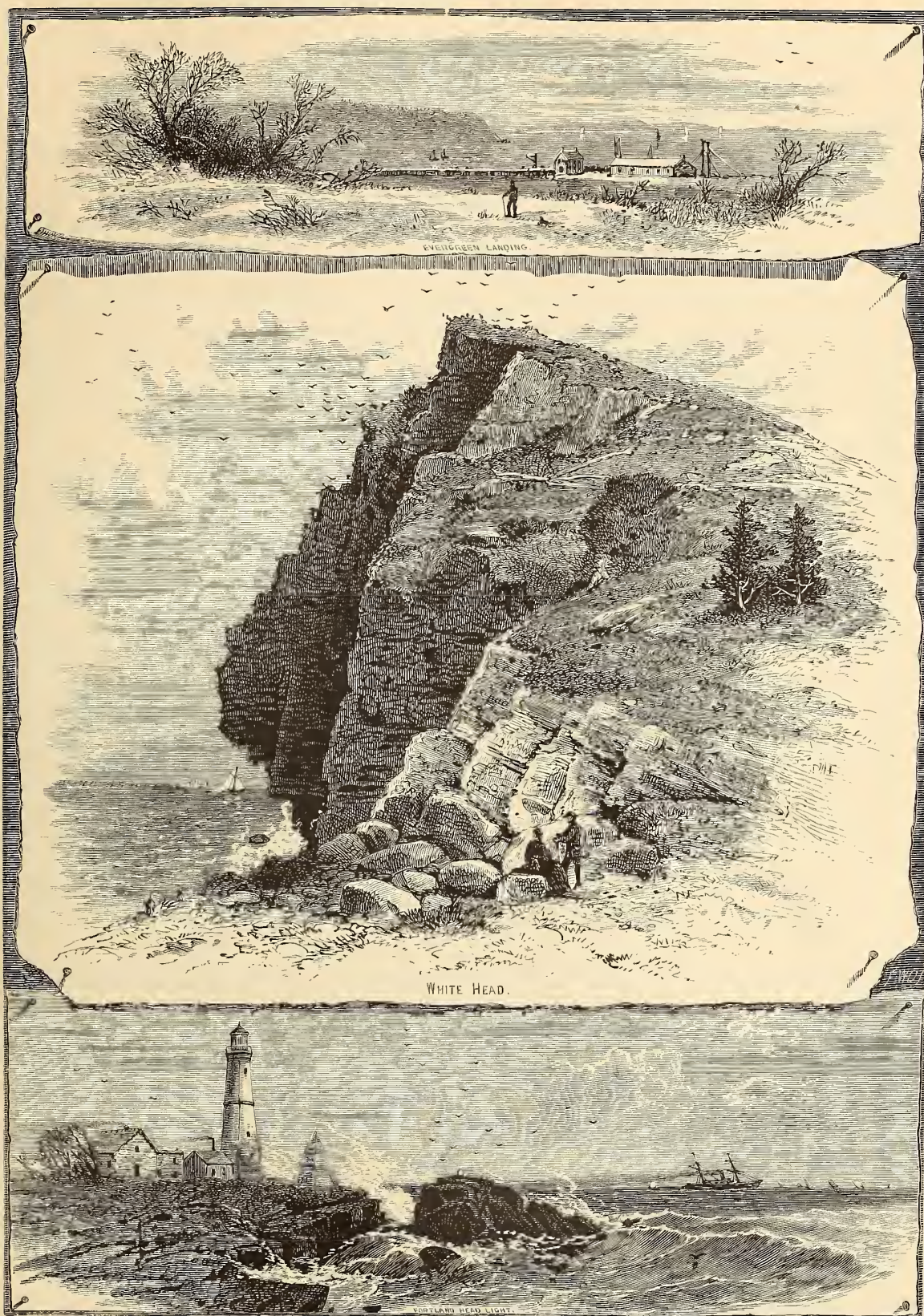
indeed, a singularly venerable and tranquil-looking old place, with many irregular, shaded streets, which look as if they had been quietly slumbering for many generations. Its history is full of incident, and connected with many of the stirring events of colonial and Revolutionary days. Indeed, Portsmouth was settled as long ago as 1623, and was first called "Strawberry Bank," from the exceeding quantity of strawberries which were found growing in its vicinity. It was at first fortified with palisades, to secure it from Indian depredations; and many were the perils through which it passed in the early days. After the Revolution, a French traveller found it with "a thin population, many houses in ruins, women and children in rags, and every thing announcing decline." But, speedily, Portsmouth revived, and became a busy and thrifty port; and so it continues to this day.

The chief natural attraction in the vicinity of Portsmouth is the Isles of Shoals, a



Portland, from Peak's Island.

group of eight bare and rugged islands, lying about nine miles off the coast, communicated with by a comfortable little steamboat, and provided with hotels and cottages for summer visitors. The isles are small in extent, the largest—Appledore—only containing about three hundred and fifty acres. From the main-land they appear shadowy, almost fairy-like, in their dim outline. As the steamboat approaches, they separate into distinct elevations of rock, all having a bleak and barren aspect, with little vegetation, and having jagged reefs running far out in all directions among the waves. Appledore, the principal island of the group, rises in the shape of a hog's back, and is the least irregular in appearance. Its ledges rise some seventy-five feet above the sea, and it is divided by a narrow, picturesque little valley, wherein are here and there timid scraps of shrubbery, and where are situated the hotel and its *chalets*, the only buildings on the island. The solitude and grandeur of the sea are to be enjoyed to the fullest on these gaunt rocks, in whose interstices many a lonely nook may be discovered where, fanned by cool breezes of pure sea-air, the marine landscape may be contemplated amid a surrounding stillness broken only by the lash, murmur, and trickling in and out of the waves. Just by Appledore is Smutty-Nose Island, low, flat, and insidious, on whose black reefs many a stalwart vessel has been torn to destruction. A quarter of a mile off is the most picturesque of the island-cluster, Star Island, with its odd little village of Gosport, the quaint towered and steepled church of which crowns the crest of its highest point; and just by is Scavey's Island. On the west, toward the main-land, is Londoner's, jagged and shapeless, with a diminutive beach; while two miles away is the most forbidding and dangerous of all these islands, Duck Island, many of whose ledges are hidden insidiously beneath the water at high tide, and at low tide are often seen covered with the big, white sea-gulls, which shun the inhabited isles. Mrs. Thaxter, a native of Appledore, and well known as a poetess, thus charmingly describes this fantastic and fascinating group of ledge and trap dike: "Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine, for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. At first sight, nothing can be more rough and inhospitable than they appear. The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks that they look hoary as if with age, though in the summer-time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks, here and there, the stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect. Yet, so forbidding are their shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them—mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea—when all the smiling, 'sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land' lies ready to woo the voyager back again, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sounds, and sights, and scents, that the wild waters never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that will see, and ears that will hear, Nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half forgotten before he is aware. The very wildness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. In the early morning the sea is rosy, and the sky; the line



PORTLAND HARBOR, AND ISLANDS.



Cushing's Island.

of land is radiant ; the scattered sails glow with the delicious color that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks." The Isles of Shoals have latterly become a place of popular resort, and on Appledore and Star Islands are comfortable hotels and cottages, which in summer are filled to overflowing with lovers of the subtile charms of the sea.

Beyond Portsmouth the coast runs tolerably even for some distance northward ; then, from Wells Harbor, bends gradually to the north-east, until the isle-crowded entrance of Saco River is reached. It is dotted all along with marine hamlets and fishing-villages, here and there a bit of broken beach, and now and then a slight promontory overlooking the sea. York Beach is the principal sand-expanse between Portsmouth and Portland, and slopes gently to the water from the eminences behind. The coast increases in variegated beauty north of York, and affords ample opportunities for fishermen, bathers, and loungers by the ocean.

Nothing could be more strikingly picturesque, however, than the marine scenery

about Portland, or than that most rural of New-England cities itself, as it perches on its high cliffs above bay, valley, island, and sea. It was settled very early in the colonial history, but the great fire of 1868 caused its renovation, and it now bears a fresh and modern as well as otherwise bright and thrifty aspect. Well may the citizens of Portland be proud of its superb site; its exquisite surroundings; its fine, deep, and well-sheltered harbor; its cheerful, shaded streets; its handsome public buildings, and its tasteful environs. The peculiarity of the Portland landscape is that it presents Nature rather in her softer and more cheerful than in her grand and rugged aspects. The many islands which dot Casco Bay are bright, in summer, with the softest and richest verdure and foliage, and are so numerous that, like Lake Winnepiseogee, they are said to equal the number of days in the year. The bay itself is one of the most beautiful on the Atlantic coast, and has been compared to the bay of Naples, so broad and circular its expanse, and so imposingly is it enframed in ranges of green and undulating hills. Cape Elizabeth, which forms the outermost southern point of the bay, is the nearest approach in this vicinity to the rude and jagged eminences already described as lying farther to the south. It is a series of lofty, jutting cliffs, rising abruptly from the ocean, and crowned with wood and shrubbery, which relieve its gauntness. The Twin-Sisters Light-houses stand on the end of the cape; and from these an inspiring view of the bay and harbor, of the distant city rising above its ledges, of the many islands lying close and irregularly between shore and shore, and, in the distance, of the torn and stormy promontories which stretch out north of Portland, is obtained. Nearer Portland is Peak's Island, luxuriant in foliage, and varied with natural bowers and lovely retreats. Here, too, is a favorable stand-point whence to look upon the genial and varied landscape; while Diamond Island, the pet spot for "down-East" picnics, is famous the country round for its groves of noble trees, its occasionally rocky shore interspersed with narrow bits of beach, and its natural lawns of deep-green turf.

One of the largest and most attractive spots in Portland Harbor is Cushing's Island, the edges of which are bordered by high bluffs crowned with shrubs and turf, with here and there a low, rocky shore or a graceful inlet. The island is one of the largest, comprising two hundred and fifty acres, and is provided with a single building, an hotel for summer sojourners. The view from here is perhaps more various and extensive than from any other point, for it includes the harbor, ship-channel, and city, on the one hand, and the towering ledges of Cape Elizabeth on the other. Forts Preble, Scammel, Gorges, and Portland Light, loom in the near distance; the busy wharves of Portland are seen crowded with their craft of many climes; the neighboring islands present each a novel and contrasted aspect of shape and color; the heavy sea-breakers may be seen settling themselves into the smooth, blue ripple of the bay; and sometimes a glimpse is had of the snowy summit of Mount Washington, and its sister eminences, dimly outlined on the far northwestern horizon.

THE ADIRONDACK REGION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



Ascent of Whiteface.

IT is a common notion among Europeans—even those who have travelled extensively in this country—that there is very little grand scenery in the United States east of the Mississippi River. The cause of this delusion is obvious enough. The great routes of travel run through the fertile plains, where the mass of the population is naturally found, and where the great cities have consequently arisen. The grand and picturesque scenery of the country lies far aloof from the great lines of railroad; and

the traveller whirls on for hundreds of miles through the level region, and decides that the aspect of America is very tame and monotonous, and that it has no scenery to show except the Highlands of the Hudson, Lake George, and the Falls of Niagara.

In the State of New York alone, however—to say nothing of the mountains and the sea-coast of New England, or the mountains of Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee—there are vast regions of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery, to which the foreign traveller seldom penetrates, and of which scarcely a glimpse can be obtained from the great lines of railroad, which have been established for purposes of trade, and not for sight-seeing. West of the Hudson lies a mountainous region, half as large as Wales, abounding in grand scenery, known only to the wandering artist or the adventurous hunter; and beyond that, in the centre of the State, a lower and still larger region, studded with the loveliest lakes in the world, and adorned with beautiful villages, romantically situated amid rocky glens, like that of Watkins, exhibiting some of the strangest freaks of Nature anywhere to be seen, and water-falls of prodigious height and of the wildest beauty.

But the grandeur of the Cats-



The Ausable Chasm.



Birmingham Falls, Ausable Chasm.

kills, and the loveliness of the lake-region of Central New York, are both surpassed in the great Wilderness of Northern New York, the Adirondack, where the mountains tower far above the loftiest of the Catskills, and where the lakes are to be counted by the hundreds, and are not surpassed in beauty even by Lakes George, Otsego, or Seneca. This remarkable tract, which thirty years ago was known, even by name, only to a few hunters, trappers, and lumbermen, lies between Lakes George and Champlain on the east, and the St. Lawrence on the northwest. It extends, on the north, to Canada, and,

on the south, nearly to the Mohawk. In area it is considerably larger than Connecticut, and, in fact, nearly approaches Wales in size, and resembles that country also in its mountainous character, though many of the mountains are a thousand or two thousand feet higher than the highest of the Welsh.

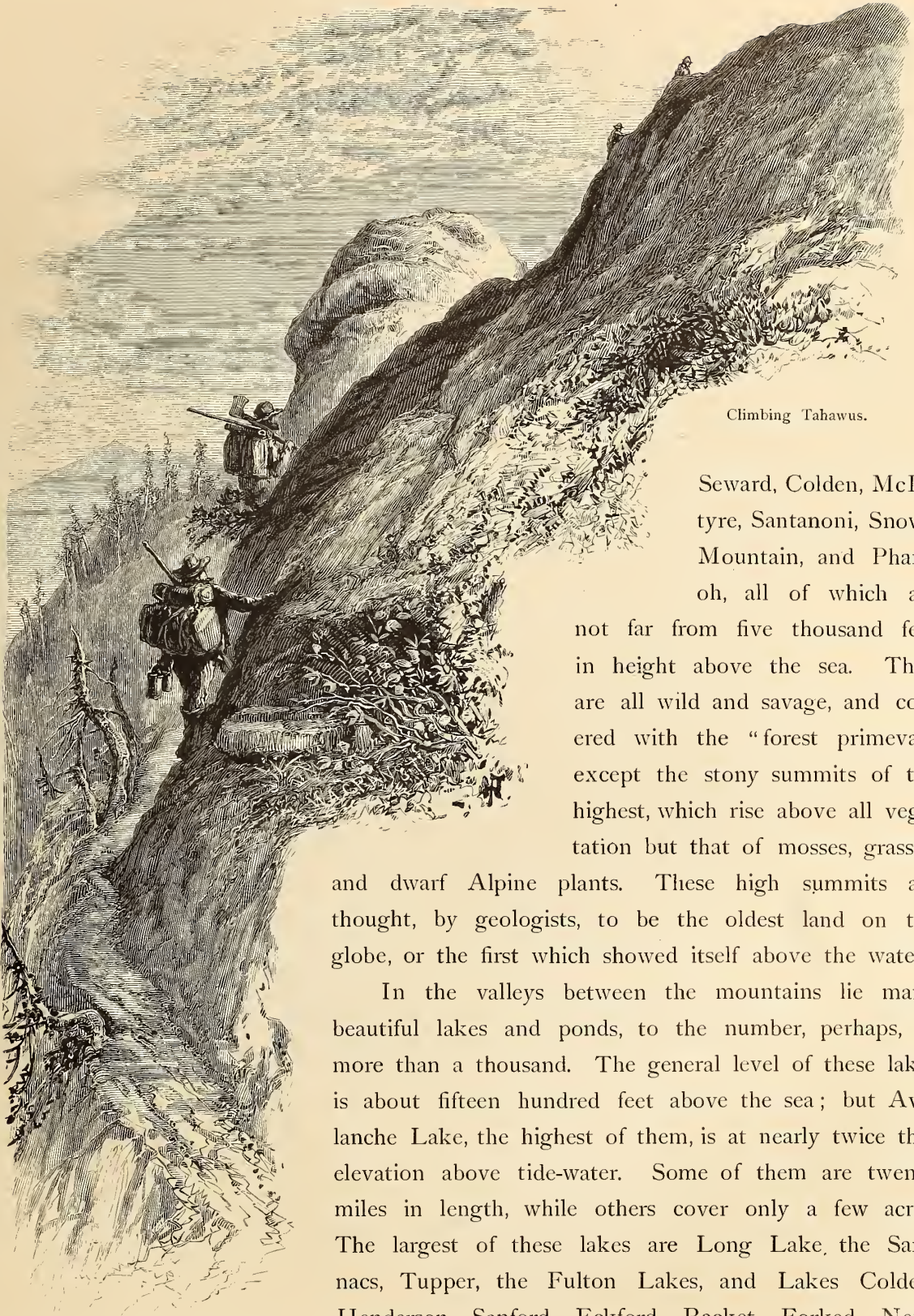
Five ranges of mountains, running nearly parallel, traverse the Adirondack from southwest to northeast, where they terminate on the shores of Lake Champlain. The fifth and most westerly range begins at Little Falls, and terminates at Trembleau Point, on Lake Champlain. It bears the name Clinton Range, though it is also sometimes called the Adirondack Range. It contains the highest peaks of the whole region, the loftiest being Mount Marcy, or Taha-wus, five thousand three hundred and thirty-three feet high. Though none of these peaks attain to the height of the loftiest summits of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or the Black Mountains of North Carolina, their general elevation surpasses that of any range east of the Rocky Mountains. The entire number of mountains in this region is supposed to exceed five hundred, of which only a few have received separate names. The highest peaks, besides Taha-wus, are Whiteface, Dix Peak,



The Stairway, Ausable Chasm.



CLEARING A JAM, GREAT FALLS OF THE AUSABLE



Climbing Tahawus.

Seward, Colden, McIntyre, Santanoni, Snowy Mountain, and Pharaoh, all of which are not far from five thousand feet in height above the sea. They are all wild and savage, and covered with the "forest primeval," except the stony summits of the highest, which rise above all vegetation but that of mosses, grasses,

and dwarf Alpine plants. These high summits are thought, by geologists, to be the oldest land on the globe, or the first which showed itself above the waters.

In the valleys between the mountains lie many beautiful lakes and ponds, to the number, perhaps, of more than a thousand. The general level of these lakes is about fifteen hundred feet above the sea; but Avalanche Lake, the highest of them, is at nearly twice that elevation above tide-water. Some of them are twenty miles in length, while others cover only a few acres. The largest of these lakes are Long Lake, the Saranacs, Tupper, the Fulton Lakes, and Lakes Colden, Henderson, Sanford, Eckford, Racket, Forked, New-

comb, and Pleasant. Steep, densely-wooded mountains rise from their margins; beautiful bays indent their borders, and leafy points jut out; spring brooks tinkle in;

while the shallows are fringed with water-grasses and flowering plants, and covered sometimes with acres of white and yellow water-lilies. The lakes are all lovely and romantic in every thing except their names, and the scenery they offer, in combination with the towering mountains and the old and savage forest, is not surpassed on earth. In natural features it greatly resembles Switzerland and the Scottish Highlands, as they



Whiteface, from Lake Placid.

must have been before those regions were settled and cultivated. The Rev. Mr. Murray says that an American artist, travelling in Switzerland, wrote home, a year or two ago, that, "having travelled over all Switzerland and the Rhine and Rhone regions, he had not met with scenery which, judged from a purely artistic point of view, combined so many beauties in connection with such grandeur as the lakes, mountains, and forests of the Adirondack region presented to the gazer's eye."

This labyrinth of lakes is intertwined and connected by a very intricate system of rivers, brooks, and rills. The Saranac, the Ausable, the Boquet, and the Racket, rise in and flow through this wilderness; and in its loftiest and most dismal recesses are found the springs of the Hudson and its earliest branches.

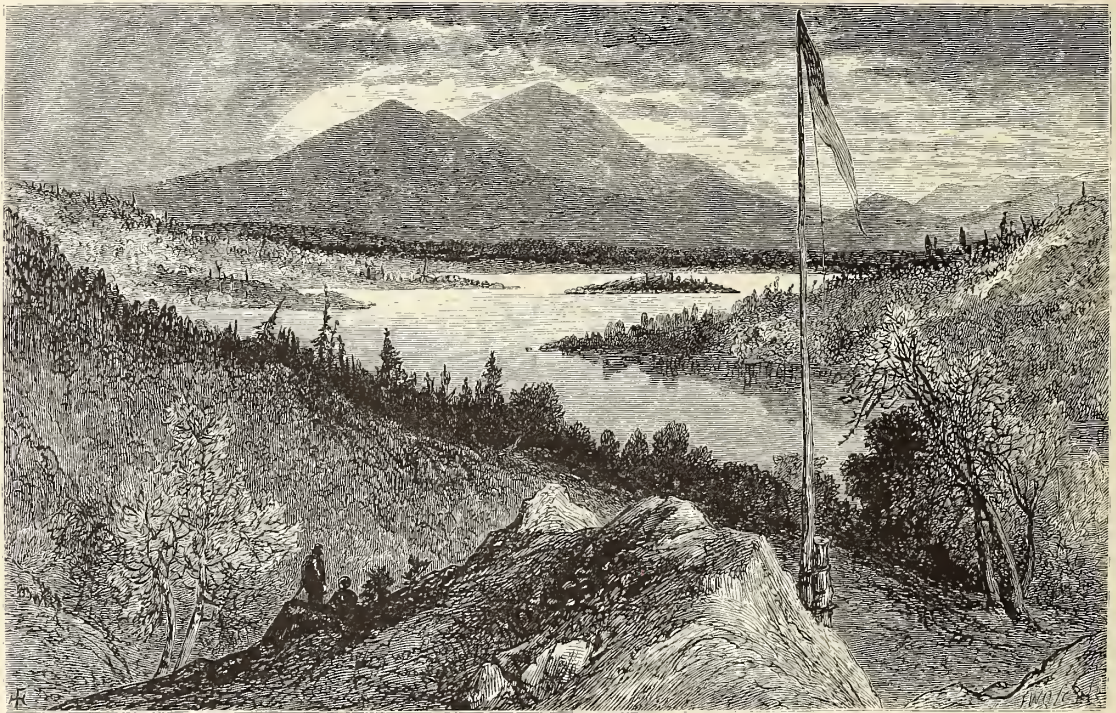
The chief river of Adirondack, however—its great highway and artery—is the Racket, which rises in Racket Lake, in the western part of Hamilton County, and, after a devious course of about one hundred and twenty miles, flows into the St. Lawrence. It is the most beautiful river of the Wilderness. Its shores are generally low, and extend back some distance in fertile meadows, upon which grow the soft maple, the aspen, alder, linden, and other deciduous trees, interspersed with the hemlock and pine. These fringe its borders, and, standing in clumps upon the meadows in the midst of rank grass, give them the appearance of beautiful deer-parks; and it is there, indeed, that the deer chiefly pasture.

Except these meadows of the Racket, and the broad expanses of lakes and ponds, the whole surface of the Wilderness is covered with a tangled forest, through which man can scarcely penetrate. The trees are the pine, hemlock, spruce, white-cedar, and fir, on the lowest



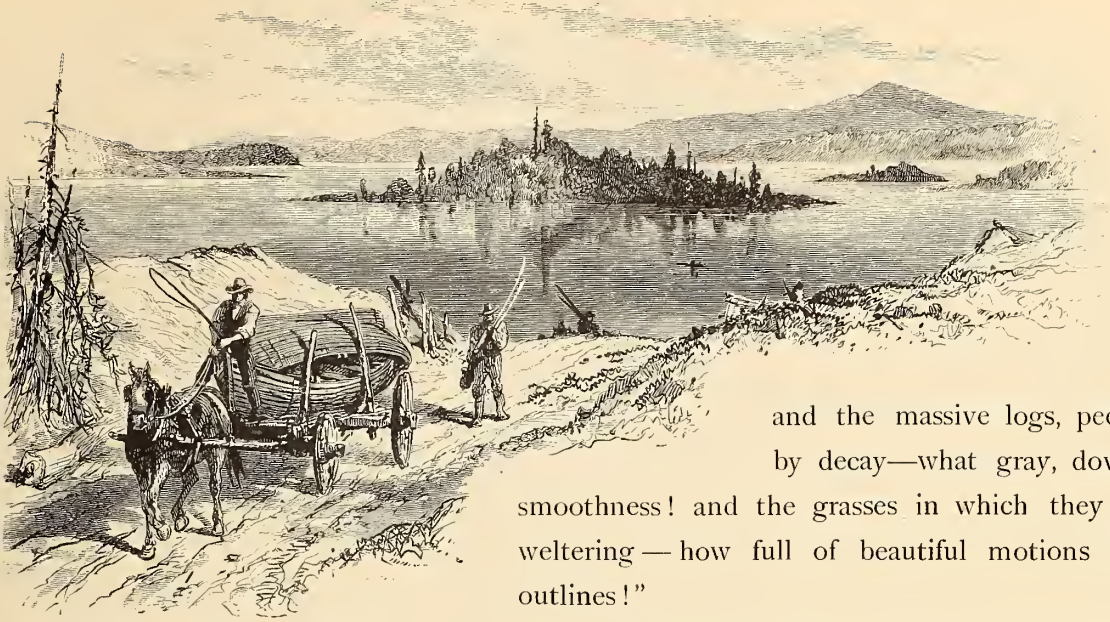
Lower Saranac Lake.

grounds and higher slopes and summits of the hills; and the maple, beech, white and black ash, birch, and elm, on the intermediate surface. Everywhere lie great prone trunks mantled in moss, while overhead, in summer, the waving plumes of foliage shut out the light, and scarcely admit the air. Under the lofty trees are others, white-birch and aspen, with the saplings of the former trees, and bushes of hopple and sumach, that scarcely see the light or feel the wind. But occasionally the tornado tears through, and leaves tracks which time turns into green alleys and dingles, where the bird builds and the rabbit gambols. Loosened trees lean on their fellows, and others grow on rocks, grasping them with immense claws which plunge into the mould below. All looks monotonous, and seems dreary. "But select a spot," says Mr. Street, the poet of these



Round Lake, from Bartlett's.

woods; "let the eye become a little accustomed to the scene, and how the picturesque beauties, the delicate, minute charms, the small, overlooked things, steal out, like lurking tints in an old picture! See that wreath of fern, graceful as the garland of a Greek victor at the games; how it hides the dark, crooked root writhing, snake-like, from yon beech! Look at the beech's instep steeped in moss, green as emerald, with other moss twining round the silver-spotted trunk in garlands, or in broad, thick, velvety spots! Behold yonder stump, charred with the hunter's camp-fire, and glistening, black, and satin-like, in its cracked ebony! Mark yon mass of creeping pine, mantling the black mould with furzy softness! View those polished cohosh-berries, white as drops of pearl! See the purple barberries and crimson clusters of the hopple contrasting their vivid hues!



Indian Carry, Upper Saranac.

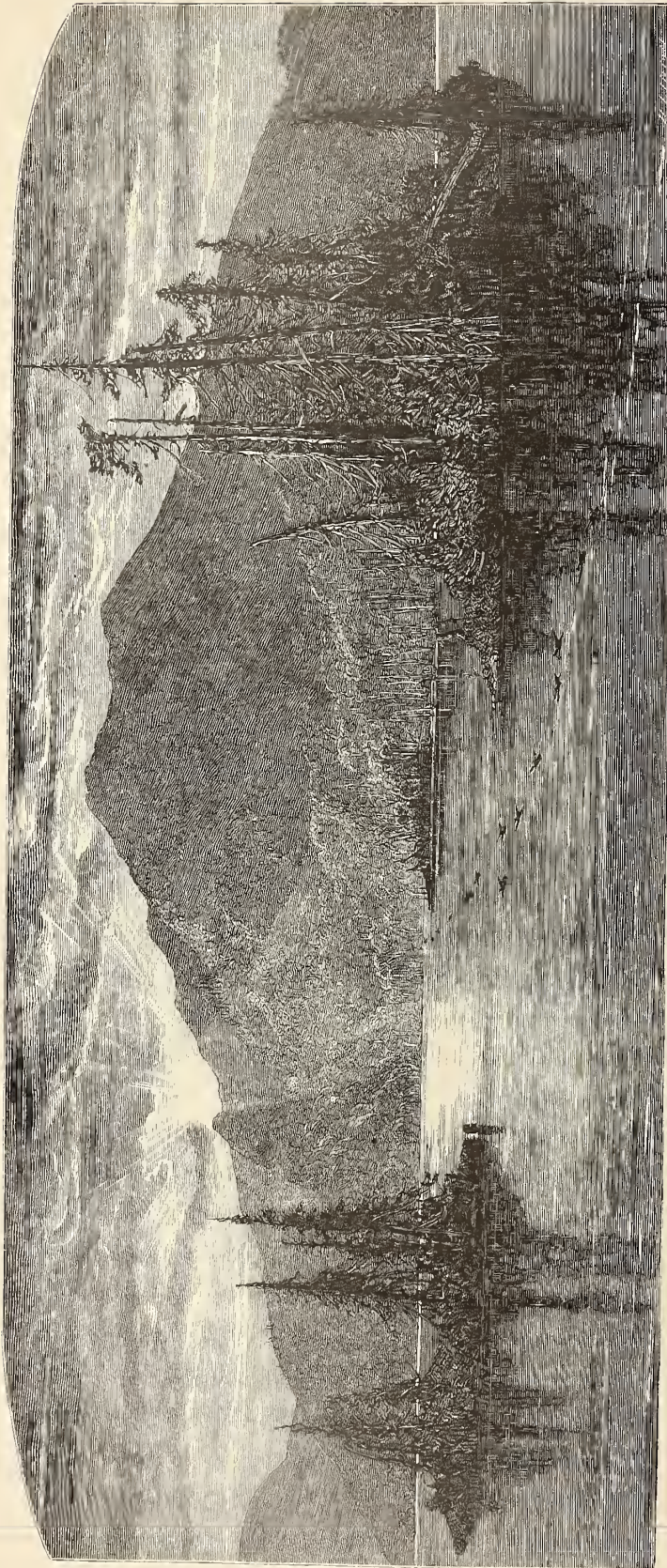
and the massive logs, peeled by decay—what gray, downy smoothness! and the grasses in which they are weltering — how full of beautiful motions and outlines!"

In these woods and in these mountain solitudes are found the panther, the great black bear, the wolf, the wild-cat, the lynx, and the wolverine. Even the moose is sometimes met with. Deer are abundant; and so, also, are the fisher, sable, otter, mink, muskrat, fox, badger, woodchuck, rabbit, and several varieties of the squirrel. There are scarcely any snakes, and none large or venomous.

Among the birds are the grand black war-eagle, several kinds of hawk, owl, loon, and duck; the crane, heron, raven, crow, stake-driver, mud-hen, brown thrush, partridge, blue-jay, blackbird, king-fisher, and mountain-finch. The salmon-trout and the speckled trout swarm in the lakes, and the latter also in the brooks and rivers. The lake-trout are caught sometimes of twenty pounds and more in weight; the speckled trout, however, are not large, except in rare cases, or in seldom-visited ponds or brooks.

Natural curiosities abound in Adirondack. That others are buried in the terrific forests still darkening two-thirds of the surface, cannot be doubted.

Among the curiosities known are Lake Paradox, whose outlet in high water flows back on the lake; the pond on the summit of Mount Joseph, whose rim is close upon the edge; the mingling of the fountains of the Hudson and Ausable, in freshets, in the Indian Pass; the torrent-dashes or lace-work from the greater or lesser rain down the grooved side of Mount Colden toward Lake Avalanche; the three lakes on the top of Wallace, sending streams into the St. Lawrence by Cold River and the Racket, into Lake Champlain by the Ausable, and the Atlantic by the Hudson; the enormous rocks of the Indian Pass standing upon sharp edges on steep slopes, and looking as if the deer, breaking off against them his yearly antlers, would topple them headlong, yet defying unmoved the mighty agencies of frost, and plumed with towering trees; with all the cavern intricacy between and underneath the fallen masses, where the ice gleams



St. Regis Lake.

unmelted throughout the year; and the same rock intricacy in the Panther Gorge of Mount Marcy, or Taha-wus.

The Wilmington Notch and the Indian Pass are great curiosities. The former is thus described by Mr. Street, in his "Woods and Waters:—"

"At North Elba, we crossed a bridge where the Ausable came winding down, and then followed its bank toward the northeast, over a good hard wheel-track, generally descending, with the thick woods almost continually around us, and the little river shooting darts of light at us through the leaves.

"At length a broad summit, rising to a taller one, broke above the foliage at our right, and at the same time a gigantic mass of rock and forest saluted us upon our left—the giant portals of the notch. We entered. The pass suddenly shrank, pressing the rocky river and rough road close together. It was a chasm cloven boldly through the flank of White-face. On each side towered the mountains, but at our left the range rose in still sublimer altitude, with grand

precipices like a majestic wall, or a line of palisades climbing sheer from the half-way forests upward. The crowded row of pines along the broken and wavy crest was diminished to a fringe. The whole prospect, except the rocks, was dark with thickest, wildest woods. As we rode slowly through the still-narrowing gorge, the mountains soared higher and higher, as if to scale the clouds, presenting truly a terrific majesty. I shrank within myself; I seemed to dwindle beneath it. Something alike to dread pervaded the scene. The mountains appeared knitting their stern brows into one threatening frown at our daring intrusion into their stately solitudes. Nothing seemed native to the awful landscape but the plunge of the torrent and the scream of the eagle. Even the shy, wild deer, drinking at the stream, would have been out of keeping. Below, at our left, the dark Ausable dashed onward with hoarse, foreboding murmurs, in harmony with the loneliness and wildness of the spot.

"We passed two miles through this sublime avenue, which at mid-day was only partially lighted from the narrow roof of sky.

"At length the peak of Whiteface itself appeared above the acclivity at our left, and, once emerging, kept in view in misty azure. There it stood, its crest—whence I had gazed a few days before—rising like some pedestal built up by Jove or Pan to overlook his realm. The pinnacles piled about it seemed but vast steps reared for its ascent. One dark, wooded summit, a mere bulwark of the mighty mass above, showed athwart its heart a broad, pale streak, either the channel of a vanished torrent, or another but far less formidable slide. The notch now broadened, and, in a rapid descent of the road, the Ausable



Tupper Lake by Moonlight.

came again in view, plunging and twisting down a gorge of rocks, with the foam flung at intervals through the skirting trees. At last the pass opened into cultivated fields; the acclivities at our right wheeled away sharply east, but Whiteface yet waved along the western horizon."

Tahawus has often been ascended, though the task is by no means an easy one.



On Tupper Lake.

Its summit commands a magnificent prospect, which is thus described by Mr. Street in his "Indian Pass: "

"What a multitude of peaks! The whole horizon is full to repletion. As a guide said, 'Where there wasn't a big peak, a little one was stuck up.' Really true, and how savage! how wild! Close on my right rises Haystack, a truncated cone, the top shaved apparently to a smooth level. To the west soars the sublime slope of Mount Colden, with McIntyre looking over its shoulder; a little above, point the purple peaks of Mount Seward—a grand mountain-cathedral—with the tops of Mount Henderson and Santanoni in misty sapphire. At the southwest shimmers a dreamy summit—Blue

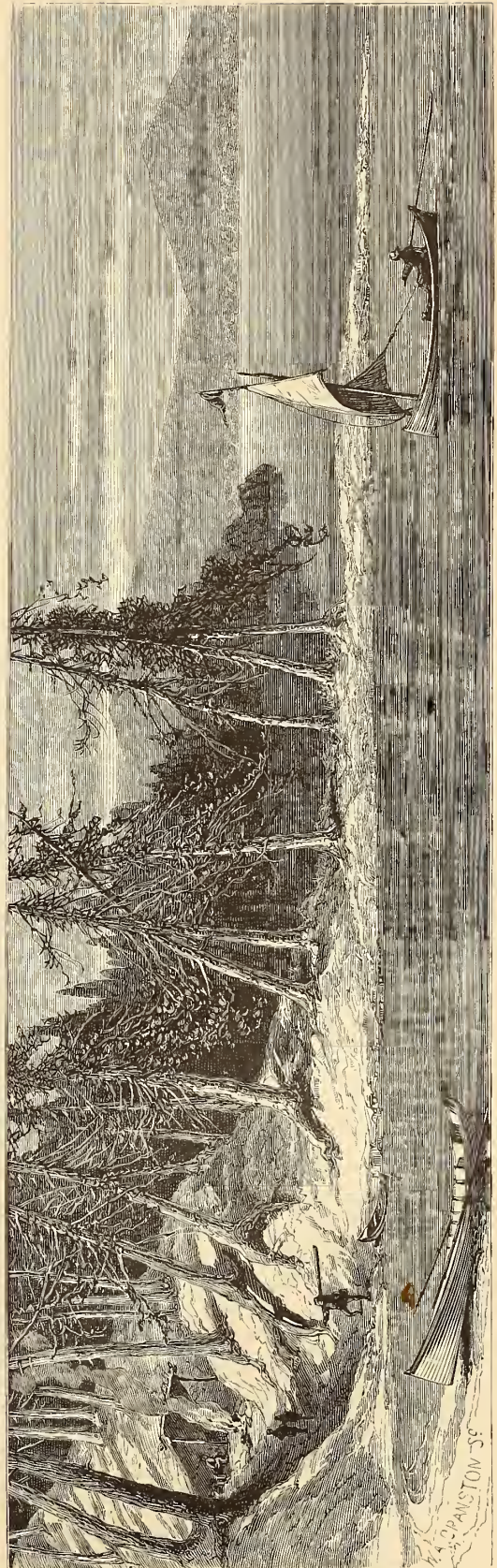


Bog-River Falls, Tupper Lake.

Mountain; while to the south stands the near and lesser top of Skylight. Beyond, at the southeast, wave the stern crests of the Boreas Mountain. Thence ascends the Dial, with its leaning cone, like the Tower of Pisa; and close to it swells the majesty of Dix's Peak, shaped like a slumbering lion. Thence stagger the wild, savage, splintered tops of the Gothie Mountains at the Lower Ausable Pond—a ragged thunder-cloud—

linking themselves, on the east, with the Noon-Mark and Rogers's Mountain, that watch over the valley of Keene. To the northeast, rise the Edmunds's Pond summits—the mountain-picture closed by the sharp crest of old Whiteface on the north — stately outpost of the Adirondacks. Scattered through this picture are manifold expanses of water—those almost indispensable eyes of a landscape. That glitter at the north by old Whiteface is Lake Placid; and the spangle, Bennett's Pond. Yon streak running south from Mount Seward, as if a silver vein had been opened in the stern mountain, is Long Lake; and, between it and our vision, shine Lakes Henderson and Sanford, with the sparkles of Lake Harkness, and the twin-lakes Jamie and Sallie. At the southwest, glances beautiful Blue-Mountain Lake—name most suggestive and poetic. South, lies Boreas Pond, with its green beaver-meadow and a mass of rock at the edge. To the southeast, glisten the Upper and Lower Ausable Ponds; and, farther off, in the same direction, Mud and Clear Ponds, by the Dial and Dix's Peak. But what is that long, long gleam at the east? Lake Champlain! And that glittering line north? The St. Lawrence, above the dark sea of the Canadian woods!"

The Indian Pass is a stupendous gorge in the wildest part of the Adirondack Mountains, in that lonely and savage region which the aborigines rightly named Conyacruga, or the Dismal Wilderness, the larger portion of which has never yet been visited by white men,



Sand Point, Little Tupper Lake.

and which still remains the secure haunt of the wolf, the panther, the great black bear, and the rarer lynx, wolverine, and moose. The springs which form the source are found at an elevation of more than four thousand feet above the sea, in rocky recesses, in whose cold depths the ice of winter never melts entirely away, but remains in some measure even in the hottest months of the year. Here, in the centre of the pass, rise also the springs of the Ausable, which flows into Lake Cham-

plain, and whose waters reach the Atlantic through the mouth of the St. Lawrence several hundred miles from the mouth of the Hudson; and yet, so close are the springs of the two rivers, that the wild-cat, lapping the water of the one, may bathe his hind-feet in the other, and a rock rolling from the precipices above could scatter spray from both in the same concussion. In freshets, the waters of the two streams actually mingle. The main stream of the Ausable, however, flows from the northeast portal of the pass; and the main stream of the Hudson from the southwest. It is locally known as the Adirondack River,



A Carry near Little Tupper Lake.

and, after leaving the pass, flows into Lakes Henderson and Sanford. On issuing from them it receives the name of Hudson, and passes into Warren County, receiving the Boreas and the Schroon, which, with their branches, bring to it the waters of a score or more of mountain lakes and of tarns innumerable.

Thirty years ago, Adirondaek was almost as unknown as the interior of Africa. There were few huts or houses there, and very few visitors. But of late the number of sportsmen and tourists has greatly increased, and taverns have been established in some of the wildest spots. In summer, the lakes swarm with the boats of travellers in search of game, or health, or mere contemplation of beautiful scenery, and the strange sights and sounds of primitive Nature. All travelling there is done by means of boats of small size and slight build, rowed by a single guide, and made so light that the craft can be lifted from the water, and carried on the guide's shoulders from pond to pond,



Long Lake, from the Lower Island.

or from stream to stream. Competent guides, steady, intelligent, and experienced men, can be hired at all the taverns for two or three dollars a day, who will provide boats, tents, and every thing requisite for a trip. Each traveller should have a guide and a boat to himself, and the cost of their maintenance in the woods is not more than a dollar a week for each man of the party. The fare is chiefly trout and venison, of which there is generally an abundance to be procured by gun and rod. A good-sized valise or carpet-bag will hold all the clothes that one person needs for a two months' trip in the woods, besides those he wears in. Nothing is wanted but woollen and flannel.

The following list comprises the essentials of an outfit: a complete undersuit of woollen or flannel, with a "change;" stout pantaloons, vest, and coat; a felt hat; two pairs of stockings; a pair of common winter-boots and camp-shoes; a rubber blanket or coat; a hunting-knife, belt, and pint tin cup; a pair of warm blankets, towel, soap, etc.

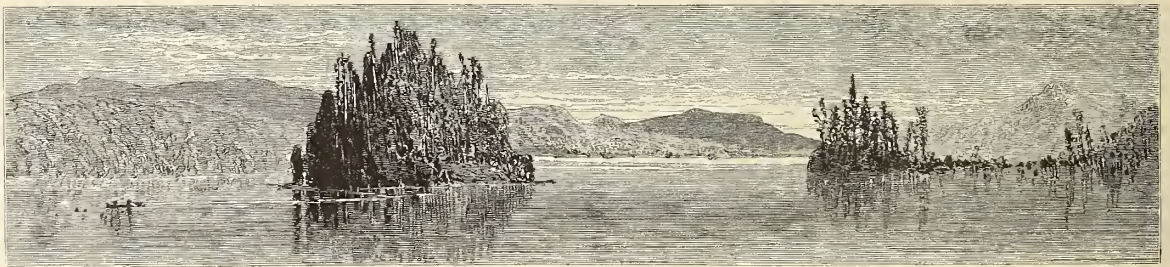
There are several routes by which Adirondack can be reached ; but the best and easiest from New York is that by Lake Champlain. The steamer from Whitehall will land the traveller at Port Kent, on the west side of the lake, nearly opposite Burlington, Vermont, where coaches are always waiting to take passengers, six miles, to Keeseville. Here conveyances for the Wilderness can always be had, which will carry the traveller to Martin's Tavern, on the Lower Saranac, a distance of about fifty miles, which is a long day's drive, but a very pleasant and interesting one. From Martin's, the tourist



Mount Seward, from Long Lake.

moves about altogether in boats, and can, as he pleases, camp out in his tent, or so time his day's voyage as to pass each night in some one of the rude but comfortable taverns, which are now to be found in almost all of the easily-accessible parts of the Wilderness.

It was from this quarter that our artist entered Adirondack. At Keeseville he paused for a day or two to sketch the falls and walled rocks of the Ausable chasm, which afford some of the wildest and most impressive scenes to be found on this side of the Rocky Mountains. At the distance of a mile or so from Keeseville is Birming-



Round Island, Long Lake.

ham Falls, where the Ausable descends about thirty feet into a semicircular basin of great beauty ; a mile farther down are the Great Falls, one hundred and fifty feet high, surrounded by the wildest scenery. Below this the stream grows narrower and deeper, and rushes rapidly through the chasm, where, at the narrowest point, a wedged boulder cramps the channel to the width of five or six feet. From the main stream branches run at right angles through fissures, down one of which, between almost perpendicular rocks a hundred feet high, hangs an equally steep stairway of over two hundred steps, at

the bottom of which is a narrow platform of rock forming the floor of the fissure.

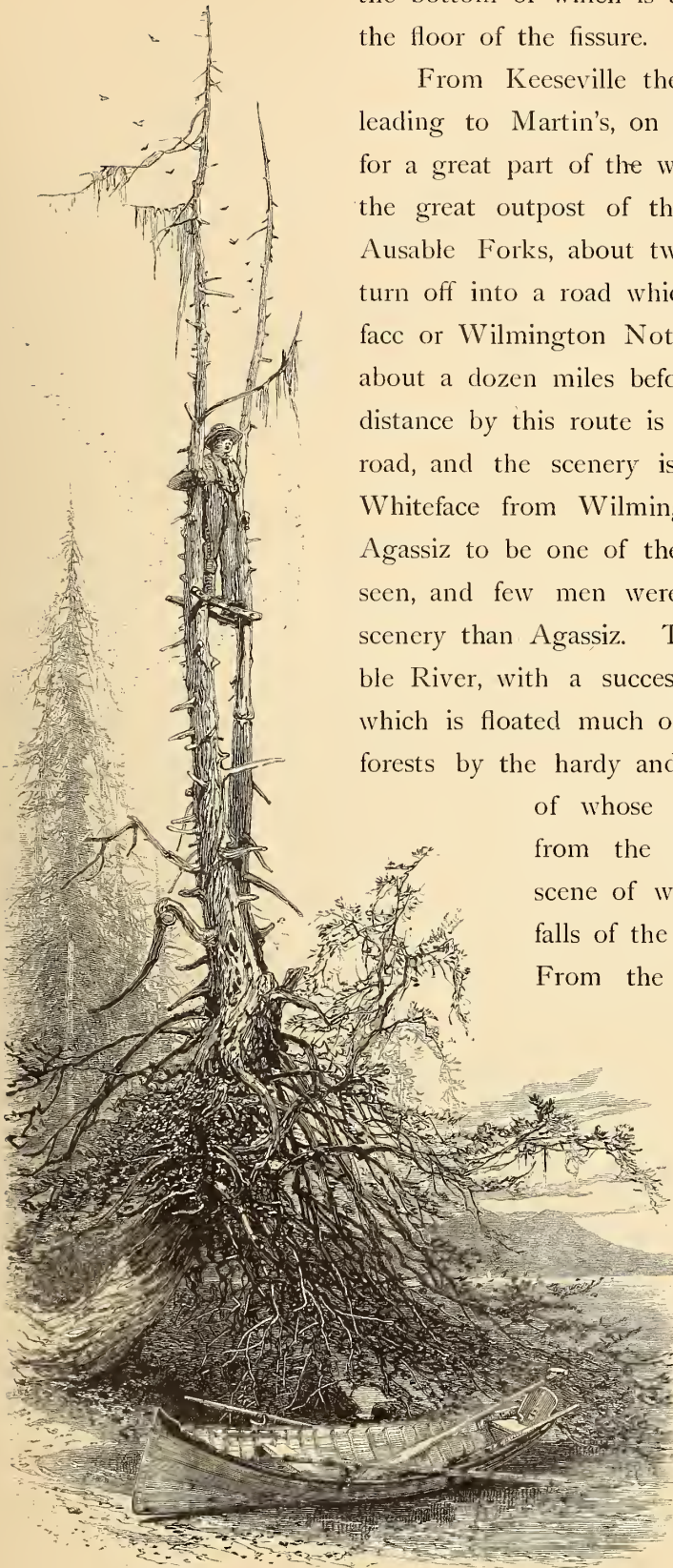
From Keeseville the traveller rides westward on a road leading to Martin's, on the Lower Saranac. He will pass for a great part of the way in sight of Whiteface Mountain, the great outpost of the Adirondacks. At the village of Ausable Forks, about twelve miles from Keeseville, he can turn off into a road which leads through the famous Whiteface or Wilmington Notch, and can regain the main road about a dozen miles before it reaches Saranac Lake. The distance by this route is not much longer than by the main road, and the scenery is incomparably finer. The view of Whiteface from Wilmington was pronounced by Professor Agassiz to be one of the finest mountain-views he had ever seen, and few men were better acquainted with mountain-scenery than Agassiz. Through the notch flows the Ausable River, with a succession of rapids and cataracts, down which is floated much of the timber cut in the Adirondack forests by the hardy and adventurous lumberers, some idea

of whose toils and dangers may be formed from the sketch of "Clearing a Jam," the scene of which is at the head of one of the falls of the Ausable, in the Wilmington Notch.

From the village of Wilmington our artist

ascended Whiteface, which is second only to Tahawus among the mountains, its height being nearly five thousand feet. At its foot, on the southwest side, lies Lake Placid, one of the loveliest lakes of the Wilderness. From this lake, which is a favorite summer resort, one of the best views of Whiteface can be obtained.

From Lake Placid to Martin's is a few hours' drive over a rough but picturesque road. Martin's is a large and com-



Watching for Deer, on Long Lake.



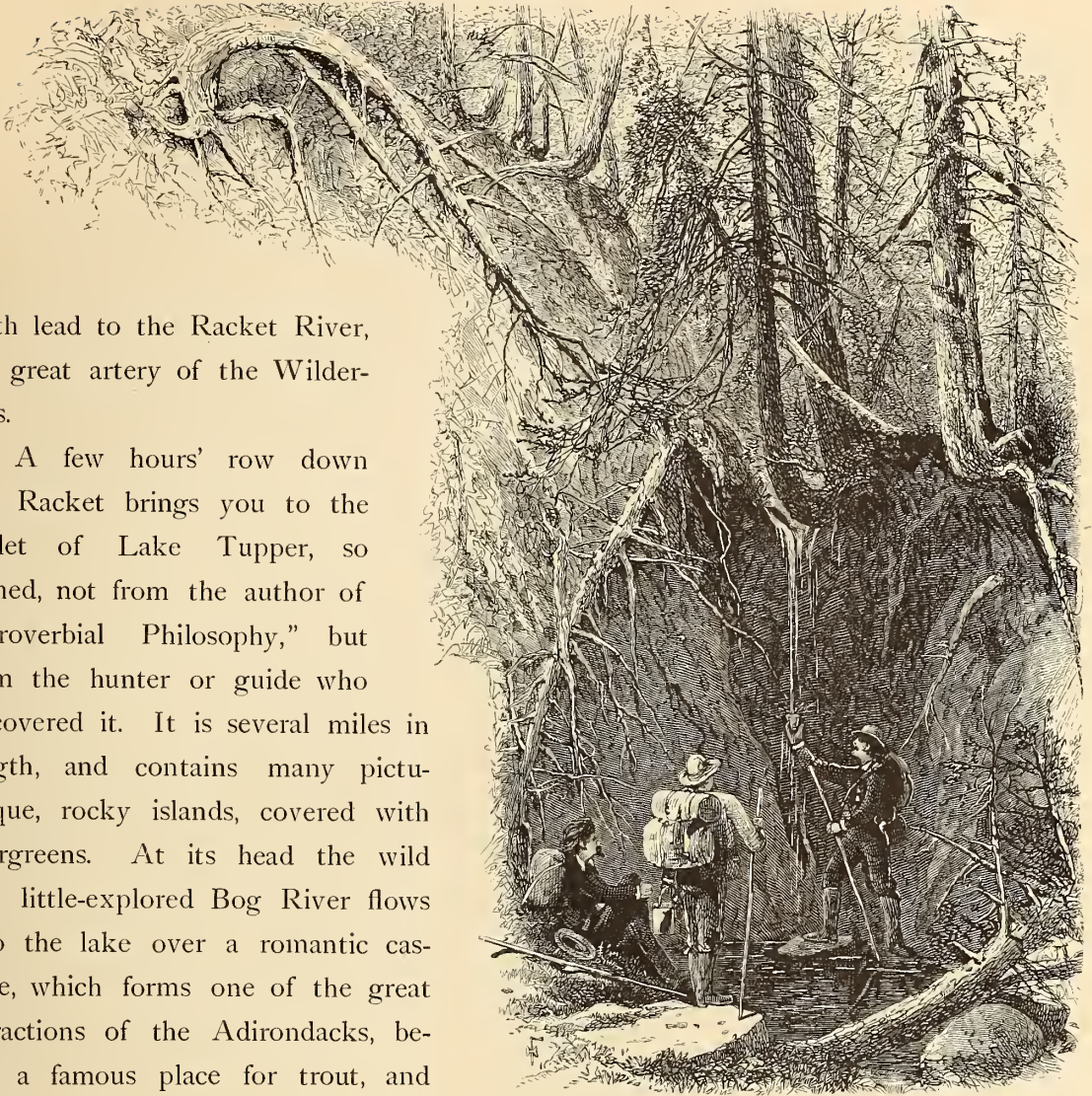
The Indian Pass.

fortable hotel on the very edge of the Lower Saranac, a beautiful lake, six or seven miles long and two miles wide, studied with romantic islands, fifty-two in number. The Saranac River connects it with Round Lake, three miles to the westward. Round Lake is about two miles in diameter, and is famous for its storms. It is in its turn connected with the Upper Saranac Lake by another stretch of the Saranac River, on which stands Bartlett's Hotel, one of the best and most frequented of the Adirondack taverns. From a point at no great distance from the house, a fine view can be obtained of Round Lake and the surrounding mountains. A short "carry," of a mile or so in length, conducts from Bartlett's to the Upper Saranac, whence it is easy to pass in boats to St. Regis Lake, our view of which gives a singularly good and accurate idea of the general characteristics of Adirondack scenery. A short voyage in the opposite direction across the Upper Saranac will take the traveller's boat to the Indian carry, or Carey's carry, as it is sometimes called, to distinguish it from another carry, Sweeny's, established a few years ago.

Both lead to the Racket River, the great artery of the Wilderness.

A few hours' row down the Racket brings you to the outlet of Lake Tupper, so named, not from the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," but from the hunter or guide who discovered it. It is several miles in length, and contains many picturesque, rocky islands, covered with evergreens. At its head the wild and little-explored Bog River flows into the lake over a romantic cascade, which forms one of the great attractions of the Adirondacks, being a famous place for trout, and having near by one of the most popular taverns of the Wilderness, established a few years ago, and kept by Mr. Graves, who, in 1872, while hunting, was accidentally killed by his son, being shot by him while aiming at a deer, with which his father was struggling in the water.

From Tupper Lake the route of the traveller is up Bog River, through a series of ponds and an occasional "carry"—where the guides take the boats on their backs, as represented in our engraving—to Little Tupper Lake. Thence a series of ponds and carries leads to Long Lake, which, for more than twenty miles, resembles a great river. It is the longest of the Adirondack lakes, though there are many broader ones. From this lake a fine view can be had of Mount Seward, four thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet high. We give also an illustration of the way in which the guides of this region station themselves in trees to watch for deer. The deer are hunted by powerful hounds, which are put on their trail in the woods, and pursue them with



Source of the Hudson.

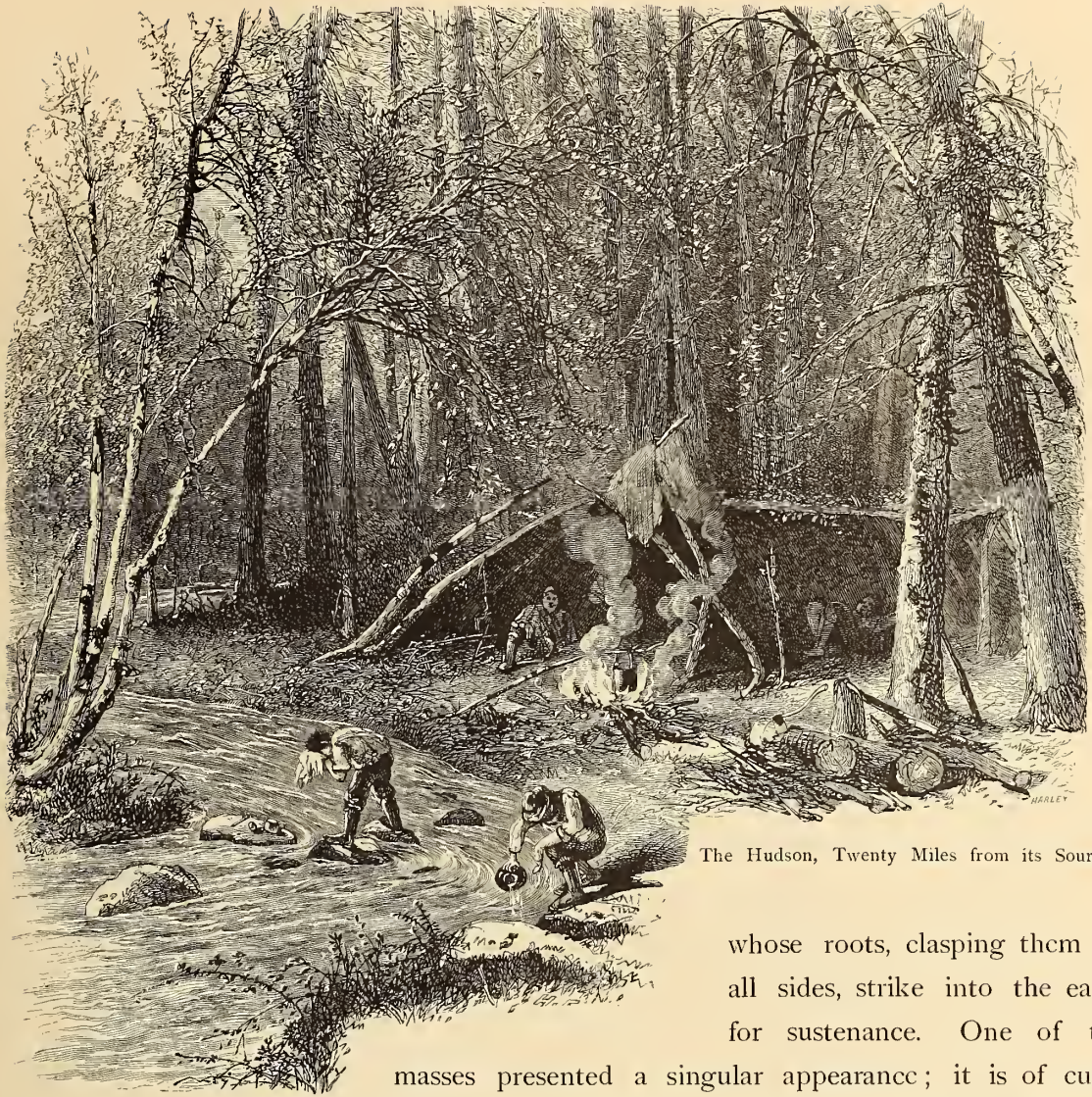


Opalescent Falls.

such tenacity that the frightened animal at last takes to the water. The hunters, with their boats stationed at intervals along the shore, watch patiently till the deer breaks from the woods and plunges into the water. The nearest hunter immediately enters his boat, gives chase, and generally succeeds in overtaking and killing the game.

From Long Lake to the Indian Pass is a very rough journey through the wildest part of the Wilderness. We give an illustration which conveys some idea of the kind of road the explorer who ventures thither may expect to encounter. He will find in it the source of the Hudson at an elevation of four thousand three hundred feet above the sea. From this lofty pool the water flows through Feldspar Brook into the Opalescent River, on which there is one of the most picturesque cascades of the Adirondacks.

Of the scenery of the source of the Hudson, Mr. Lossing, in his "The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea," writes as follows: "We entered the rocky gorge between the steep slopes of Mount McIntyre and the cliffs of Wallface Mountain. There we encountered enormous masses of rocks, some worn by the abrasion of the elements, some angular, some bare, and some covered with moss, and many of them bearing large trees,



The Hudson, Twenty Miles from its Source.

whose roots, clasping them on all sides, strike into the earth for sustenance. One of the masses presented a singular appearance; it is of cubic form, its summit full thirty feet from its base, and upon it was quite a grove of hemlock and cedar trees. Around and partly under this and others lying loosely, apparently kept from rolling by roots and vines, we were compelled to clamber a long distance, when we reached a point more than one hundred feet above the bottom of the gorge, where we could see the famous Indian Pass in all its wild grandeur. Before us arose a perpendicular cliff, nearly twelve hundred feet from base to summit, as raw in appearance as if cleft only yesterday. Above us sloped McIntyre, still more lofty than the cliff of Wallace, and in the gorge lay huge piles of rock, chaotic in position, grand in dimensions, and awful in general aspect. They appear to have been cast in there by some terrible convulsion not very remote. Through these the waters of this branch of the Hudson, bubbling from a spring not far distant (close by a fountain of the Ausable), find their way. Here the head-waters of these rivers commingle in the spring season, and, when they separate, they find their way to the Atlantic Ocean at points a thousand miles apart."

THE CONNECTICUT SHORE OF THE SOUND.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM H. GIBSON.

THE vagueness which in many minds attaches itself to the region known as "Yankee-land"—which abroad expands itself into a generic term for the whole territory of the United States—has, nevertheless, its sharp lines of definition; and the phrase "from the Hudson to the Penobscot" is hardly a successful rival, in this respect, to the more common expression, "from Quoddy Head to Byram River." The former of these distinctive localities lies on the remote margin of Maine; and the latter is the dividing line of Connecticut and New York, on the border of Long-Island Sound. It is at Byram River that this sketch of the Connecticut shore of that extensive and beautiful water begins. Its scope is the stretch of that varied shore along the Sound, for a century of miles, with a final slight digression to Norwich, at the head of one of its tributary rivers.

The traveller by the Shore-Line route, from New York to Boston, follows the entire line of the Connecticut shore; but, in the swift rush and whirl of his fiery journey, he can get only the briefest and most unsatisfactory suggestions of the beauty which lies all about, if not exactly along, his way. Its most attractive and fascinating aspects are not, indeed, in most cases, to be seen without digression and search, involving delay, and, here and there, delightful excursions. The temptations to this delay are everywhere enhanced by the general comfort of the hotels at and near the important railway-stations.

About twenty miles from our great commercial metropolis lies the first station on the Connecticut shore, that of Greenwich, a very attractive village, occupying finely-wooded slopes just north of the station. Its antiquity is unquestionable; for, two centuries and a quarter ago, it was designated by the Dutch-English Commission, in convention at Hartford, as the western limit of the province of Connecticut. The principal lion of the region is the famous declivity down which the gallant Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, rode on horseback to avoid the close fire of a pursuing troop of British dragoons, who, not daring to follow him in his "break-neck flight," were fain to content themselves with sending volleys of bullets after him. This spot, now called Old Put's Hill, is a long flight of rude cuttings, or steps, made in a steep hill-side for the convenience of the people in reaching a place of worship on the summit of the hill.

The village and vicinity of Stamford will well repay the tourist of ample leisure for delay there. Stamford, like the vignette village of this portfolio of sketches, claims a notable antiquity of origin; but, for a little less than two centuries, it had scarcely more to be proud of than a name. Within the last forty years alone, it has exhibited vitality,



GLIMPSES OF GREENWICH, STAMFORD, AND NORWALK.

and, from being a simple and unattractive hamlet, it has grown into beauty and importance; its hundreds of 1834 almost augmented to thousands in 1874. It is a favorite resort of New-York merchants, many of whom have embellished its heights and knolls with elegant mansions and villas. Much taste, as well as wealth, is displayed in its architecture, making its streets and avenues attractive. Shippen Point, on the Sound, less than a mile from the station, is a place of summer resort to many hundreds, who crowd the spacious Ocean House and numerous smaller places of entertainment.

Close by is one of many ledges of rock which diversify the level aspect and tameness of the Long-Island shore. Pound Rock stretches its dark ramparts into the water, and commands a very fine view of the Sound and its scenery. There are beautiful drives in the adjacent country, with, here and there, pretty glimpses on Mill River, "the ancient Rippowam."

Epicures who are particular in regard to the quality of their oysters will have special associations with the name of the next important place in our eastward progress along the Connecticut shore of the Sound. It is Norwalk, whose fine, picturesque bay affords the bivalves in great abundance, and of proverbial excellence. The oyster-trade is one of the most flourishing of the industries of the now populous and rapidly-growing town—city, perhaps, we should say—of South Norwalk; and the white sails of the numerous oyster-smacks lend one of their chief charms to the prominent points of the harbor in its vicinity. Of these, Roton Point, so happily pictured by our artist, is the resort, by eminence, of the festive parties from the town. It is admirably adapted for picnics, uniting extensive areas with fine groups of noble pines, and these flanked by a broad and beautiful beach.

The scarcely less attractive picture of Wilson's Point is on the opposite side of the harbor, and a little farther up the Sound. It includes a glimpse of the Norwalk Islands. The "Ancient Landmark," with which the artist has flanked, on the right, the pretty, nameless bit of moonlight, is not far from Wilson's Point, and stands, indeed, upon the grounds of the proprietor of that beautiful spot. It is believed to be the chimney of an old Revolutionary building of historic interest, and the subject of many legendary anecdotes. It presents some internal evidence of having been used as a place of concealment, perhaps by Tories hiding from pursuing colonists. Its preservation for so long a time in its ruined condition is said to be the result of government care, utilizing it as a literal landmark to guide vessels over the harbor-shoals.

Norwalk—without prefix—is a twin-town, on the north side of the railway. The hundredth anniversary of the burning of this place by the Hessians will occur in 1879, and afford the enterprising citizens a fine occasion for distinguishing themselves in the popular centennial line!

A few miles east of Norwalk, and in the broad fields of Southport, there was, a hundred years ago and more, an extensive marsh, known as the Sasco Swamp, which



GLIMPSES OF SOUTH NORWALK AND SOUTHPORT.

possesses historic interest as the scene of the subdual of the Pequot Indians by English troops from Massachusetts. There are, indeed, few points along the shore of Connecticut about which some antiquarian interest does not centre in memorials or legends of aboriginal adventures, battles, and defeats.

Southport bears to-day no trace of the fiery ravage to which the Hessian troops, under the notorious Tryon, subjected it in 1779, when it shared the fate of Norwalk, but was more fortunate in having poetic commemoration of its

“ . . . smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,
And ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow.”

Black Rock is a noticeable village of the township of Fairfield, and quite famous, both for its very excellent harbor and for many beautiful prospects which characterize its vicinity.

Bridgeport, which is reached on the railway, fifty-nine miles from New York, deserves more extended mention than the limits assigned to this paper will allow. It is finely situated on an arm of the Sound, where the Pequannock River empties itself into it. The ground it covers was once owned by the Paugusset Indians, whose name is, somewhat apocryphally, and very remotely, connected with the noble stream bearing the musical name of the Housatonic. In the discomfiture and flight of the guilty Pequots before Mason, the harmless Paugussets were involved in misfortunes from which they never recovered.

Bridgeport has been a city about forty years, and has a present estimated population of more than twenty thousand souls. It is a place of great enterprise and thrift in manufactures, foremost of which are the extensive Sewing-Machine Works; manufactories of arms, cartridges, brass and steel wares, carriages, and water-proof fabrics, giving profitable employment to thousands, and adding rapidly to the wealth of the place.

Seaside Park is justly one of Bridgeport's lions. It is finely situated, looking over the harbor and the expansive Sound beyond. A broad esplanade affords attractive walks and drives on the beach.

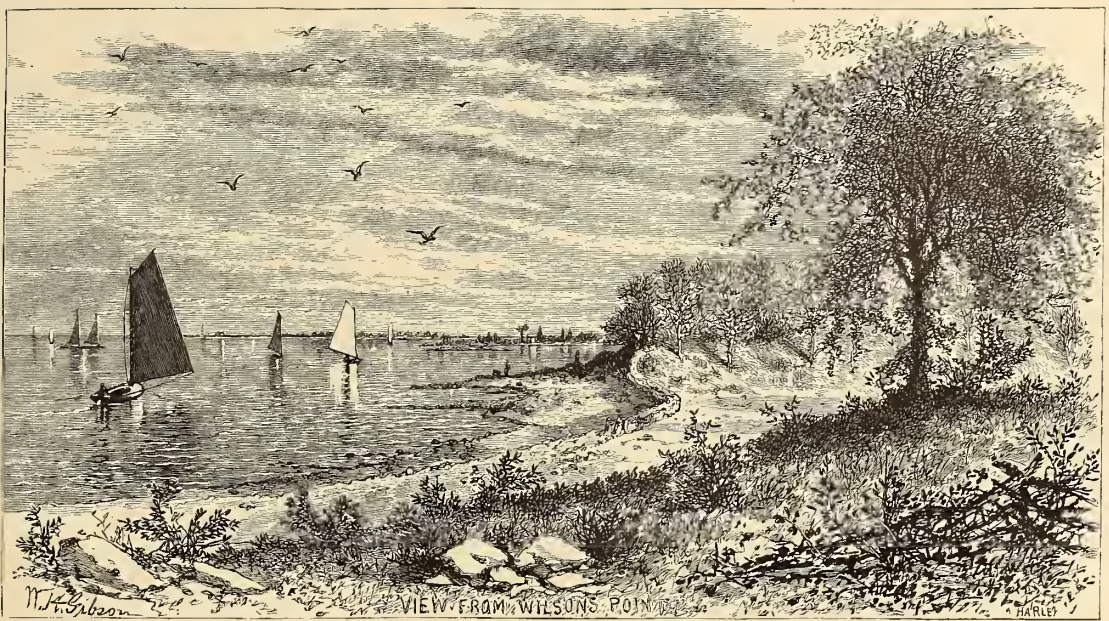
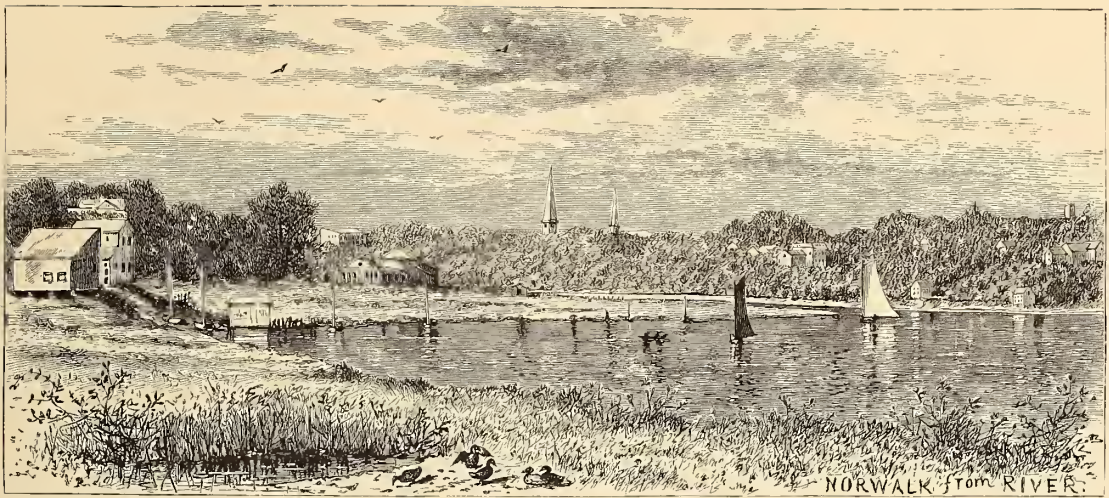
Few, if any, New-England cities have a more beautiful street than Bridgeport can show in its Golden Hill, a long line of elegance, taste, and wealth in private dwellings.

Three miles eastward of the city lies old and picturesque Stratford, where the new has not yet displaced the old, where the racket of mills and machinery does not vex the quiet-loving ear, or harrow the nerves of the sensitive; and where one may dream away a sweet summer twilight in the shadows of grand old trees, more ancient even than the quaint but stately houses of the village. These fine, ancient elms make up, together with broad reaches of the stately Housatonic River, the noblest aspects of Stratford. Its light-house is of a quaint style of architecture, matching well the primitiveness of the place, which, however, is not utterly antiquated. The old church, of which Adam



Engraving according to a sketch by D. Appleton & Co. in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

Mount Hood, Oregon



CONNECTICUT SHORE SCENES.

Blackman was pastor in the dim colonial days, has now a handsome though rural Gothic house of worship, in striking contrast to the old, quaint sanctuary of its early devotions.

Five miles from Stratford, eastward, on the railway, and across the broad bosom of the Housatonic, we come to Milford, picturesque with stately, shadowing elms, and a most seductive length of green neatly inclosed. Here flows the silvery Wap-o-waug, giving the railway-passenger free transit over its clear waters by a pretty bridge and bosky banks. Here, too, is a tall monument, built over the remains of many soldiers, cast ashore here from British cartel-ships, in 1777.

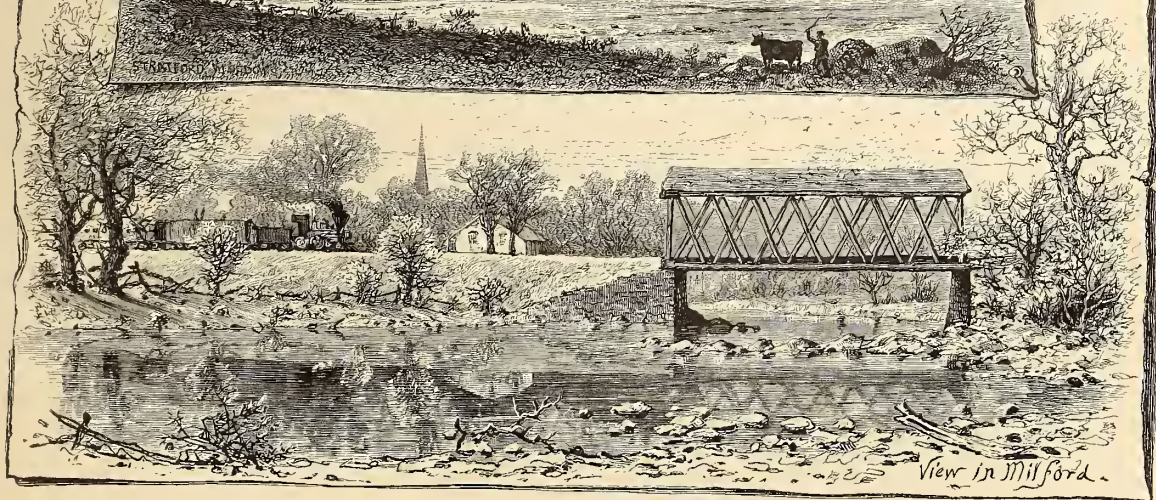
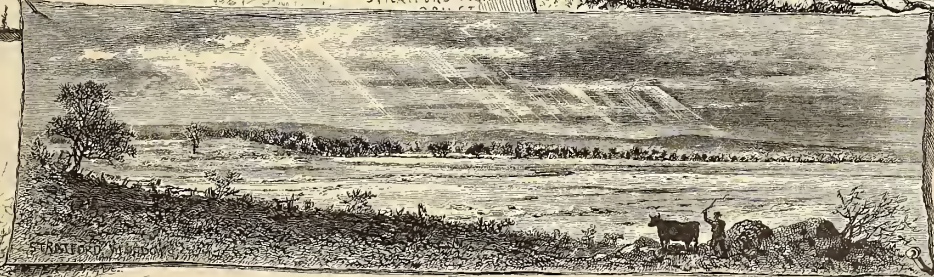
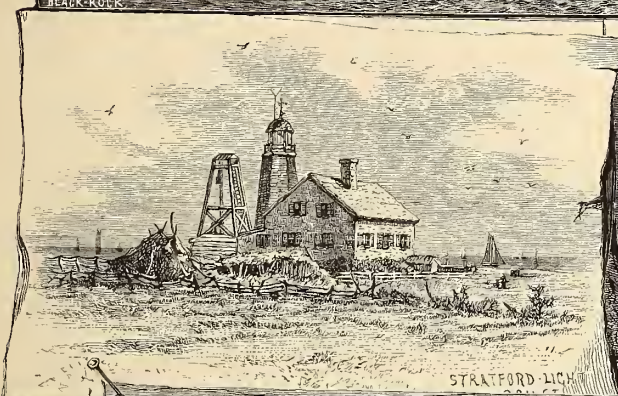
A railway stretch of seven miles brings the tourist to West Haven, where he may well miss a train, if only to indulge himself in a pleasant stroll to Savin Rock. It is a walk of twenty minutes, and rewarded, at its close, with beautiful prospects over the Sound and shore alike.

The City of Elms is now close at hand, and there is much in New Haven to interest the intelligent visitor—very much, indeed, of which this sketch can take no cognizance. Its grand avenues of elm-trees are certainly unsurpassed in New England; and the one, especially, which separates the beautiful and attractive Green from the grounds of Yale College, is a great Gothic aisle of such interlacing boughs, and such interwoven masses of rich, green, and sun-gilded foliage, as would surely have either inspired or paralyzed the facile pencil of Birket Foster.

New Haven has a population of over fifty thousand, and the city is not more attractive for its picturesqueness than it is for its intellectual culture and social refinement. These characteristics are doubtless due, in great part, to the influence of Yale College, which, in its real comprehensiveness of scope, in the number of its departments, and in the richness of its educational accessories, more nearly approaches the order of a true university than any other institution in the United States, that at Cambridge alone excepted. It was founded in 1700, and, for now almost two eventful centuries, has exerted a widely-diffused and beneficent influence upon American character and development.

Only two years ago, New Haven divided with Hartford the legislative "honors" of Connecticut, but now her chief and sufficient distinction is her noble and expansive college.

Numerous converging and intersecting railways, extensive manufactures, and a considerable West-India commerce, contribute to the life and wealth of this beautiful city. Its suburbs are adorned with tasteful villas, and afford inviting drives and charming prospects. Of principal interest among its suburban attractions are the crags known as East and West Rocks—two bold and striking bluffs of trap-rock, lifting themselves, in magnificent array of opposition, about four hundred feet out of the plain which skirts the city. Their geological origin was probably some anomalous volcanic convulsion; and their grim heights may have sentinelled, in remote ages of our planet, the flow of the Connecticut River between their august feet to the Sound. Their summits afford very



SCENES IN BRIDGEPORT, STRATFORD, AND MILFORD.

fine but quite dissimilar prospects. East Rock overlooks the ample interval and river-reaches of the Quinnipiac Valley, which are almost hidden from West Rock. The view of the beautiful city from East Rock has afforded to the pencil of our artist rare scope for boldness, amid the average level of the landscape. The cliffs are rough, and difficult to climb, but they well repay the toil of surmounting them, while, from the top of either, the spectator may stretch his vision, and feel, with the poet—

“What heed I of the dusty land,
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand,
From its white line of glimmering sand,
To where the blue of heaven over bluer waves shuts down.”

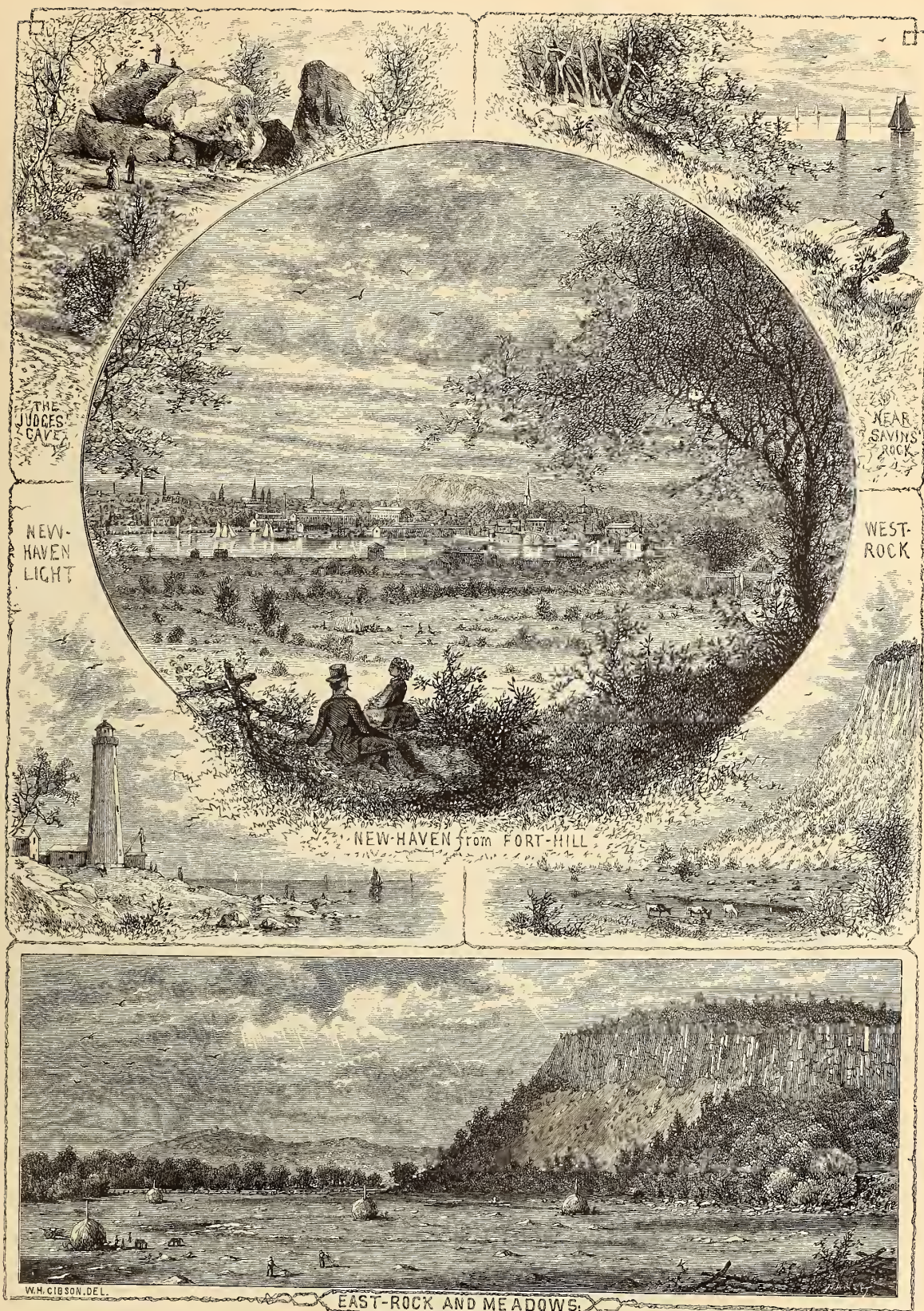
On East Rock there is a little inn, where the weary pilgrim may obtain refreshment in summer. While this rocky crest is more easily accessible than the other, and certainly bears the palm in breadth of view, the West Rock has the counterbalance to these advantages of a positive historic charm in the shape of the Regicides' or Judges' Cave. In a deep cleft, among a wild group of large, loose boulders, the famous regicides Goffe and Whalley were concealed for several days, in 1661. This cave is reached by a difficult path over the rocky table of the cliff. The legend is, that the regicides were frightened out of this inhospitable place by the glittering eyes of some wild animal glaring in upon them.

The water-supply of the city is pent up on West Rock, in a lake having a superficies of seventy-five acres, and formed by an extensive dam of rock and earthwork. The water-works are planted near the foot of the rock, and close at hand is Maltby Park, a tract of eight hundred acres, most tastefully laid out, and in the course of elegant embellishment.

The view of the city from Fort Hill, which is included in the accompanying series of illustrations, is a picture which well rewards the visitor for an excursion to the point in question, which was once the site of an old fortification, of which, however, few traces remain. The corner vignettes of this beautiful picture have all found some mention in the text, as objects and points of great interest. The meadows, or plains, which lie northward of the city, and out of which the great ranges of trap-rock vault, as it were, into the sky, are well pictured at the bottom of the artistic page.

The railway reach of fifty miles, from New Haven to New London, is less attractive in picturesque elements than the same distance, which this sketch has already overpassed, from Greenwich to New Haven. There are not wanting, however, points of historic interest; and the whole region has attractions to those who love boating and fishing. Fairhaven oysters have a fame of their own.

Branford and Guilford, eight and sixteen miles respectively from New Haven, have their beaches; and numerous hotels invite summer guests to the enjoyment of delicious



NEW HAVEN AND VICINITY.

breezes, with bathing and boating at pleasure. Guilford is both the birth and burial place of the poet Halleck, although he spent much of his life in New York.

The aboriginal history and traditions of this region, and, indeed, of all the Connecticut shore of Long-Island Sound, are full of interest to the antiquarian and student.



The New-Haven Elms.

Guilford shares with New Haven the fame of having given shelter for a season to the regicides.

Between Branford and Guilford lies Stony Creek, a railway-station, from which a pleasant excursion may be made to the Thimble Islands, a picturesque group of rocky and wooded islets. The names of Money and Pot, belonging to two of this cluster,



NEW HAVEN, VIEW FROM EAST ROCK.

may well suggest to the reader the legends of Captain Kidd and his hidden treasures; and these localities have again and again tempted the cupidity of deluded diggers.

The old and quaintly rural village of Saybrook lies thirty miles east from New Haven, and, just beyond it, the Connecticut River flows into the Sound. Beyond the Connecticut, eastward, lie the villages of Lyme, three of the name, and also of Waterford, covering a reach of seventeen miles to the banks of the Thames River at New London. All this tract was once the home and hunting-grounds of the Niantic Indians, a Narraganset clan, whose somewhat renowned sachem, Ninigret, defeated the Long-Island tribes.

New London, less attractive, perhaps, than either Bridgeport or New Haven, is nevertheless a pleasant town. It has great facilities for traffic and communication both by land and water, railways and steamboats connecting it with New York, and various iron ways leading out of it to the north and east.

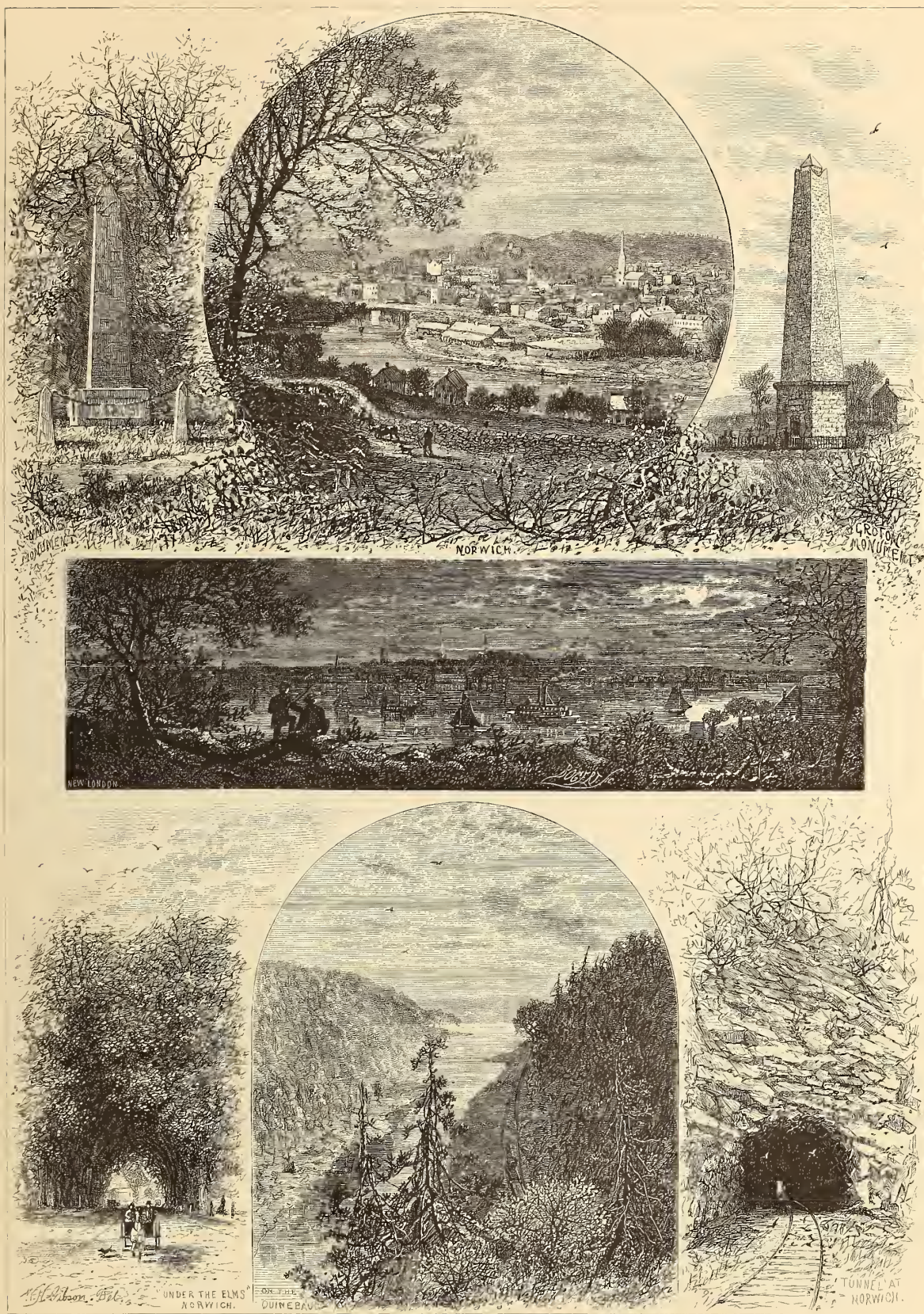
The Pequot House, which is picturesquely situated on the Harbor road, about two miles from the city, and at the mouth of the Thames, is one of the most fashionable summer resorts along the shore. It is surrounded by quite an extensive settlement of pretty cottages, rented for the fashionable season to families from the cities; and upon the opposite shore of the Thames are also abundant accommodations for summer guests, though of a little lower rate of expense, if not, perhaps, of real comfort.

The harbor of New London is defended by two forts, which, in these times of peace, frown only at each other from opposite sides of the river. Fort Trumbull is a massive granite structure on the west shore, and in perfect condition; while Fort Griswold, on the eastern side, is little more than the remnant of old earthworks, of historic interest, although there is very near it a well-constructed twenty-gun battery, in good condition.

Around, or rather beneath, the latter, spreads the village of Groton, once a suburb of New London, and now closely connected with it by steam ferries, at one of which the trains of the Shore-Line route are transported bodily across the river. Groton is a centre of historic and revolutionary memories. The tourist should make an excursion to the ruins of Fort Griswold, the scene of the infamous murder of Colonel Ledyard, with his own sword, by the Tory officer to whom he had honorably surrendered it.

Near by is the monument erected in memory of the soldiers who were massacred in that surrender. It is a granite obelisk, nearly one hundred and thirty feet high, and, besides its commemorative tablets, it possesses the charm of such a broad and various view from its summit as one can hardly afford to miss in a level region, and one, indeed, which is not surpassed along the shores of the sound. It realizes fairly the poet's picture of the height—

“Where was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindling edges of its brim.”



NEW LONDON AND NORWICH.

This point affords the finest view of the city, as well as of the beautiful harbor of New London. The city, jointly with the State of Connecticut, recently gave to the United States a tract of land on the east bank of the Thames, where a navy-yard is established. It borders the widening reaches of the river about the village of Groton.

At New London, the tourist who follows the course of this rapid sketch will have to make a slight departure from the strict shore-line of the sound, taking, if he pleases, the railway, or, better still, a charming drive to Norwich, thirteen miles along the west bank of the picturesque Thames.

He may linger, if he will, a little while at Mohegan, five miles south of Norwich, where, upon the highest land in the village, stands the ancient fortress of Uncas. Here, also, he may see some remnants of the once famous tribe which that brave but treacherous chief led so often on the war-path. It may, indeed, be better that he should not encounter these degenerate sons of the forest—half-breeds at the best—unless he is prepared to resign all his romantic and poetical impressions of the lofty heroism and splendid qualities of the aboriginal red-men of the New-England forests and hills. There is nothing in the present aspect of the Pequot or Mohegan remnants to aid him in the maintenance of his old and it may be obstinately cherished fancies.

Norwich is a larger and finer city than its neighbor, New London, and of a very romantic aspect, much of the town being built on terraces, lying between the Yantic and Shetucket Rivers, which, by their confluence there, make the Thames. It has really noble avenues, with fine trees, antique and modern mansions, and very handsome public buildings.

The monument of Uncas is a prime object of antiquarian interest in the city. It is a granite obelisk, standing in the midst of other memorial stones built to commemorate the ferocious exploits of immemorial chieftains and warriors of the Mohegans. Uncas was once a great sachem of the Pequots, but he became afterward, by revolt and secession, the most renowned leader of the Mohegans for fifty years, during which period he elevated them in point of influence, and held them, in spite of many wars with other tribes, to peaceful relations with the colonists. The monument to Uncas was built in 1841. A cluster of gloomy pine-trees infolds this Indian cemetery, not far from the site of the once highly picturesque falls of the Yantic, which, however, have dwindled greatly from their old renown under the encroachments of both natural and artificial changes, so that the tourist is puzzled to account for the enthusiasm which inspired the early poets and topographers in their praises of the wild, tumultuous lapse of the Yantic.

The glimpse which the artist has given of Norwich, in the fine general view and in the dainty side-scenes which accompany it, are fit suggestions of the picturesqueness of its ways and of its romantic environs, much relieved from the oppressive monotony of the more level shore along which this sketch has been compelled, by the requirements of art, to run.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.



Owl's Head Landing.

THE journey northward may be made in thirty-six hours, or it may be extended through several weeks. The route from the metropolis divides the Connecticut Valley, that fair reach of glistening stream and forest dell leading beyond into mountain mysteries. Nature wears her bridal robes, softly colored, fragrant, and bright—

"First a lake,
Tinted with sunset; next, the wavy lines
Of the far-reaching hills; and yet more far,
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star."

You may start out from your city home for Memphremagog direct; but, in such a path-way as leads through the valley, you will linger, inhaling the breath of the daisy-scented fields, resting the wearied mind with the tranquil sentiment of the Arcadian life that dreams in the brook-side villages on your way. Grander scenes there may be, but they oppress and tire us, and we come back to the Connecticut Valley year after year, loving it the more, and deriving from it the solace that empowers us for renewed toil at the treadmill of city life. Loitering in these pastures a while, we arrive at the foot of Lake Memphremagog in a fit state of mind to appreciate its beauties, not so drowsy and fagged-out as we should be had our journey been unbroken. We disembark at the little Vermont town of Newport; submit ourselves to the regimen of a fashionable hotel; sleep well, and dream of peace. The morning breaks on a bracing day in the season of Nature's most gorgeous transformation; the autumn foliage is crowned with the richest hues; our fellow-tourists have less of the jaded expression that is almost habitual on their features, and so all circumstances are propitious for our voyage over the lake.

Some people tell us that it rivals Lake George, but this admits of difference of opinion; yet it is almost impossible that there should be any thing more picturesque, in the exact sense of that word, than this beautiful expanse with the awkward name. It is overshadowed by mountains and bordered by dense forests and grassy reaches. At one point it is in Lower Canada, and at another in Northern Vermont. It is thirty miles long and two miles wide; the basin that holds it is deep and narrow; numerous islands spring from its depths, where speckled trout, of enormous size, dart and glimmer. These things are imparted to us by an old resident, a freckled, long-faced, discursive down-easter, as our white steamer leaves her wharf near the hotel and speeds toward the other end of the lake. There is one object already in sight that we have been instructed not to miss—the Owl's Head, a mountain surpassing others around the lake in form and size. But it is yet twelve miles distant, and in the mean time our eyes and binocular glasses are attracted by many other enchantments that the shore sets forth.

Here is a narrow cape jutting out, the shimmering ripples tossing in play around; and yonder the land inclines into two bays, one of them sheltering the boats of some lazy boys, who are stretched on the thwarts, with their vagabond faces raised to the unclouded sun. The shore varies in character: for a mile it is high and craggy, and then the banks are low and rolling, girt by a belt of yellow sand. The deep water readily imprints the colors on its smooth surface, and duplicates the forms of earth and sky. Past Indian Point there is a small village, and farther on are the Twin Sisters, two fair



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, SOUTH FROM OWL'S HEAD.

islands, thickly wooded with a growth of evergreens. Beyond we see another village, and soon we are abreast of Province Island, a cultivated garden of one hundred acres. Nearer the eastern shore is Tea-Table Island, a charming little spot with many cedar-groves, whence cometh the pleasant laughter of a picnic-party, whose fancifully-painted rowboats are moored to a little jetty.

Now we bid farewell to our native heath, and enter British waters, with British soil to the right and to the left of us. There are many farm-houses on the banks, white-painted, and dazzling in the sunlight. It is a national duty for those of us who are free-born Americans to observe that the houses in the Canadian territory are slovenly and uncared for, without the evidences of prosperity and thrift that appear in those situated on our own soil. But let us confess that the scenery of the lake does not diminish in beauty. There are no marsh-lands near its shore, and no stagnant pools. The banks are invariably picturesque, almost invariably fertile and under cultivation. Here is Whetstone Island, so named by some enterprising Yankees, who used the stone found in the neighborhood for axe-grinding, until her majesty's government decided that they were trespassers, and drove them away. A little farther in our course lies Magoon's Point, a grassy slope coming to the water's edge; and yonder is a cavern with a legend. Perhaps you who have seen so many caverns with legends begin to regard all of them with suspicion; but this one and its legend are veritable. Some marauders have secreted somewhere in the innermost recesses of one of the rocks a treasure-chest of immense value, stolen from a Roman Catholic cathedral. There is no doubt about it. The freckled, long-faced down-easter has seen, with his own sharp eyes, two massive gold candlesticks that were found within a yard or two of the entrance!

We are fast nearing Owl's Head. The boat winds in and out between the cedar-robed islands, and the golden haze vanishes into the clear and breezy day. We do not land during the journey down the lake, but pass Owl's Head, with only a glimpse at its magnificent height. We also speed by Round Island, cap-like in shape; Minnow Island, the most famous fishing-place, where some anglers are now stationed underneath the leafy boughs; and Skinner's Island, once the haunt of an intrepid smuggler, who snapped his fingers in the face of custom-house officers, and whose audacity has been chronicled in many a rhymed story. North of Skinner's Cave is Long Island, covering an area of about a square mile, with a rugged shore. At one place the shore is almost perpendicular, and on the southern side there is an extraordinary granite boulder, balanced on a natural pedestal, named Balance Rock. Hereabout, too, are the villas of some wealthy Montreal merchants, enclosed in magnificent parks on the banks.

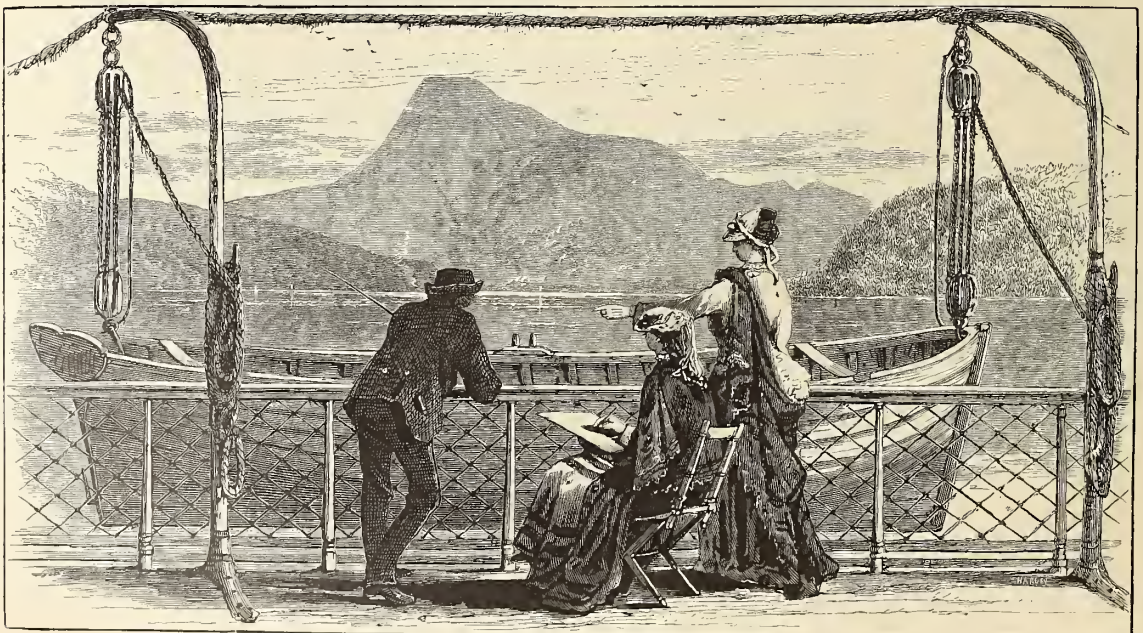
Owl's Head is the most prominent mountain, and is cone-shaped. But, in our passage to the head of the lake, we see other heights that do not fall far below it. Here is Mount Elephatus, now faintly resembling an elephant's back, afterward changing, as we proceed farther north, into a horseshoe form. The water deepens; soundings



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, NORTH FROM OWL'S HEAD.

show three hundred feet near Gibraltar Point, where the rocks are sheer to the water's edge. The sun wanes toward the west, and the wind grows keener. Yonder is Mount Oxford, not unlike Owl's Head; and here is a landing, toward which our steamer's prow inclines. We are at the foot of the lake. This drowsy little town is Magog, and attracts few of us ashore. A crowd of gaping inhabitants are on the wharf to welcome us, and, as we turn down the lake again, they break into a feeble but well-meaning cheer. The night comes on, and we haul up and go to sleep in a comfortable hotel at the base of the mountains.

In the morning we ascend Owl's Head. The path-way from the hotel is in good condition, overarched by pines and cedars, bordered by pleasant fields. A chorus of birds swells through the thickets; a few brown squirrels flee before us as we advance. The air is filled with the fragrance of wild-flowers, mosses, and ferns. Occasionally, through the green curtain that shelters us from the mounting sun, we catch a glimpse of the untroubled, azure sky. On the way there is a shelving rock, under which we are sheltered during a passing shower; and, proceeding farther, we reach a mass of stone, plumed with ferns, and covered on the sides with a velvety moss. The summit reached, we have such a view as rewards our toil. Looking south, we see the lake from end to end, its islands and villages, the near rivers flashing in the sunlight. Looking north, the picture expands into other beauties; and, to the east and west, there are more lakes, plains, islands, and mountains. The summit itself is riven into four peaks, silent ravines intervening between them. Once a year a lodge of freemasons meets here, and, on the face of the "Mountain Mystery," are written some cabalistic signs of the order.



Mount Elephantus, from the Lake Steamer.

THE MOHAWK, ALBANY, AND TROY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MESSRS. FENN AND WOODWARD.



THERE is a part of New-York State around which the spell of the pastoral ages has surely been thrown, and which gives to it a sentiment of extreme antiquity for which history refuses to account. A round two hundred and fifty years are all for which the Muse of History considers herself responsible; and yet, throughout this region, there is an atmosphere of peace and quiet, as if æons of happy years had glided away since first man led cows to graze and sheep to nibble at the fat pastures. This pastoral country is the valley of the Mohawk, a river whose true Indian designa-

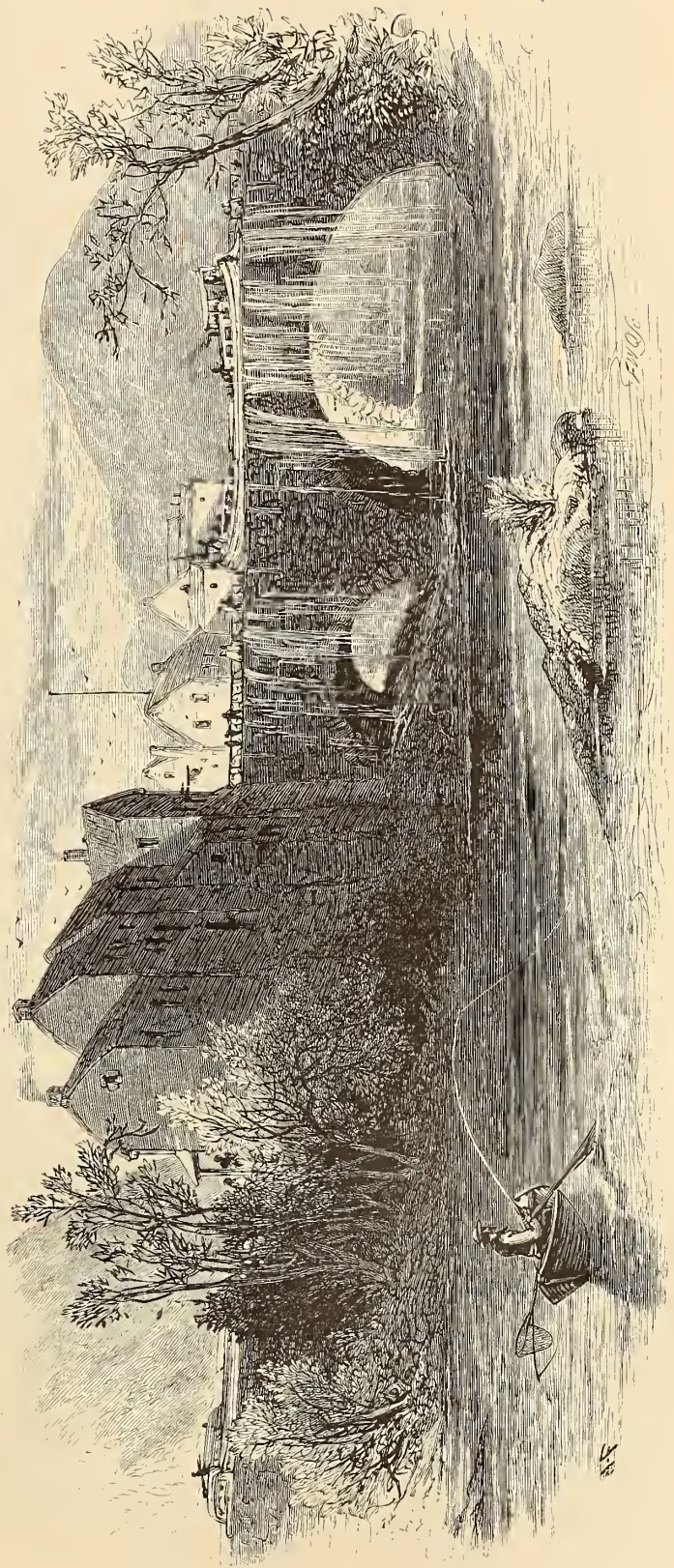


The Mohawk at Utica.

tion is unknown, but which has preserved the name of the aborigines who dwelt upon its banks.

The Mohawk rises in Oneida County, about twenty miles north of Rome; flows southeast and east, falling into the Hudson, after a stretch of one hundred and thirty-five miles, ten miles above Albany. It is but a petty stream near its origin, nor is it fed by important tributaries until it has passed the city of Utica. It is clear that the impetus of the city was not derived from the river, but from the Erie Canal; for the streets are all built in the proximity of the latter, and the former is outside of the town altogether. It meanders placidly past, travelling very slowly, and with more turns and bends than that famous river in Asia Minor which Xenophon has immortalized, and from which

we get the word *meander*. But, though the town neglects it, the farms do not; and on every side are long, tranquil meadows, studded with trees that mount up from the water's edge with a most gradual ascent. The Erie Canal, going still more slowly than the placid Mohawk, is on one side of it; and the puffing, panting locomotives of the New-York Central Railroad go shrieking past on the other. Beyond the meadows rise gentle hills, whose sides are thick with trees that glance and gleam in the sunlight as the frolicsome winds display the upper and the lower sides of the leaves. The cattle graze close to the river, near the bulrushes; and the sheep feed higher up, where the grass is shorter and less rank. All kinds of birds that love the fat worms of the rich pastoral soil flit from bush to bush, or perch upon the tame backs of the cows, or even upon the horns of some dignified old ram. And the river goes murmuring on through this scene of quiet happiness until it comes to a place where the Adirondack Mountains have thrown out a line of skirmishing rocks, and here



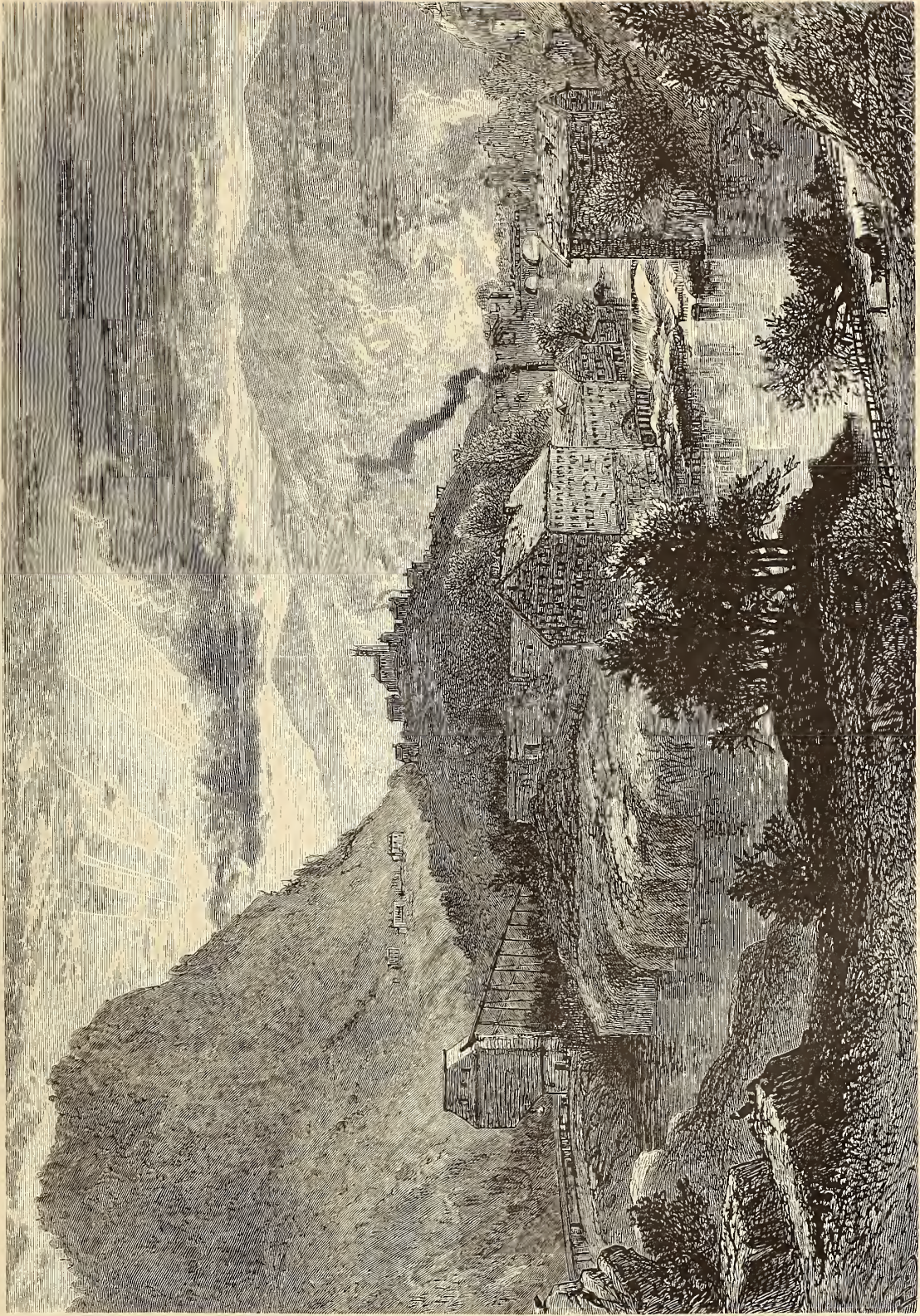
At Little Falls.

the tranquillity of the Mohawk is brought to an abrupt conclusion. This is at Little Falls. It must be confessed that the skirmishers of the mountains, in pursuance of the eternal war waged between the rocks and the rivers, have here made a most tremendous and determined onslaught, for the place is literally heaped with rocks. They are everywhere—cropping up between the houses, over the roofs, in the gardens; bursting out of the sides of the green hills, that here become really mountains; and starting up in the bed of the river in the most perplexing manner. The river here makes a descent of over forty feet, accomplishing the effort in three small falls, which have been turned to great profit by the people of the town, for they furnish water-power to a great many factories. These, for the most part, are upon the island which springs up in the river below the first fall; and this island is perhaps the rockiest part of the whole settlement. The Erie Canal runs through a channel blasted out of the solid rock at the foot of a steep hill, which rises on the east side of the river, and is called the Rollaway.

On the other side rises another hill, not so precipitous, but higher, and terraced upward with grand, curving lines, that show clearly the erosive power of the Mohawk in past times. It had its turbulent youth, also; and the day was when it swept these hills with a fierce current that laughed at such puny obstacles. Now it glides peacefully onward, and sings with a pleased murmur to the fat cattle, and the impudent birds that sip of its waters and toss their heads half disdainfully.

But there are witnesses still extant of what the waters did in the remote past; for here is Profile Rock, where the hard stone has been so mauled, and had its stratification so handled, that the very fair likeness to a human profile has been washed out. That tow-path, where the canal-horses tug and strain so, is the favorite drive of the townspeople, and, indeed, the good folks have nowhere else to drive, being circumvented and hemmed in by their rocky girdle. Accordingly, the Profile Rock is one of the institutions of the place; and the stranger within the gates who should, out of pure "cussedness," refuse to see any resemblance to the human visage, would be considered very—impolite, to say the least of it. The view along the canal tow-path is exceedingly interesting. The side of the Rollaway runs along the canal for several miles, and is clothed with a fine growth of trees—stately, dark pines; white beeches, with gleaming, silvery trunks; and bending aspens, here and there. On the other side is the Mohawk, once more united, for the rocky island terminates at the end of the town. The rocks, however, continue; and, though of no height, are strangely varied in shape, and beautifully mingled with bosky shrubs and thick bushes, waving grasses and delicate harebells. But gradually the Rollaway dwindles to a bank, and the rocks to pebbles; and, after the Suspension Bridge is passed, the Mohawk is itself again, and the pastoral era is renewed.

From this point to Schenectady may be termed the heart of the Mohawk Valley. It is difficult to say which offers the most picturesque and pleasing view—the valley of



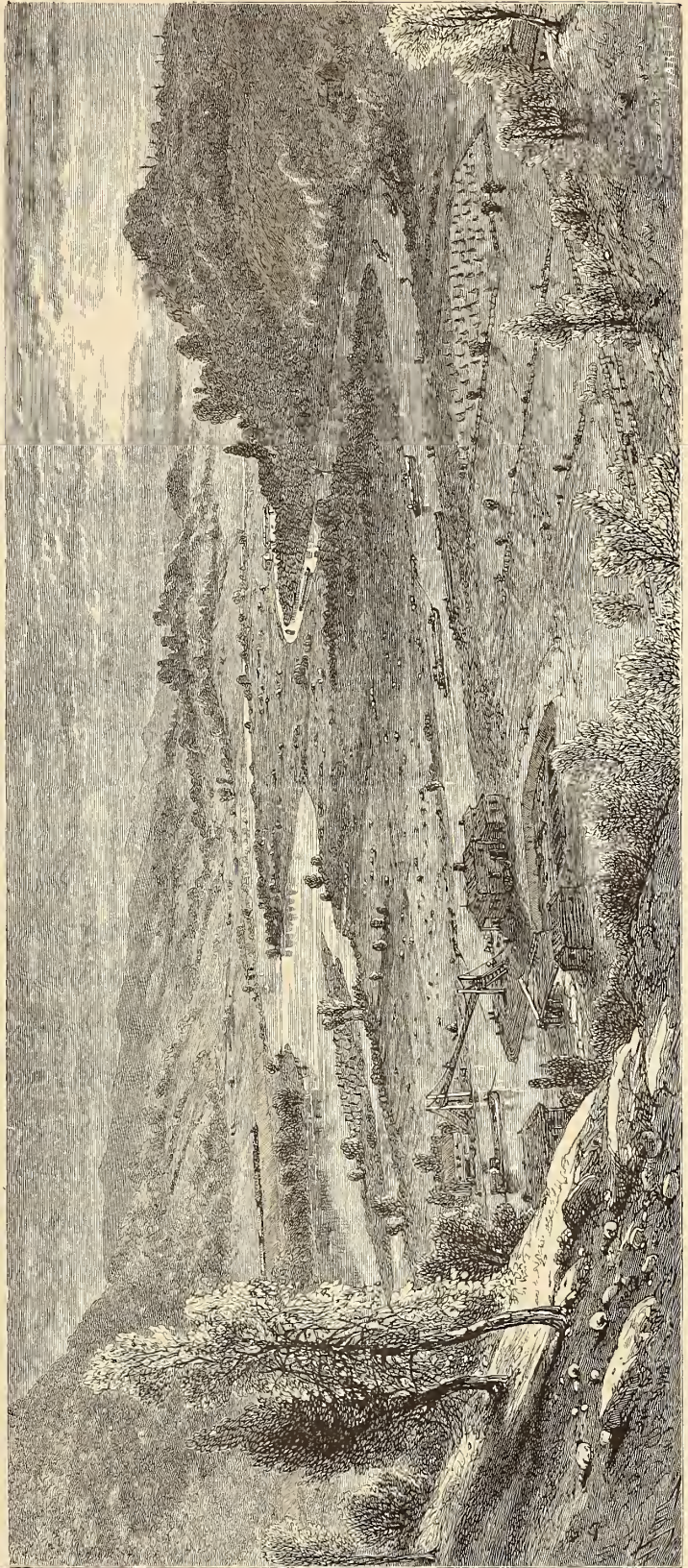
LITTLE FALLS.



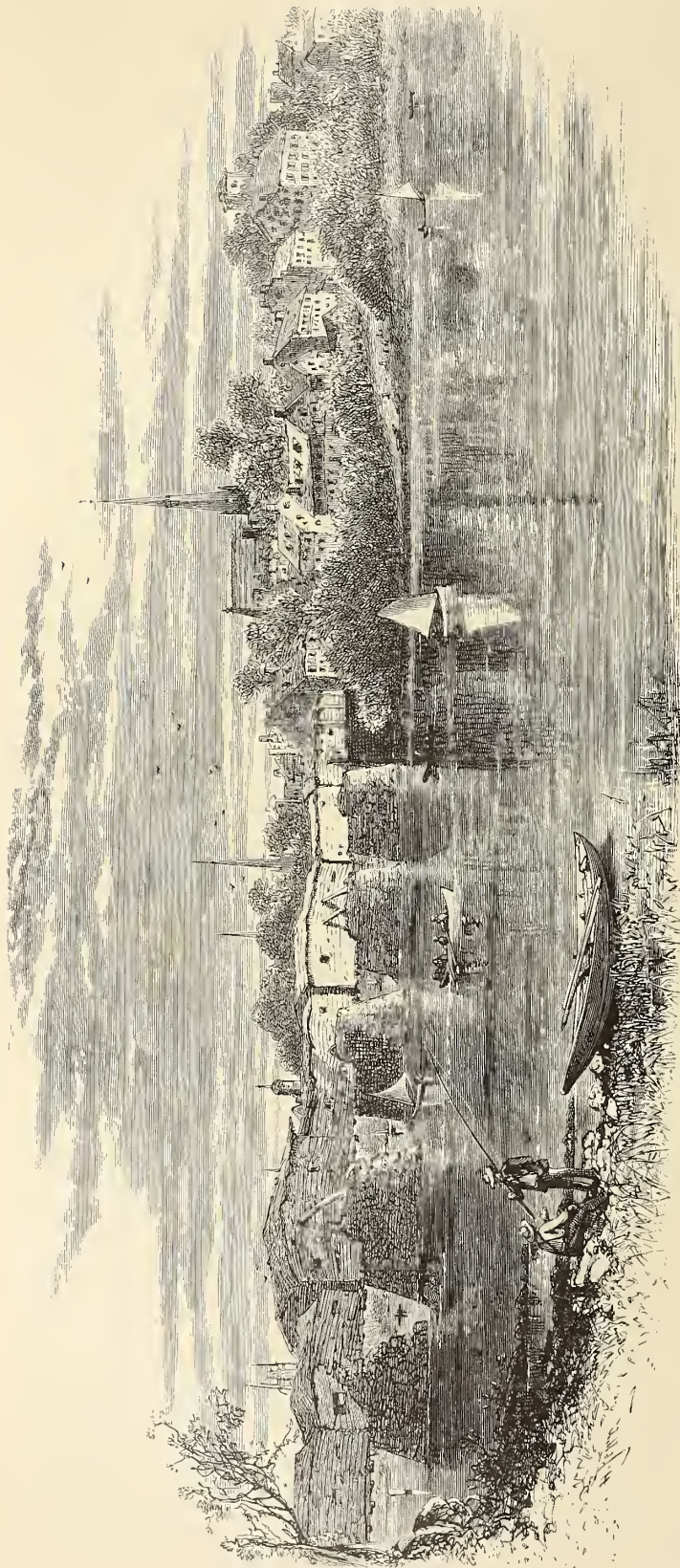
Profile Rock.

the Mohawk from the Rollaway, looking westward, or from the Suspension Bridge, below Little Falls, looking eastward. Both have the same pastoral beauty; both have the same low hills, the same embowering trees. There is a regularity about the lines of the former which will commend itself to the lovers of symmetry, and there is a picturesque looseness about the latter which many will deem more artistic. To Americans—eager,

pushing, bustling, ever on the lookout for spheres of action, for possibilities of enterprise—there is a something here of peaceful enjoyment which sinks deep into the heart. It is a restful place, emphatically. Hence we cannot be surprised when we find Schenectady, the capital of this region, partaking of this quiet, unenergetic character; and this city has this, also, in common with the surroundings, that it appears much older than it really is. Its lovers—and it has many—claim for it the title of the oldest city in the State. This claim rests entirely upon the date of the first settlement of Albany, which some declare to have taken place in 1614, and others in 1623; but there is some confusion about the matter, because there was undeniably a time when the Indians called both *Skaunoghtada*, which means “town across the plains.” However that may be, in those remote times it is certain that Schenectady proper was more flourishing than Albany. It was at the head of the rich Mohawk Valley, and did an immense business in dairy produce



The Mohawk Valley.



Schenectady, from the West.

and Indian peltries. The Indians seem to have lived in harmony with the Dutch settlers for many years, and it was not until 1690 that they suddenly became enemies. On this occasion, the whole population, save sixty souls, was annihilated; and the town was destroyed by fire. It was burned again in 1748, which gives it quite a history; and the most astonishing thing about it is, that it looks as if it had been existing for untold generations. The Mohawk, at this point, is broad and deep, and the old wooden bridge that spans it is a pretty long one; for the stream has been recruited by several large tributaries since it swept by the city of Utica, the chief contribution coming from the West Kanahtha Creek, which, after dashing down the wildly-beautiful Trenton Falls, glides peaceably enough into the placid bosom of the Mohawk, and remembers its past furious excitement only in dreams.

Beyond Schenectady the river sweeps on with a majesty obtained from its increased volume, but the country is not so pastoral as it was. The soil is shaly, and the hills are



View of Washington from the Potomac, as seen from the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

No. 10, 1879

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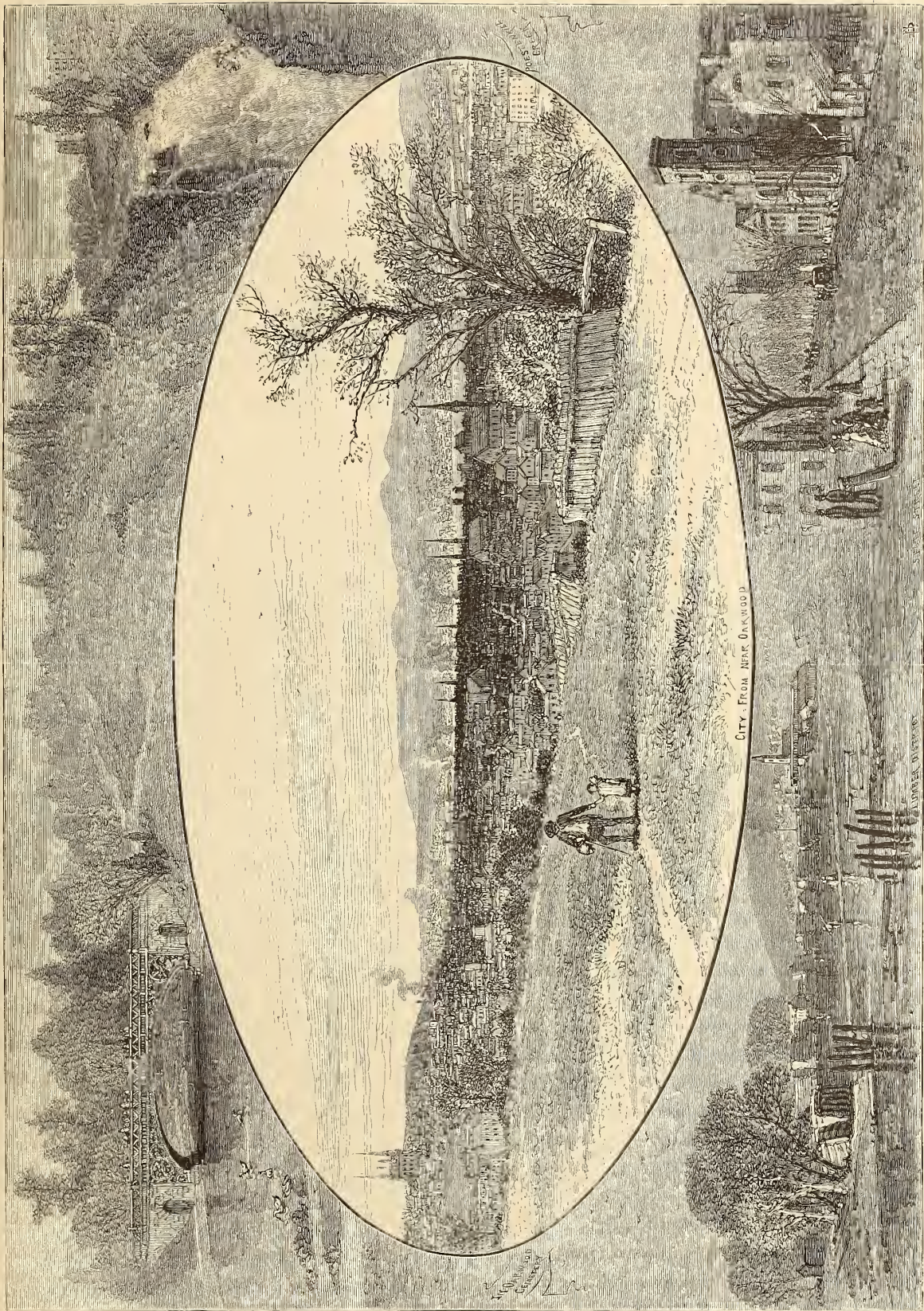
Cohoes Falls.

low. At Cohoes there is a great fall; about a mile above the falls, the river, broad and deep as it is, has been hemmed in by a dam, and a great portion of its waters drawn off by a water-power company. The little town of Cohoes is entirely manufacturing. It is the Lowell of New York. Here are the great Harmony Cotton-Mills; and here, also, are some twenty-five woollen-mills, besides paper-factories and other industries. The falls of Cohoes are quite close to the Harmony Mills; and a capital view can be obtained of them, either from the bank in rear of one of the mills, or from an island in

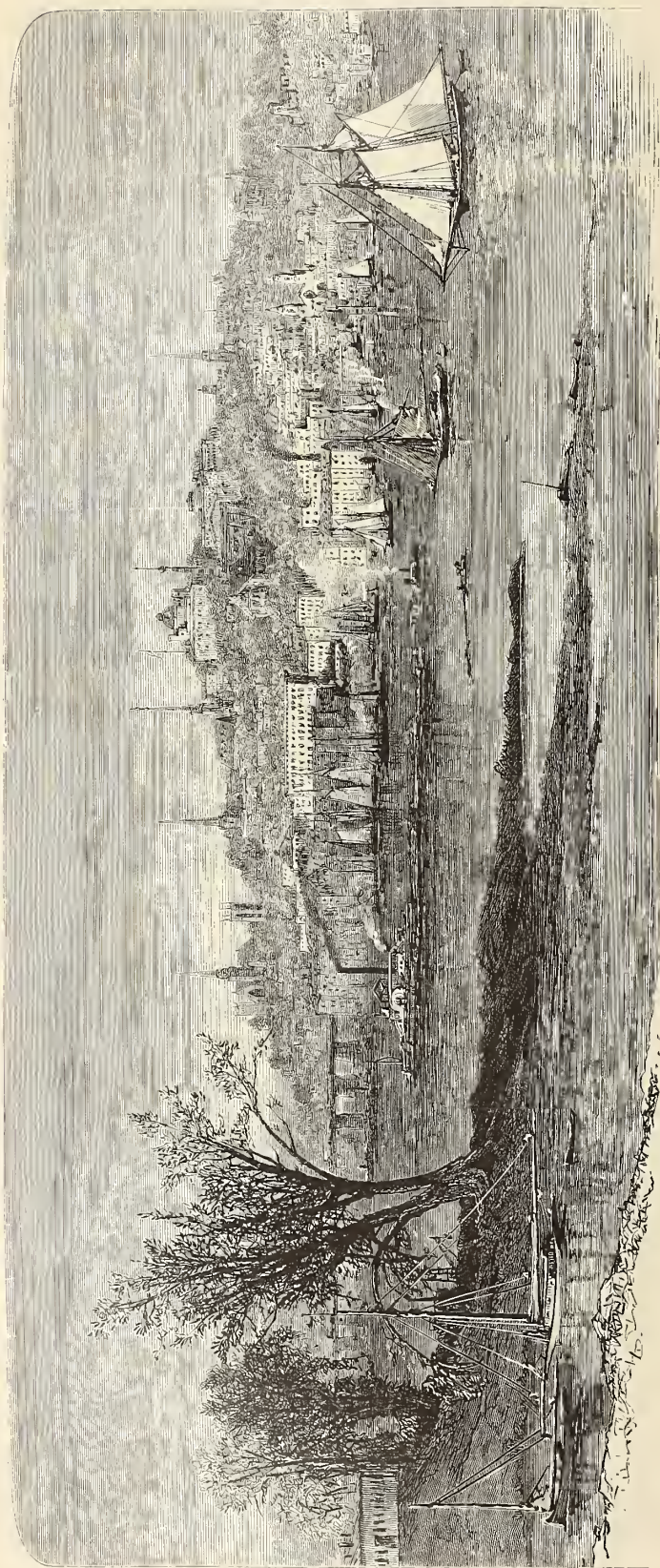
the river, at some distance below. Very much depends upon the season of the year as regards the impression which the falls make upon the mind of a traveller. In the dry season there is but little water, and hence the upper part of the falls appears like a series of grand rapids. In the early summer there is one tremendous descent of water, falling over seventy feet. The banks on either side are high and shaly, crowned generally with dark pines at the summit, and showing, below, a diagonal stratification, as if they had been upheaved.

Below the falls the river is divided by a green island, the favorite resort of picnickers from the neighboring city of Troy. This is a great manufacturing centre, especially of metals, and therefore abounding in tall chimneys vomiting forth black smoke. For this reason the inhabitants, who love to call themselves Trojans, prefer to dwell upon the other side of the river, which is only a mile or so from Cohoes. It is here that the junction of the Mohawk and the Hudson takes place, between East and West Troy. There is here, also, a large island, on which the Troy Bridge finds a support for its central part. The view here of the bustling place is inspiring, and makes one as eager to be up and doing as the pastoral scenes of the Mohawk Valley made us wish to live and die shepherds. Troy is a city of some fifty thousand inhabitants, situated at the mouth of Pocstenkil Creek, six miles above Albany, and a hundred and fifty-one miles above New York—an active, enterprising, and bustling city.

Albany, which now numbers over seventy thousand souls within its borders, is a great railroad centre, and the main point of departure for Western travellers. It is the terminus of nearly all the great steamboat lines of the Hudson; but its chief importance is that of being the capital of the great Empire State. Albany is the oldest settlement in the original thirteen colonies, except Jamestown, Virginia. Henry Hudson, in the yacht *Half-Moon*, moored in September, 1609, at a point which is now in Broadway, Albany. Several Dutch navigators ascended the river to the same place during the next three or four years; and in 1614 the Dutch built the first fort on an island below the present city, which is hence called Castle Island. In 1617 a fort was built at the mouth of the Normanskill; and in 1628 another was erected near the present steamboat-landing in the south part of the city, and named Fort Orange. A quadrangular fort, called Fort Frederick, was afterward built on the high ground, now State Street, between St. Peter's Church and the Geological Hall, with lines of palisades extending down Steuben and Hudson Streets to the river. These fortifications were demolished soon after the Revolution. The place was called, by the Dutch, New Orange, and retained that name until the whole province passed into possession of the English, in 1664, when New Orange was changed to Albany, in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, afterward James II. In 1686 Albany City was incorporated by patent. Peter Schuyler was the first mayor. The Schuyler family possessed the good-will of the Indians to such a degree that, while other settlements were desolated by Indian forays, Albany was never attacked



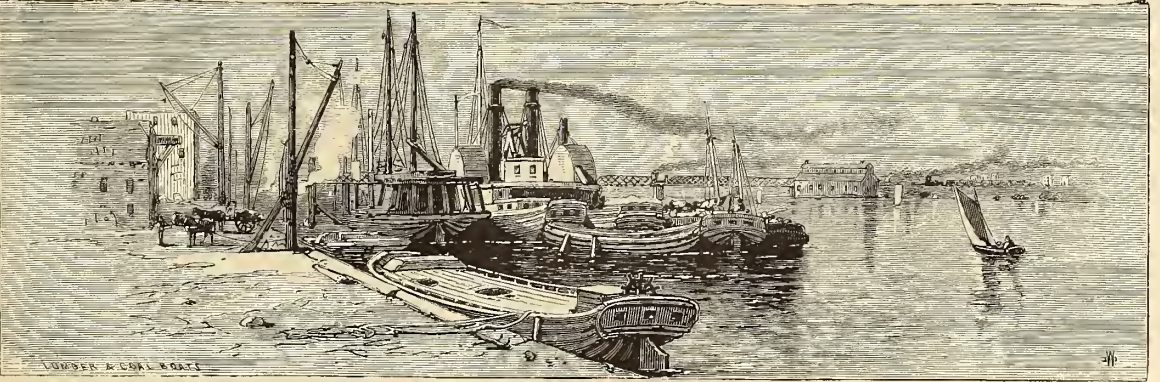
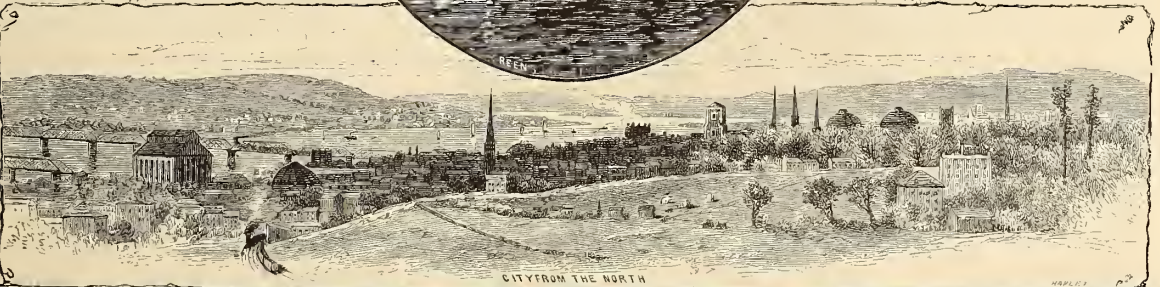
TROY AND VICINITY.



Albany, from East Albany.

by them. Besides its ancient importance as a centre of the Indian trade, Albany afterward became the point where the great military expeditions against Canada were fitted out. It was fortified at an early period; and, although often threatened with invasion, no hostile army ever reached the city. Here assembled the first convention for the union of the colonies. It was held in 1754, Benjamin Franklin being presiding officer.

There are two views of Albany which are specially good; one is from the other side of the river, where the city rises up from the western bank in irregular terraces, the culminating point being crowned with the capitol, embowered amid the foliage of old trees. Soon a more palatial and dazzling building will take the place of the present structure, and will give to the heights of Albany a magnificent apex. Up and down the river, the city stretches far and wide, with coaling-stations and founderies to the south, and, to the north, long ranges of cattle-wards. Above, the hills of the town rise, covered with fine old houses, and towering churches, and massive legislative halls, and huge



SCENES IN AND AROUND ALBANY.



Albany, from Kenwood.

caravansaries of hotels. The other view shuts out the river almost—at least, all the activity along the western bank—and gives to the eye a wider stretch of vision. Looking from Kenwood, one sees the city foreshortened, and gathered into a huge mass; while the two bridges across the Hudson, and the labyrinthine railway-lines of East Albany, become very prominent. The elevators, and the tall chimneys, with their black smoke above, and jet of red fire below, rising from the iron-works, and all the industrial part upon the extremity of the city, come plainly into view. One can see the masses of foliage of the trees in Washington Park, and the brown sedges of the flats above the town. Far in the distance lie quiet hills, on whose sides the reapers are at work on the browned wheat; while at the base are serried lines of trees that may have stood there in the old days, when the Mohawks ruled the land. From the summits of those hills, looking northward, one can see, with the utmost distinctness, the junction of the broad Hudson with the quiet Mohawk.

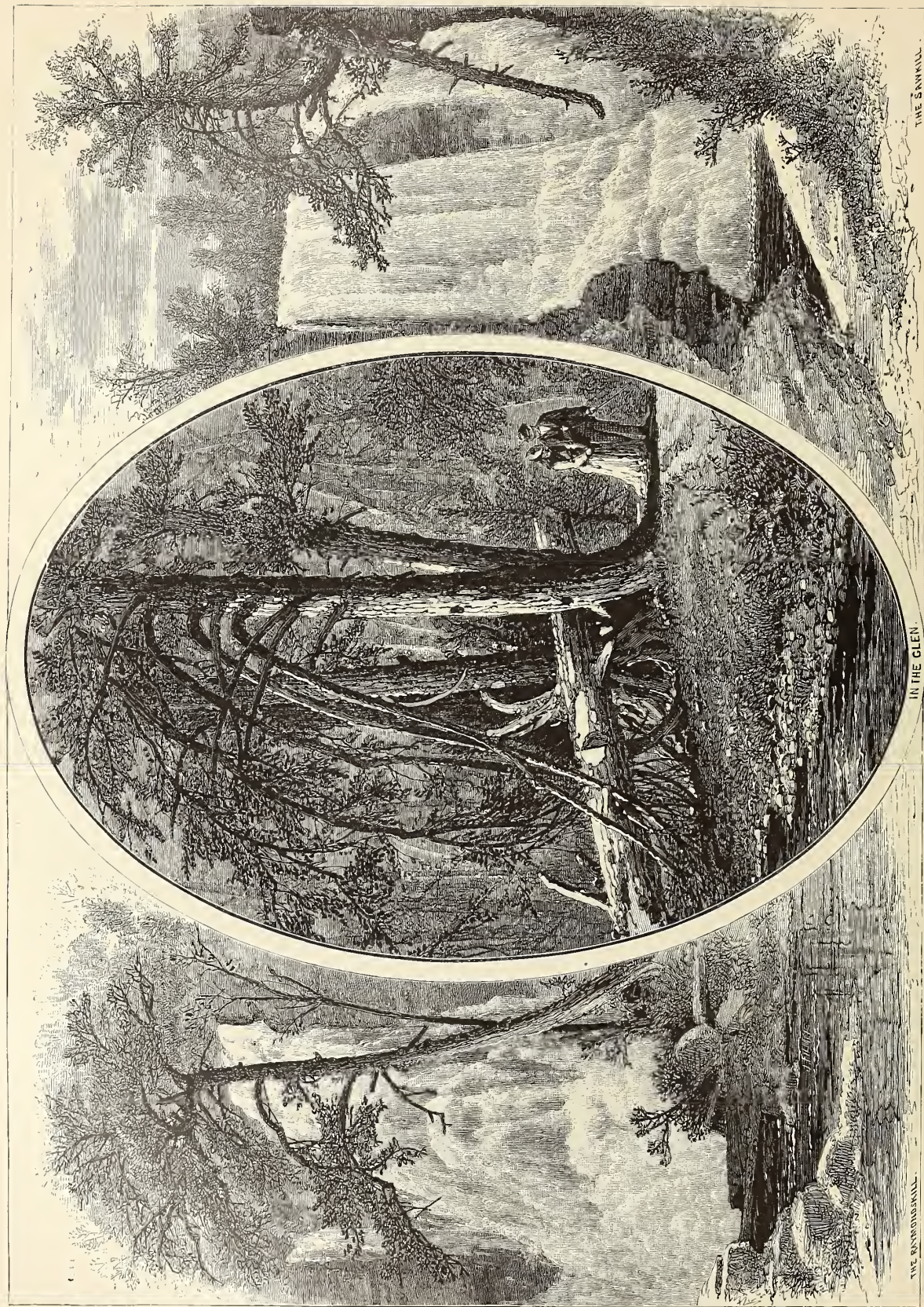
THE UPPER DELAWARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.



High Falls, Dingman's Creek.

THE artist has been wandering from the beaten path again, on this journey following the Upper Delaware one hundred miles in its course northward. His starting-point is twenty-four miles above the Delaware Water-Gap, at a place called Dingman's Ferry. In the neighborhood hereabout the streams are broken into several picturesque falls, the most important



THE SARKILL.

IN THE GLEN.

THE RANDOLPHS.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT MILFORD.

of which are the High Falls, shown in our first sketch. It was in the morning when we first rambled through the bosky approaches to this cascade; and, after leaping down slippery, moss-covered rocks, we reached the foot, only to find a thin stream of water trickling down, with very little music, and less spray. The weather had been dry—but that fact scarcely consoled us—and we could only admire the tints of the rocks, and the foliage that seemed to grow out of the basin into which the waters made their first leap before rushing through a narrow bit of hill and descending to a lower level. The artist was content, thankful for the smallest share of Nature's bounty; but the literary soul was disappointed and growling.

We were retracing our steps to the hostelry leisurely, when the premonitions of a storm urged us into a quicker pace. Gusts of wind souged among the trees, and heavy drops of rain pattered fast on the trembling leaves and parched earth. The sunshine was hidden beneath the gray clouds that came rolling from the east. We considered ourselves in for a wet day, and we dozed near the veranda, puffing at our brier pipes in a mood of bachelor meditation.

But in the afternoon there was clearer and warmer weather, and we again tramped to the foot of the High Falls. If the spirit of the artist was content before, it was aglow now. The scene had changed, and, instead of a mere thread of water, there was a bubbling, foaming, boisterous torrent, echoing its voice in the walls of the hills through the veins of which it found a sparkling way. The moss in the crevices held glittering drops on its velvety surface; and the branches of overarching trees looked as though they, too, were crystallized. The changing position of the clouds threw shadows across the water, varying its tints, and first giving it the appearance of a pure white, then of a faint green, afterward of a soft blue. The artist drew our attention this way and that—one moment toward yonder darkling hollow in the rocks, as the spray dashed itself into the brown seams; next toward the water, as the light played ever-new tricks with it; and then to a little pool formed in the cup of a boulder. That keen eye of his discovered effects in the smallest nooks, underneath the fronds of the tiniest fern, among the grains of sand that lodged in the crevices, and in the swaying shadows of the forms around. He occupied us constantly for more than two full hours, and was even then inclined to linger, although our journey was long and the time short.

From the ferry we proceeded toward Milford. The stage-road runs along the base of a mountain, so precipitous as to resemble the Palisades of the Hudson. Atoms of rock, rolling down, have made the bed as hard as concrete; and they have been spread so evenly that travelling is smooth and comfortable. The outlook is magnificent. The sheer wall of the mountain is on one side of us, protecting us from the scorching rays of the sun; and undulating meadows reach afar in the opposite direction, dotted with many a snug farm-house, painted red or white, that shows its thatched roof over the tops of the orchard. The river glistens through this green expanse, and is spanned, here and



PORT JERVIS AND VICINITY.



THE UPPER DELAWARE.

there, by a picturesque bridge. Still farther away are the purple lines of more hills, mysterious in the haze of a warm autumn morning.

Some distance below the village of Milford, we reach the falls of the Raymondskill, in which the artist finds more beauties and wonders. The torrent tumbles from among a mass of foliage down a rock, and is broken several times by projections, which cause it to surge and foam in a grand tumult. Three miles farther in our course, we enter the village, which is prettily situated in a valley, and divided through the centre by a romantic glen. Glens always are romantic, for lovers invariably choose to make love in their shade and quiet. Who that reads novels ever read of a troth pledged in the sunlight? From some inscrutable instinct, it is always done in shadowy places; and here in Milford Glen, on a summer's afternoon and evening, young men and maidens flock, and wander, arm-in-arm, through the narrow paths and murky hollows. The Sawkill, scarcely more than a brook, trembles over the pebbles, and glints vividly as a stray shaft of sunlight breaks through the boughs overhead. Ferns, mosses, and wild-flowers, are sprinkled on the path, and strive to hide the decay of a felled hemlock that rests between two sturdier brothers. It is a lovely spot, picturesque in the extreme, a fit retreat for the shepherds and shepherdesses of the Pennsylvania Arcadia.

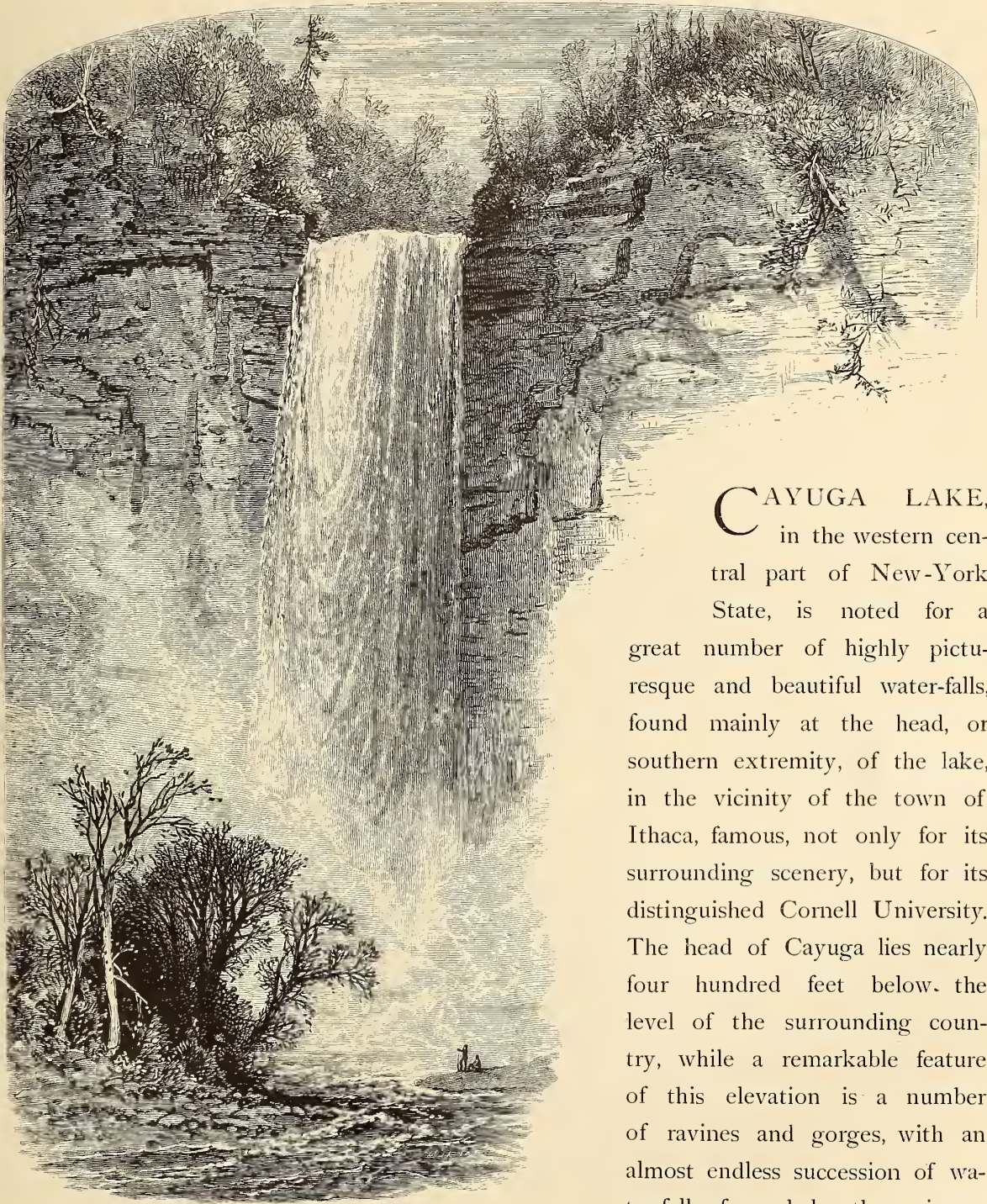
Not more than two miles farther north are the principal falls of the Sawkill, which in general characteristics much resemble the High Falls and the Raymondskill. As in the latter, the water dashes against some projecting rocks in its downward course, and is broken into clouds of spray, which the sunshine colors with rainbow hues. The volume of water is, in reality, divided into two separate falls by an elbow of the rock; but, before the two reach the level below, they commingle in one snowy mass.

Following the windings of the river, our next stopping-place was Port Jervis, which borders on New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Near here the Neversink River enters the Delaware from a valley of great beauty. We followed the artist to a place called Mount William, from which there is a superb view—a wide, extended plain, through which the winding river can be traced for many miles. The afternoon was far advanced, and the sun was declining westward. The whiteness of the light was subdued, changing into a pale yellow, that soon again would deepen into crimson. You see how he has expressed this mellowness in the gray tone of his sketch. He has included, too, a considerable range of ground, bringing in the opposite hills, the town, and the river. As far as the eye can reach, the land is under cultivation. In yonder wide plain there is not one wild acre; and, out beyond the limits of the little town, the farm-houses are numerous, and close together.

After leaving Port Jervis, we touched at Lackawaxen, to get a sketch of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Aqueduct, and thence continued our journey to Deposit, in which vicinity the scenery becomes grander and wilder. The artist's work tells its own story more eloquently than we could, and we have no further notes to add to it.

WATER-FALLS AT CAYUGA LAKE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.



Taghanic Falls.

CAYUGA LAKE, in the western central part of New-York State, is noted for a great number of highly picturesque and beautiful water-falls, found mainly at the head, or southern extremity, of the lake, in the vicinity of the town of Ithaca, famous, not only for its surrounding scenery, but for its distinguished Cornell University. The head of Cayuga lies nearly four hundred feet below the level of the surrounding country, while a remarkable feature of this elevation is a number of ravines and gorges, with an almost endless succession of water-falls, formed by the primary streams which drain the middle

portion of the northern slope of the water-shed between Chesapeake Bay and the gulf of the St. Lawrence, their first point of rendezvous being Cayuga Lake. In summer, the ravines are frequented by the residents of near towns, and by visitors whose numbers increase year by year, as the fame of the wild, cool retreats spreads abroad. An after-tea walk takes the visitor to Ithaca from crowded streets into the most beautiful of Nature's sanctuaries. In winter, also, the ravines are visited, for the rare spectacle in ice-work which forms about the cataracts.

The most northerly of those ravines which pass through the city is Fall Creek, in which, within a mile, there are eight falls, all of them exceedingly fine. The walls of the chasm are abrupt and high, fringed with a dusky growth of forest-trees. A pathway was worked through it some time ago, and its sombre depths and reverberating waters are now accessible to all who have the courage and endurance necessary to follow the rugged way. Four of the falls range from sixty to thirty feet in height, while a fifth, Ithaca Fall, attains one hundred and fifty feet. In the latter the foaming torrent leaps grandly between the fractured rock. Several times its headway is broken by projections, and narrow courses lead threads of the silvery water from the main channel into the foliage that closes around. Not far from here we also find the Triple Fall, which is, to our mind, the most beautiful of all. It should be named Bridal-Veil Fall. The water pours over the rock in threads, as in a veil of gauze, and is not woven into a mass, as in the Ithaca Fall. But the people who had in charge the nomenclature of this region have avoided romance, and named the places in a matter-of-fact fashion. They have called Triple Fall thus because the stream leaps thrice before it ripples forward again on the level—first over one rock, bubbling on a ledge a while before it descends to the next, and then taking the grandest leap of all.

Before going farther, it is worth our while to examine some curious formations in the vicinity, which somewhat remind us of the eroded sandstones of Monument Park, Colorado. Here is Tower Rock, a perfect columnar formation, about thirty-six feet high, with a sort of groove across the top. The water of the lake stretches out smoothly from its foot, and the banks around are rocky and jagged, hidden in part by the abundant foliage. A still more extraordinary monument of Nature's inexhaustible whims is found in Castle Rock, which has a certain regularity of form, despite its unusual character. It consists of a massive wall, with a magnificent, arched door-way. One of its peculiarities is that the surface is torn and fractured, and in the deep seams formed some trees and shrubs are living a precarious existence. In the arch of the door-way, for instance, there is a deep slit, whence spring two sturdy trees, their slender trunks appearing bleak and lonely in their exposed situation.

About a mile and a half south of Fall Creek is Cascadilla Creek, smaller than the former, but more delicate and harmonious in its scenery. Between the two ravines, its chimes mingling with their babble, the university is situated, on a fair expanse, nearly



CAYUGA LAKE SCENERY.

four hundred feet above the level of the lake. The principal buildings are ranged on the summit of a hill, which slopes gently, and rises again in richly-scented fields of clover and wild-flowers. The outlook is beautiful beyond description. Nearest is the pretty town, with its regular streets and white houses; then, the luxuriant valley; and, beyond that, twenty miles of the glistening lake are seen, bounded by verdure-clad banks and lofty cliffs. One of the buildings, Cascadilla Hall, is close to two of the most beautiful falls on that stream; an excellent road, built by the toil of self-educating students, crosses the gorge by a picturesque bridge, seventy feet above the stream, afterward winding through a romantic grove, and affording many fine views of the lake and the valley.

Six miles from the city, in a southwesterly direction, is Enfield Falls, a spot of great interest on account of the great depth which a stream, of moderate dimensions, has furrowed into the earth. The water reaches the main fall through a narrow cañon, a hundred feet deep, and then tumbles down, almost perpendicularly, a hundred and eighty feet, into a chasm, whose walls rise three hundred feet on each side. Thence the stream reaches the valley of the main inlet to the lake through a wild, broken, wooded course, to explore which is a task suited only to those who have strong nerves and limbs. The main fall has the same thread-like appearance as Triple Fall, and, like that, it is broken several times in its downward course. The torrent leaps six times over the protruding rock before it reaches the foot, and proceeds on its way in comparative calm. As we stand on a rock in the eddying pool below, and glance upward through the murky chasm, with its sheer walls and sentinel evergreens, the scene is impressive in the extreme, and much more sombre than other parts of the neighborhood. The stream in the main fall of Buttermilk Ravine also issues from a deep channel, with jutting and somewhat steep walls. In this ravine there is another of those fanciful stone monuments which we have referred to.

But the most noted and perhaps the most impressive of all the water-falls about the head of Cayuga Lake is the Taghanic, situated about ten miles northwest from the town, and about one mile up from the west shore. It is more than fifty feet higher than Niagara, and is considered as grand as the Staubbach of Switzerland. The most interesting features are the very deep ravine, the extraordinary height of the cataract, its sharply-defined outlines, and the magnificent view of the lake and the surrounding country that may be obtained in its vicinity. The water breaks over a clean-cut table-rock, and falls perpendicularly two hundred and fifteen feet. Except in flood-time, the veil of water breaks, and reaches the bottom in mist and sheets of spray. The rugged cliffs through which the stream rolls before it makes its plunge are about two hundred feet in depth, and form a triangle at the brink of the fall. From the foot a strong wind rushes down the ravine, the walls of which are here nearly four hundred feet high, and as cleanly cut as though laid by the hands of a mason. This ravine is reached by a series of stairways, hewn in the rock, and by rugged pathways.

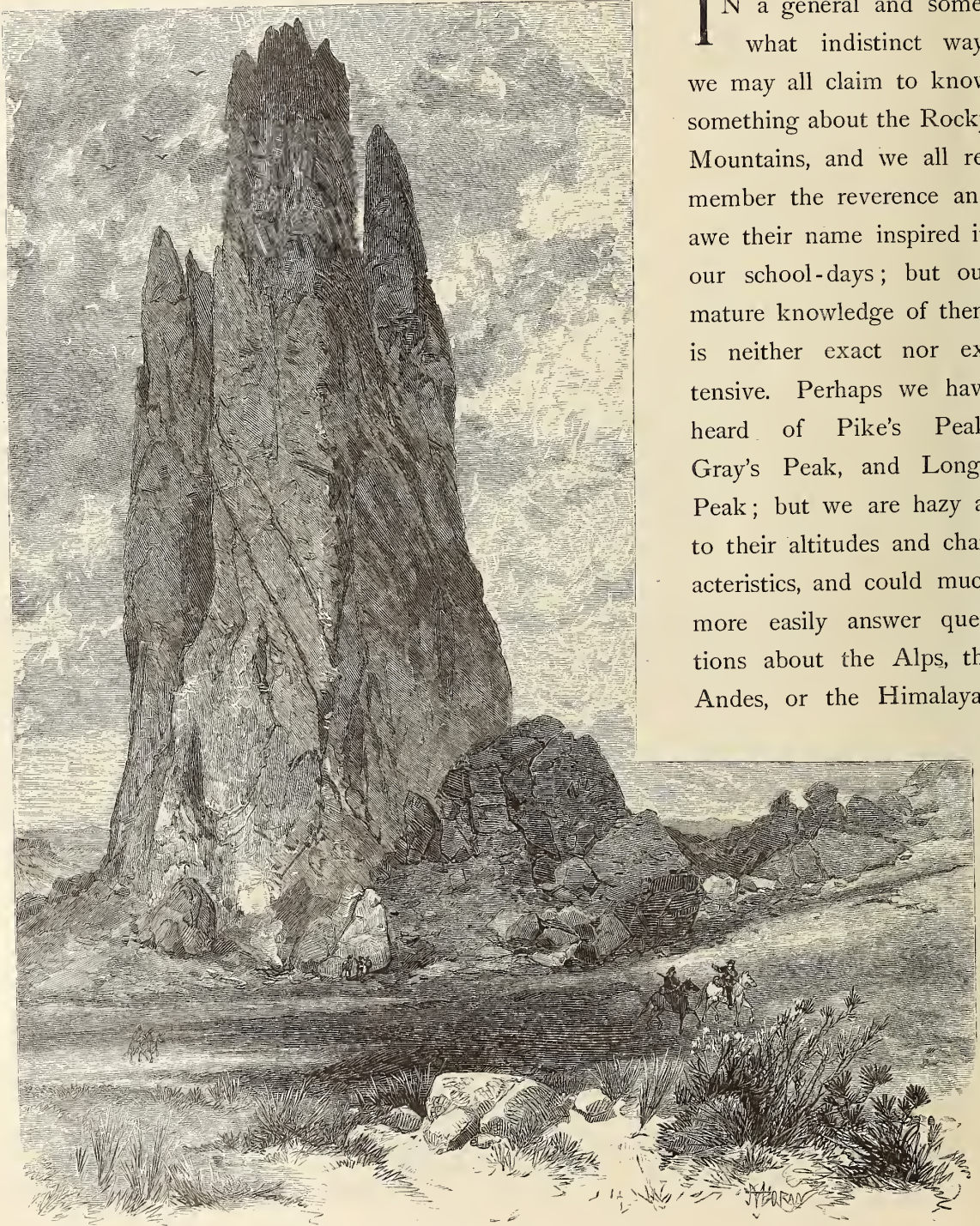


VICINITY OF ITHACA.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS MORAN.

IN a general and somewhat indistinct way, we may all claim to know something about the Rocky Mountains, and we all remember the reverence and awe their name inspired in our school-days; but our mature knowledge of them is neither exact nor extensive. Perhaps we have heard of Pike's Peak, Gray's Peak, and Long's Peak; but we are hazy as to their altitudes and characteristics, and could much more easily answer questions about the Alps, the Andes, or the Himalayas,



Tower Rock, Garden of the Gods.



LONG'S PEAK, FROM ESTE'S PARK.

than about the magnificent chain that embraces an area of sixty thousand square miles in Colorado alone, and nurtures the streams that pour their volume into the greatest and most widely separate oceans. We may have crossed the continent in the iron pathway of the Union Pacific over and over again, and not seen to advantage one of the peaks that cluster and soar to almost incomparable elevations—minor hills hiding them from the travellers in the cars; and we may be inclined to think less of the main range than of the Sierra Nevadas, because the railway has shown us the greatest beauties of the latter. But there is not a false pretence about them; no writer has exaggerated in extolling their grandeur, nor even adequately described it.

The chain is a continuation northward of the Cordilleras of Central America and Mexico. From Mexico it continues through the States and Territories lying between the Pacific and the head-waters of the streams that flow into the Mississippi, spreading over an area of one thousand miles from east to west. Still inclining northward, and still broken into several ranges, it passes into the British possessions to the north, the eastern range reaching the Arctic Ocean in about latitude 70° north, and the western passing near the coast, and ending near Prince William's Sound, where Mount St. Elias, in latitude 60° , stands upon the borders of the Pacific, at the height of seventeen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level.

We do not like the word "Backbone" applied to the mountains. Let us rather call them the Snow-Divide of the continent, or, as the main range is sometimes named, the Mother-Sierras. Occasionally, too, they are called the Alps of America by one of those absurd whims of literary nomenclature that insist upon calling New Orleans the Paris of America, Saratoga the Wiesbaden of America, and Lake George the Windermere of America, just as though we had nothing distinctly our own, and Nature had simply duplicated her handiwork across the seas in creating the present United States. The Rocky Mountains are not like the Alps, and in some things they surpass them. From the summit of Mount Lincoln, near Fairplay, Colorado, on a clear day, such a view is obtained as you cannot find on the highest crests of the Swiss mountains. In the rear, and in the front, the peaks ascend so thickly that Nature seems to have here striven to build a dividing wall across the universe. There are one hundred and thirty of them not less than thirteen thousand feet high, or within less than three thousand feet of Mont Blanc; and at least fifty over fourteen thousand feet high. Almost below the dome on which we stand, we can see a low ridge across a valley, separating the river Platte, leading to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Blue River, leading to the Gulf of California. On one side are the famous Gray's and Evans's Peaks, scarcely noticeable among a host of equals; Long's Peak is almost hidden by the narrow ridge; Pike's is very distinct and striking. Professor Whitney has very truly said, and we have repeated, that no such view as this is to be obtained in Switzerland, either for reach or the magnificence of the included heights. Only in the Andes or Himalayas might



BOWLDER CAÑON.

we see its equal. But it is also true that one misses the beauty of the pure Alpine mountains, with the glaciers streaming down their sides. The snow lies abundantly in lines, and banks, and masses; yet it covers nothing.

Even among eminent scientific men there has been a dense ignorance about the Rocky Mountains, and especially about the heights of the several peaks. Until 1873,



Frozen Lake, Foot of James's Peak.

only small areas of our vast Territories had been surveyed and accurately mapped. The greater space had been unnoticed, and uncared for. But in that year a geological and geographical survey of Colorado was made, under the able direction of Dr. F. V. Hayden; and the results have exceeded all expectations. The position of every leading peak in thirty thousand square miles was fixed last summer, including the whole region between parallels 38° and $40^{\circ} 20'$ north, and between the meridians $104^{\circ} 30'$ and 107° west. The

ground was divided into three districts, the northern district including the Middle Park, the middle district including the South Park, and the southern district the San-Luis Park. In these three districts the range reveals itself as one of the grandest in the world, reaching its greatest elevations, and comprising one of the most interesting areas



Gray's Peak.

on the continent. As unscientific persons, we owe Professor Hayden a debt of gratitude for reassuring us that the Rocky Mountains are all our forefathers thought them, and not mythical in their splendors. How much more the *savants* owe him, we will not venture to say. We ought to add, however, that he was singularly fortunate in unearthing, so to speak, the most representative scenery, as the photographs made attest; and

present or prospective travellers cannot do better than follow in the footsteps of his expedition, as we mean to do in this article.

Early in May we are far north, with a detachment of the Hayden expedition, encamped in the Estes Park, or Valley. Park, by-the-way, is used in these regions as a sort of variation on the sweeter-sounding word. The night is deepening as we pitch our tents. We are at the base of Long's Peak—about half-way between Denver City and the boundary-line of Wyoming—and can only dimly see its clear-cut outline and graceful crests, as the last hues of sunset fade and depart. Supper consoles us after our long day's march; we retire to our tents, but are not so exhausted that we cannot make merry. In this lonely little valley, with awful chasms and hills around, in a wilderness of glacier creation, scantily robed with dusky pine and hemlock, the hearty voice of our expedition breaks many slumbering echoes in the chilly spring night. A void is filled. A man on the heights, looking into the valley, would be conscious of a change in the sentiment of the scene. The presence of humanity infuses itself into the inanimate. It is so all through the region. Alone, we survey the magnificent reaches of mountain, hill-side, and plain, with a subdued spirit, as on the brink of a grave. Our sympathies find vent, but not in hysterical adulation. Our admiration and wonder are mingled with a degree of awe that restrains expression. It would be much more easy to go into ecstasies over the home-like view from the summit of Mount Washington than over peaks that are more than twice as high, and incomparably grander. There are brightness and life, smooth pastures and pretty houses, on the New-England mountain. Out here there are waste, ruggedness, and sombre colors. The heart of man is not felt; we gaze at the varied forms, all of them massive, most of them beautiful, feeling ourselves in a strange world. The shabby hut of the squatter, and straggling mining-camp, deep set in a ravine, are an inexpressible relief; and so our white tents, erected on the fertile acres of the Estes Park, throw a gleam of warmth among the snowy slopes, and impart to the scene that something without which the noblest country appears dreary, and awakens whatever latent grief there is in our nature.

Betimes in the morning we are astir, and the full glory of the view bursts upon us. The peak is the most prominent in the front range, soaring higher than its brothers around; and we have seen it as we approached from the plains. It is yet too early in the season for us to attempt the ascent; the snow lies more than half-way down; but from this little valley, where our tents are pitched, we have one of the finest views possible. The slopes are gentle and almost unbroken for a considerable distance; but, reaching higher, they terminate in sharp, serrated lines, edged with a ribbon of silver light. The snow is not distributed evenly. In some places it lies thick, and others are only partly covered by streaky, map-like patches, revealing the heavy color of the ground and rock beneath. A range of foot-hills of clumsy contour leads the way to the peaks which mount behind them. The park is a lovely spot, sheltered, fertile, and wooded. It



From the Falls of the Hudson

Published by J. H. Colver, 1853



SUMMIT OF GRAY'S PEAK.

is an excellent pasture for large herds of cattle, and is used for that purpose. A few families are also settled here; and, as the valley is the only practicable route for ascending the peak, it is destined, no doubt, to become a stopping-place for future tourists. It is seven thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight feet above the level of the sea, and six thousand three hundred feet below Long's Peak, which is said to be about fourteen thousand and eighty-eight feet high. The peak is composed of primitive rock, twisted and torn into some of the grandest cañons in this famed country of cañons. While we remain here, we are constantly afoot. The naturalists of the expedition are overjoyed at their good fortune, and the photographers are alert to catch all they can while the light lasts. The air is crisp, joyous, balsamic. Ah! that we might never be left alone to hear the secret voice and the dread revelations of these magnificent spaces! But it follows us, and oppresses us; and we are never safe from its importunities without a mirthful, unimpressionable companion. It is a terrible skeleton in the closet of the mountain, and it comes forth to fill us with dismay and grief.

Soon we are on the march again, tramping southward through stilly valleys, climbing monstrous boulders, fording snow-fed streams, mounting perilous heights, descending awful chasms. Everlasting grandeur! everlasting hills! Then, from cañons almost as great, we enter the Boulder Cañon, cut deep in the metamorphic rocks of foot-hills for seventeen miles, with walls of solid rock that rise precipitously to a height of three thousand feet in many places. A bubbling stream rushes down the centre, broken in its course by clumsy-looking rocks, and the fallen limbs of trees that have been wrenched from the sparse soil and moss in the crevices. The water is discolored and thick. At the head of the cañon is a mining-settlement, and we meet several horsemen traversing a narrow road that clings to the walls—now on one side, and then, leaping the stream, to the other. The pines, that find no haunt too drear, and no soil too sterile, have striven to hide the nakedness of the rocks; but many a branch is withered and decayed, and those still living are dwarfed and sombre. Boulder City, at the mouth of the cañon, has a population of about fifteen hundred, and is the centre of the most abundant and extensively developed gold, silver, and coal mining districts in the Territory. Within a short distance from it are Central City, Black Hawk, and Georgetown.

James's Peak comes next in our route, and at its foot we see one of the pretty frozen lakes that are scattered all over the range. It is a picturesque and weird yet tenderly sentimental scene. Mr. Moran has caught its spirit admirably, and his picture gives a fair idea of its beauty. The surface is as smooth as a mirror, and reflects the funereal foliage and snowy robes of the slopes as clearly. It is as chaste as morning, and we can think of ice-goblins chasing underneath the folds of virgin snow that the pale moonlight faintly touches and bespangles. The white dress of the mountain hereabout is unchanged the year round, and only yields tribute to the summer heat in thousands of little brooks, that gather together in the greater streams. The lakes themselves are small basins,



CHICAGO LAKE.

not more than two or three acres in extent, and are ice-locked and snow-bound until the summer is far advanced.

You shall not be wearied by a detailed story of our route, or of the routine of our camp. We are on the wing pretty constantly, the photographers and naturalists working with exemplary zeal in adding to their collections. We are never away from the mountains, and never at a spot devoid of beauty. In the morning we climb a hill, and in the evening march down it. Anon we are under the looming shadows of a steep pass or ravine, and then our eyes are refreshed in a green valley—not such a valley as rests at the foot of Alpine hills, but one that has not been transformed by the cultivator—a waste to Eastern eyes, but a paradise, compared with the more rugged forms around. We are not sure that “beauty unadorned is adorned the most” in this instance. A few hedge-rows here and there, a white farm-house on yonder knoll, a level patch of moist, brown earth freshly ploughed, and a leafy, loaded orchard, might change the sentiment of the thing, but would not make it less beautiful.

We encounter civilization, modified by the conditions of frontier life, in the happily-situated little city of Georgetown, which is in a direct line running westward from Denver City, the starting-point of tourist mountaineers. A great many of you have been there, using its hotel as a base of operations in mountaineering. It is locked in a valley surrounded by far-reaching granite hills, with the silver ribbon of Clear Creek flashing its way through, and forests of evergreens soaring to the ridges. A previous traveller has well said that Europe has no place to compare with it. It is five thousand feet higher than the glacier-walled vale of the Chamouni, and even higher than the snow-girt hospice of Saint-Bernard. Roundabout are wonderful “bits” of Nature, and, from the valley itself, we make the ascent of Gray’s Peak, the mountain that, of all others in the land, we have heard the most. We toil up a winding road, meeting plenty of company, of a rough sort, on the way. There are many silver-mines in the neighborhood, and we also meet heavily-laden wagons, full of ore, driven by labor-stained men. The air grows clearer and thinner; we leave behind the forests of aspen, and are now among the pines, silver-firs, and spruces. At last we enter a valley, and see afar a majestic peak, which we imagine is our destination. We are wrong. Ours is yet higher, so we ride on, the horses panting and the men restless. The forest still grows thinner; the trees smaller. Below us are the successive valleys through which we have come, and above us the snowy Sierras, tinted with the colors of the sky. Twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea we reach the Stevens silver-mine, the highest point in Colorado where mining is carried on, and then we pass the limit of tree-life, where only dwarfed forms of Alpine or arctic vegetation exist. A flock of white partridges flutter away at our coming, and two or three conies snarl at us from their nests underneath the rocks. Higher yet! Breathless and fatigued, we urge our poor beasts on in the narrow, almost hidden trail, and are rewarded in due time by a safe arrival at our goal.



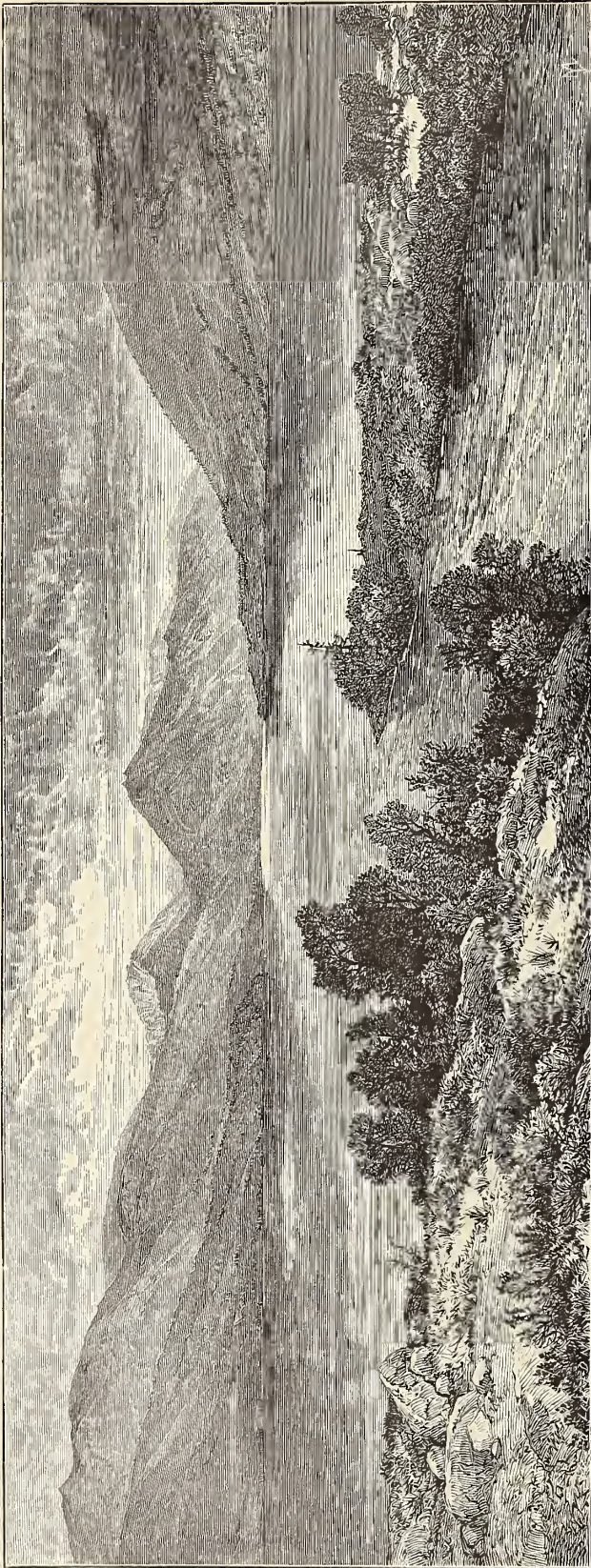
ERODED SANDSTONES, MONUMENT PARK.

Foremost in the view are the twin peaks, Gray's and Torrey's; but, in a vast area that seems limitless, there are successive rows of pinnacles, some of them entirely wrapped in everlasting snow, others patched with it, some abrupt and pointed, others reaching their climax by soft curves and gradations that are almost imperceptible. We are on the crest of a continent—on the brink of that New World which Agassiz has told us is the Old. The man who could resist the emotion called forth by the scene, is not among our readers, we sincerely hope. There is a sort of enclosure some feet beneath the very summit of Gray's Peak, or, to speak more exactly, a valley surrounded by walls of snow, dotted by occasional boulders, and sparsely covered with dwarfed vegetation. Here we encamp and light our fires, and smoke our pipes, while our minds are in a trance over the superb reach before us.

Not very many years ago it was a common thing to find a deserted wagon on the plains, with some skeleton men and two skeleton horses not far off. A story is told that, in one case, the tarpaulin was inscribed with the words "Pike's Peak or Bust." Pike's Peak was then an El Dorado to the immigrants, who, in adventurously seeking it, often fell victims on the gore-stained ground of the Sioux Indians. Foremost in the range, it was the most visible from the plains, and was as a star or beacon to the travellers approaching the mountains from the east. Thither we are now bound, destined to call, on the way, at the Chicago Lakes, Monument Park, and the Garden of the Gods. Chicago Lakes lie at the foot of Mount Rosalie, still farther south, and are the source of Chicago Creek. They are high upon the mountain, at the verge of the timber-line, and that shown in Mr. Moran's picture has an elevation of nearly twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mount Rosalie, ridged with snow, and very rugged in appearance, terminates two thousand two hundred feet higher. Another lake, as smooth and lovely as this, and of about the same size, is found near by, and twelve more are scattered, like so many patches of silver, in the vicinity. The water comes from the snow, and is cool and refreshing on the hottest summer days. Trout are abundant in the streams, and allure many travellers over a terribly bad road from Georgetown. Monument Park is probably more familiar to you than other points in our route. It is filled with fantastic groups of eroded sandstone, perhaps the most unique in the Western country, where there are so many evidences of Nature's curious whims. If one should imagine a great number of gigantic sugar-loaves, quite irregular in shape, but all showing the tapering form, varying in height from six feet to nearly fifty, with each loaf capped by a dark, flat stone, not unlike in shape to a college-student's hat, he would have a very clear idea of the columns in Monument Park. They are for the most part ranged along the low hills on each side of the park, which is probably a mile wide, but here and there one stands out in the open plain. On one or two little knolls, apart from the hills, numbers of these columns are grouped, producing the exact effect of cemeteries with their white-marble columns. The stone is very light in color.



PIKE'S PEAK, FROM GARDEN OF THE GODS



Upper Twin Lake.

Once more we are on our way, and still in the mountains. We linger a while in the Garden of the Gods, which is five miles northwest of Colorado Springs, as you will see by referring to a map, among the magnificent forms that in some places resemble those we have already seen in Monument Park. There are some prominent cliffs, too; but they are not so interesting as others that we have seen, and are simply horizontal strata, thrown by some convulsion into a perpendicular position. At the "gateway" we are between two precipitous walls of sandstone, two hundred feet apart, and three hundred and fifty feet high. Stretching afar is a gently-sloping foothill, and, beyond that, in the distance, we have a glimpse of the faint snow-line of Pike's Peak. The scene is strangely impressive. The walls form almost an amphitheatre, enclosing a patch of level earth. In the foreground there is an embankment consisting of apparently detached rocks, some of them distorted into mushroom-shape, and others secreting shallow pools of water in their darkling hollows. The foliage is scarce and deciduous; gloomily pathetic. A rock rises midway between the walls at the gateway, and elsewhere in the garden there are monumental forms that remind us of the valley of the Yellowstone.



Teocalli Mountain.

Pike's Peak, seen from the walls, is about ten miles off. It forms, with its spurs, the southeastern boundary of the South Park. It offers no great difficulties in the ascent, and a good trail for horses has been made to the summit, where an "Old Probabilities" has stationed an officer to forecast the coming storms.

Now we bear away to Fairplay, where we join the principal division of the expedition, and thence we visit together Mount Lincoln, Western Pass, the Twin Lakes, and other points in the valley of the Arkansas; cross the National or Mother range into the Elk Mountains; proceed up the Arkansas and beyond its head-waters to the Mount of the Holy Cross. We are exhausting our space, not our subject, and we can only describe at length a few spots in the magnificent country included in our itinerary. At

the beginning we spoke about Mount Lincoln, and the glorious view obtained from its summit. When named, during the war, this peak was thought to be eighteen thousand feet high, but more recent measurements have brought it down to about fourteen thousand feet—lower, in fact, than Pike's, Gray's, Long's, Yale, or Harvard, the highest of which has yet to be determined. But its summit commands points in a region of country nearly twenty-five thousand square miles in extent, embracing the grandest natural beauties, a bewildering reach of peaks, valleys, cañons, rivers, and lakes. We find, too, on Mount Lincoln, some lovely Alpine flowers, which grow in profusion even on the very summit, and are of nearly every color and great fragrance. Professor J. D. Whitney, who accompanied the expedition, picked several sweetly-smelling bunches of delicate blue-bells within five feet of the dome of Mount Lincoln. These tender little plants are chilled every night to freezing, and draw all their nourishment from the freshly-melted snow.

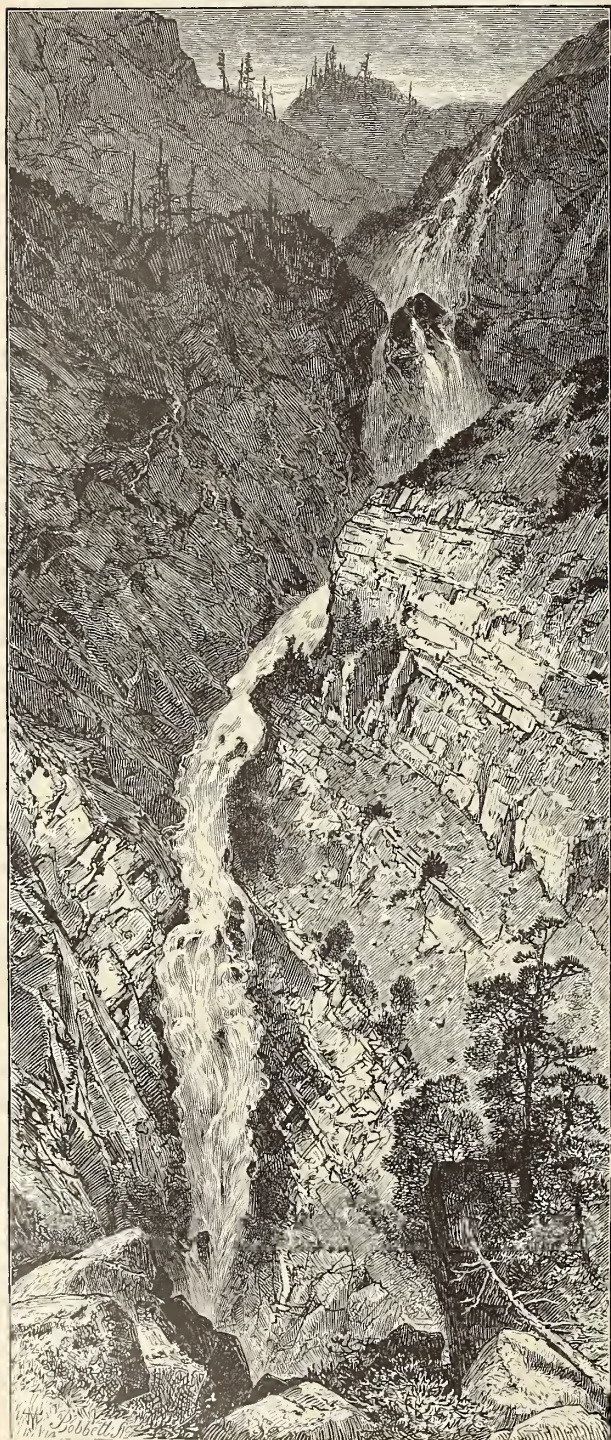
Heretofore we have spoken complainingly, it may seem, of the sombre quality of all we have seen, and its deficient power of evoking human sympathy. But at the Twin Lakes we have no more occasion for morbid brooding, but a chance to go into healthy raptures, and to admire some tender, almost pastoral scenery. The course of the Arkansas River is southward hereabout, touching the base of the central chain of the mountains. So it continues for one hundred miles, then branching eastward toward the Mississippi. In the lower part of the southward course the valley expands, and is bordered on the east by an irregular mass of low, broken hill-ranges, and on the west by the central range. Twenty miles above this point the banks are closely confined, and form a very picturesque gorge; still further above they again expand, and here are nestled the beautiful Twin Lakes. The larger is about two and a half miles long and a mile and a half wide; the smaller about half that size. At the upper end they are girt by steep and rugged heights; below they are bounded by undulating hills of gravel and boulders. A broad stream connects the two, and then hurries down the plain to join and swell the Arkansas. Our illustration does not exaggerate the chaste beauty of the upper lake, the smaller of the two. The contour of the surrounding hills is marvellously varied: here softly curving, and yonder soaring to an abrupt peak. In some things it transports us to the western Highlands of Scotland, and, as with their waters, its depths are swarming with the most delicately flavored, the most spirited and largest trout. Sportsmen come here in considerable numbers; and not the least charming object to be met on the banks is an absorbed, contemplative man, seated on some glacier-thrown boulder, with his slender rod poised and bending gracefully, and a pretty wicker basket, half hidden in the moist grass at his side, ready for the gleaming fish that flaunts his gorgeous colors in the steadily-lapping waters.

We advance from the Twin Lakes into the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and sojourn in a quiet little valley while the working-force of the expedition explores the



SNOW-MASS MOUNTAIN.

neighboring country. Two summits are ascended from our station, one of them a round peak of granite, full fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and only to



Elk-Lake Cascade.

be reached by assiduous and tiresome scrambling over fractured rocks. This we name La Plata. We are on the grandest uplift on the continent, Professor Whitney believes. The range is of unswerving direction, running north and south for nearly a hundred miles, and is broken into countless peaks over twelve thousand feet high. It is penetrated by deep ravines, which formerly sent great glaciers into the valley; it is composed of granite and eruptive rocks. The northernmost point is the Mount of the Holy Cross, and that we shall visit soon. Advancing again through magnificent upland meadows and amphitheatres, we come at last to Red-Mountain Pass, so named from a curious line of light near the summit, marked for half a mile with a brilliant crimson stain, verging into yellow from the oxidation of iron in the volcanic material. The effect of this, as may be imagined, is wonderfully beautiful. Thence we traverse several ravines in the shadow of the imposing granite mountains, enter fresh valleys, and contemplate fresh wonders. The ardent geologists of the expedition, ever alert, discover one day a ledge of limestone containing corals, and soon we are in a region filled with enormous and surprising developments of that material. We pitch our tents near the base of an immense

pyramid, capped with layers of red sandstone, which we name Teocalli, from the Aztec word, meaning "pyramid of sacrifice." The view from our camp is — we



MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

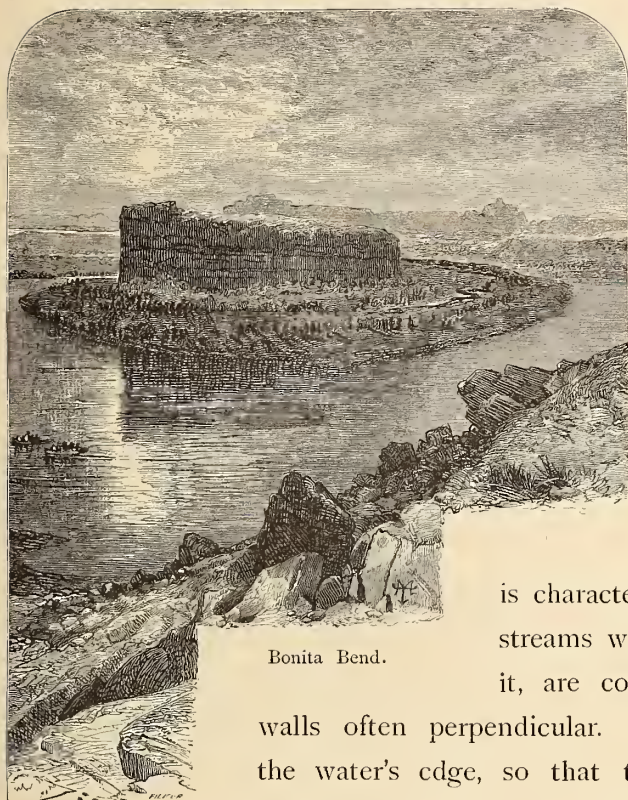
should say surpassing, could we remember or decide which of all the beauties we have is the grandest. Two hills incline toward the valley where we are stationed, ultimately falling into each other's arms. Between their shoulders there is a broad gap, and, in the rear, the majestic form of the Teocalli reaches to heaven.

In the distance we have seen two mountains which are temporarily called Snow-Mass and Black Pyramid. The first of these we are now ascending. It is a terribly hard road to travel. The slopes consist of masses of immense granitic fragments, the rock-bed from which they came appearing only occasionally. When we reach the crest, we find it also broken and cleft in masses and pillars. Professor Whitney ingeniously reckons that an industrious man, with a crow-bar, could, by a week's industrious exertion, reduce the height of the mountain one or two hundred feet. Some of the members of the expedition amuse themselves by the experiment, toppling over great fragments, which thunder down the slopes, and furrow the wide snow-fields below. It is this snow-field which forms the characteristic feature of the mountain as seen in the distance. There is about a square mile of unbroken white, and, lower down still, a lake of blue water. A little to the northward of Snow-Mass, the range rises into another yet greater mountain. The two are known to miners as "The Twins," although they are not at all alike, as the provisional names we bestowed upon them indicate. After mature deliberation the expedition rechristen them the White House and the Capitol, under which names we suppose they will be familiar to future generations. Not a great distance from here, leading down the mountain from Elk Lake, is a picturesque cascade, that finds its way through deep gorges and cañons to the Rio Grande.

The Mountain of the Holy Cross is next reached. This is the most celebrated mountain in the region, but its height, which has been over-estimated, is not more than fourteen thousand feet. The ascent is exceedingly toilsome even for inured mountaineers, and I might give you an interesting chapter describing the difficulties that beset us. There is a very beautiful peculiarity in the mountain, as its name shows. The principal peak is composed of gneiss, and the cross fractures of the rock on the eastern slope have made two great fissures, which cut into one another at right angles, and hold their snow in the form of a cross the summer long.

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS MORAN.



Bonita Bend.

NONE of the works of Nature on the American Continent, where many things are done by her upon a scale of grandeur elsewhere unknown, approach in magnificence and wonder the cañons of the Colorado. The river-system of the Colorado is, in extent of area drained, the second or third in the United States. The drainage of the Mississippi is, of course, far more extensive, and the drainage of the Columbia is nearly equal, or perhaps a little greater. It

is characteristic of the Colorado that nearly all the streams which unite to form it, or which flow into it, are confined in deep and narrow gorges, with walls often perpendicular. Sometimes the walls rise directly from the water's edge, so that there is only room between for the passage of the stream. In other places, the bottoms of the gorges widen out into valleys, through which roads may pass; and sometimes they contain small tracts of arable land. For the most part, the walls of the cañons of the Colorado-River system are not above a few hundred feet in height; and yet, there are more than a thousand miles of cañons where they rise ten or twelve hundred feet in perpendicular cliffs. The Grand Cañon, which Major Powell calls "the most profound chasm known on the globe," is, for a distance of over two hundred miles, at no point less than four thousand feet deep.

The Green River, which is familiar to every person who has passed over the Union Pacific Railroad, is one of the principal sources of the Colorado. The first successful attempt to explore the Grand Cañon was made by Major J. W. Powell, in 1869. He reached it then by descending the Green River with boats, built in Chicago, and carried by rail to Green-River Station. He accomplished the voyage of nearly a thousand miles in three months, one month being occupied in the passage of the Grand Cañon. Father Escalante had seen the Colorado in 1776, and the map which he constructed shows clearly the point at which he crossed. Fremont and Whipple had seen the cañon; and

Ives, in his expedition of 1857 and 1858, saw the Kanab, one of its largest branches, which he mistook for the Grand Cañon itself. But, previous to Major Powell's voyage of exploration, the course of a great part of the river was as little known as the sources of the Nile; and the accounts of the wonders of the Grand Cañon were held by many to be rather mythical, and greatly exaggerated.

The Colorado is formed by the junction of the Grand and Green Rivers in the eastern part of Utah. The distance from Green-River Station, by the course of the river, to the junction of the two streams, is four hundred fifty-eight and a half miles. The cañons begin very soon after leaving the railroad, and in the series named are Flaming Gorge, Kingfisher, and Red Cañons, Cañon of Lodore, Whirlpool and Yampa Cañons, Cañon of Desolation, Gray, Labyrinth, Stillwater, Cataract, Narrow, Glen, and Marble Cañons. Each has some peculiar characteristic, which, in most instances, is indicated by the name. There is generally no break in the walls between the different cañons, the divisions being marked by remarkable changes in their geological structure. The cañons whose names above precede Cataract, are on Green River before it joins the waters of the Grand.

Labyrinth is one of the lower cañons of the Green River. It is a wide and beautiful cañon, with comparatively low walls, but perpendicular and impassable. Indeed, from Gunnison's Crossing, one hundred and sixteen miles above the junction of the Grand and Green, to the running out of the Grand Cañon, a distance of five hundred eighty-seven and a half miles, there are only two places, and they are not more than a mile apart, where the river and its chasm can be crossed. At one point in Labyrinth Cañon, the river makes a long bend, in the bow of which it sweeps around a huge circular *butte*, whose regular and perpendicular walls look as though they might have been laid by a race of giant craftsmen. At a distance the pile resembles a vast, turret-shaped fortress, deserted and partly broken down. This point in the river is called Bonita Bend, and a view of it has been drawn by Mr. Moran from photographs taken by Major Powell's party. The waters in this cañon are smooth and shoal, and afforded the explorers, for many miles, a grateful rest from the toil and danger of shooting rapids, or making wearisome portages of the boats.

The junction of the Grand and Green Rivers brings together a flood of waters about equal in volume to the flow of Niagara. The Grand and Green meet in a narrow gorge more than two thousand feet deep; and at this point the cañons of the Colorado begin.

The first is called Cataract Cañon. It is about forty miles long. The descent of the river through this cañon is very great, and the velocity acquired by the current is sometimes equal to the speed of the fastest railroad-train. Great buttresses of the walls stand out into the rushing flood at frequent intervals, turning the rapid current into boiling whirlpools, which were encountered by the adventurous boatmen with great peril and



GLEN CAÑON.

labor. At the foot of Cataract Cañon, the walls of the chasm approach each other, and, for a distance of seven miles, the water rushes through Narrow Cañon at the rate of forty miles an hour.

At the end of Narrow Cañon, the character of the gorge changes, and, from that point to the place where the Paria River enters the Colorado, a distance of a hundred and forty and a half miles, it is called Glen Cañon. At the mouth of the Paria, a trail leads down the cliffs to the bottom of the cañon on both sides, and animals and wagons can be taken down and crossed over in boats. The Indians swim across on logs.

A mile above the Paria is the Crossing of the Fathers, where Father Escalante and

his hundred priests passed across the cañon. An alcove in this cañon, which the artist has drawn, illustrates the general character of the walls, and the scenery from which the cañon takes its name. The smooth and precipitous character of the walls of Glen Cañon is well shown in the illustration. The chasm is carved in homogeneous red sandstone, and in some places, for a thousand feet on the face of the rock, there is scarce a check or seam.

The most beautiful of all the cañons begins at the mouth of the Paria, and extends to the junction of the Little Colorado, or Chiquito, as it is called by the Indians. This part of the gorge is named Marble Cañon, and is sixty-five and a half miles long. The walls are of limestone or marble, beautifully carved and polished, and the forms assumed have the most re-



Buttresses of Marble Cañon.

markable resemblances to ruined architecture. The colors of the marble are various—pink, brown, gray, white, slate-color, and vermillion. The beautiful forms, with a suggestion of the grand scale on which they are constructed, are given by the two views in this cañon, which the artist has drawn. But it is only on large canvas, and by the use of the many-tinted brush, that any reproduction can be made, approaching truthfulness, of the combination of the grand and beautiful exhibited in the sculpturing, the colors, and the awful depth, of Marble Cañon.



MARBLE CAÑON.

The Marble Cañon runs out at the junction of the Chiquito and Colorado, at which point the Grand Cañon begins. The head of the Grand Cañon is in the north-eastern part of Arizona, and it runs out in the northwestern part, lying wholly within that Territory. Its general course is westerly, but it makes two great bends to the south. It is two hundred and seventeen and a half miles long, and the walls vary in height from four thousand to six thousand two hundred and thirty-three feet. It is cut through a series of levels of varying altitudes, the chasm being deepest, of course, where it passes through the highest. There are in the cañon no perpendicular cliffs more than three thousand feet in height. At that elevation from the river, the sides slope back, and rise by a series of perpendicular cliffs and benches to the level of the surrounding country. In many places it is possible to find gorges or side-cañons, cutting down through the upper cliffs, by which it is possible, and in some instances easy, to approach to the edge of the wall which rises perpendicularly from the river. At three thousand feet above the river, the chasm is often but a few hundred feet wide. At the highest elevation mentioned, the distance across is generally from five to ten miles.

At various places the chasm is cleft through the primal granite rock to the depth of twenty-eight hundred feet. In those parts of the cañon, which are many miles of its whole extent, the chasm is narrow, the walls rugged, broken, and precipitous, and the navigation of the river dangerous. The daring voyagers gave profound thanks, as though they had escaped from death, whenever they passed out from between the walls of granite into waters confined by lime or sandstone. Mr. Moran has drawn a section of these granite walls, showing some of the pinnacles and buttresses which are met at every turn of the river. The waters rush through the granite cañons at terrific speed. Great waves, formed by the irregular sides and bottom, threatened every moment to engulf the boats. Spray dashes upon the rocks fifty feet above the edge of the river, and the gorge is filled with a roar as of thunder, which is heard many miles away.

Fortunately, the wonders of the Grand Cañon can now be seen without incurring any of the peril, and but little of the hardship, endured by Major Powell and his companions. The writer of this, and Mr. Moran, the artist, visited two of the most interesting points in the cañon in July and August, 1873. We travelled by stage in hired vehicles—they could not be called carriages—and on horseback from Salt-Lake City to Toquerville, in Southwestern Utah, and thence about sixty miles to Kanab, just north of the Arizona line. Quite passable roads have been constructed by the Mormons this whole distance of about four hundred miles. At Kanab we met Professor A. H. Thompson, in charge of the topographical work of Major Powell's survey, and, with guides and companions from his camp, we visited the cañon.

Our first journey was to the Toroweap Valley, about seventy miles. By following down this valley we passed through the upper line of cliffs to the edge of a chasm cut



WALLS OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

in red sandstone and vermilion-colored limestone, or marble, twenty-eight hundred feet deep, and about one thousand feet wide. Creeping out carefully on the edge of the precipice, we could look down directly upon the river, fifteen times as far away as the waters of the Niagara are below the bridge. Mr. Hillers, who has passed through the cañon with Major Powell, was with us, and he informed us that the river below was a raging torrent; and yet it looked, from the top of the cliff, like a small, smooth, and sluggish river. The view looking up the cañon is magnificent and beautiful beyond the most extravagant conception of the imagination. In the foreground lies the profound gorge, with a mile or two of the river seen in its deep bed. The eye looks twenty miles or more through what appears like a narrow valley, formed by the upper line of cliffs. The many-colored rocks in which this valley is carved, project into it in vast headlands, two thousand feet high, wrought into beautiful but gigantic architectural forms. Within an hour of the time of sunset the effect is strangely awful, weird, and dazzling. Every moment until light is gone the scene shifts, as one monumental pile passes into shade, and another, before unobserved, into light. But no power of description can aid the imagination to picture it, and only the most gifted artist, with all the materials that artists can command, is able to suggest any thing like it.

Our next visit was to the Kai-bal Plateau, the highest plateau through which the cañon cuts. It was only after much hard labor, and possibly a little danger, that we reached a point where we could see the river, which we did from the edge of Powell Plateau, a small plain severed from the main-land by a precipitous gorge, two thousand feet deep, across which we succeeded in making a passage. Here we beheld one of the most awful scenes upon our globe. While upon the highest point of the plateau, a terrific thunder-storm burst over the cañon. The lighting flashed from crag to crag. A thousand streams gathered on the surrounding plains, and dashed down into the depths of the cañon in water-falls many times the height of Niagara. The vast chasm which we saw before us, stretching away forty miles in one direction and twenty miles in another, was nearly seven thousand feet deep. Into it all the domes of the Yosemite, if plucked up from the level of that valley, might be cast, together with all the mass of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and still the chasm would not be filled.

Kanab Cañon is about sixty miles long, and, by following its bed, one can descend to the bottom of the Grand Cañon. It is a very difficult task, requiring several days' severe labor. We were forced, by lack of time, which other engagements absorbed, to abandon the undertaking. The picture drawn by the artist of a pinnacle in one of the angles of the Kanab is from a photograph taken by Mr. Hillers. The pinnacle itself is about eight hundred, and the wall in the background of the illustration more than four thousand feet in altitude. A railroad is projected from Salt-Lake City to the southern settlements, and, when it is constructed, some of the most remarkable portions of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado will be as accessible as the valley of the Yosemite.



KANAB CAÑON.

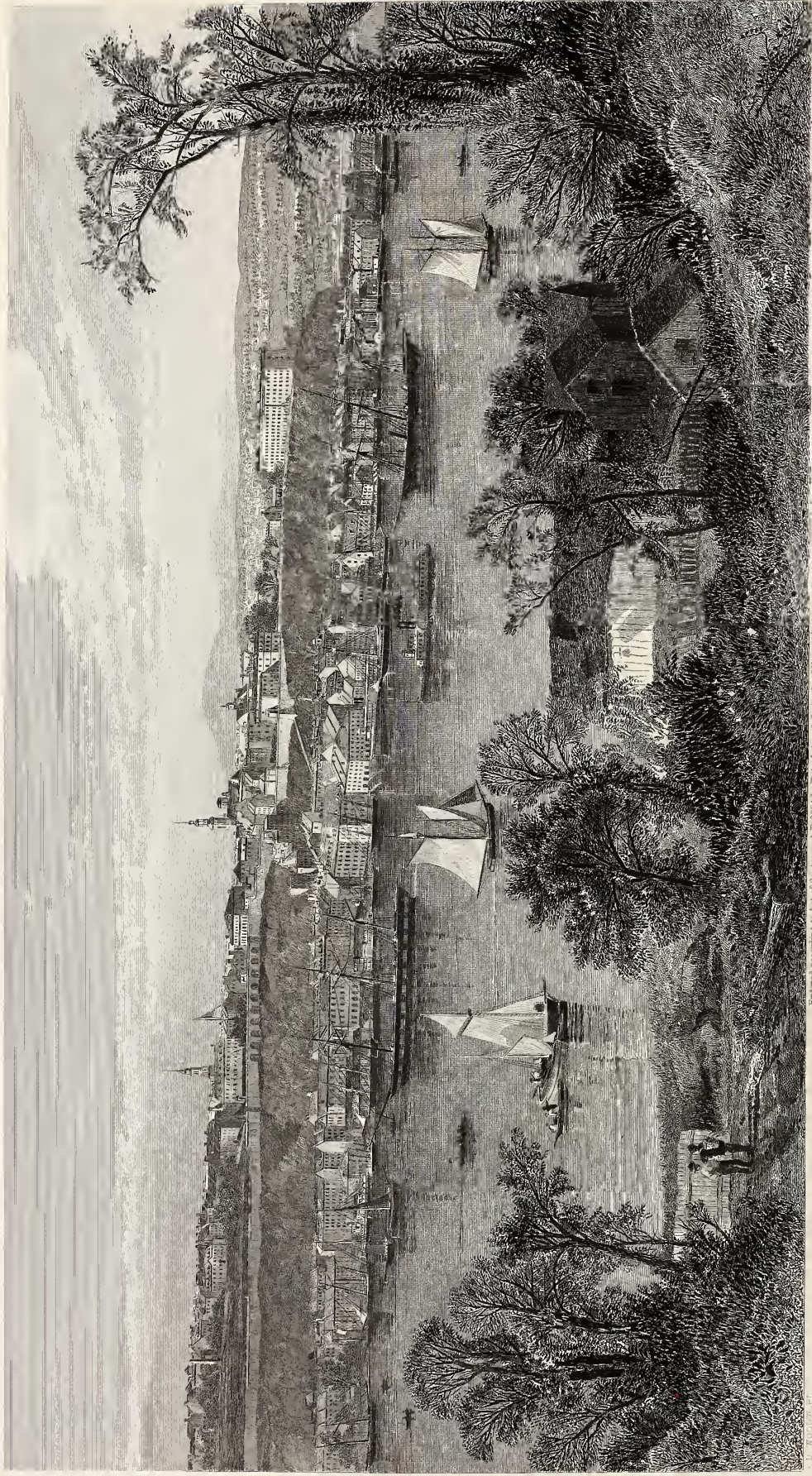
CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED R. WAUD.



Glimpse of Lake Michigan.

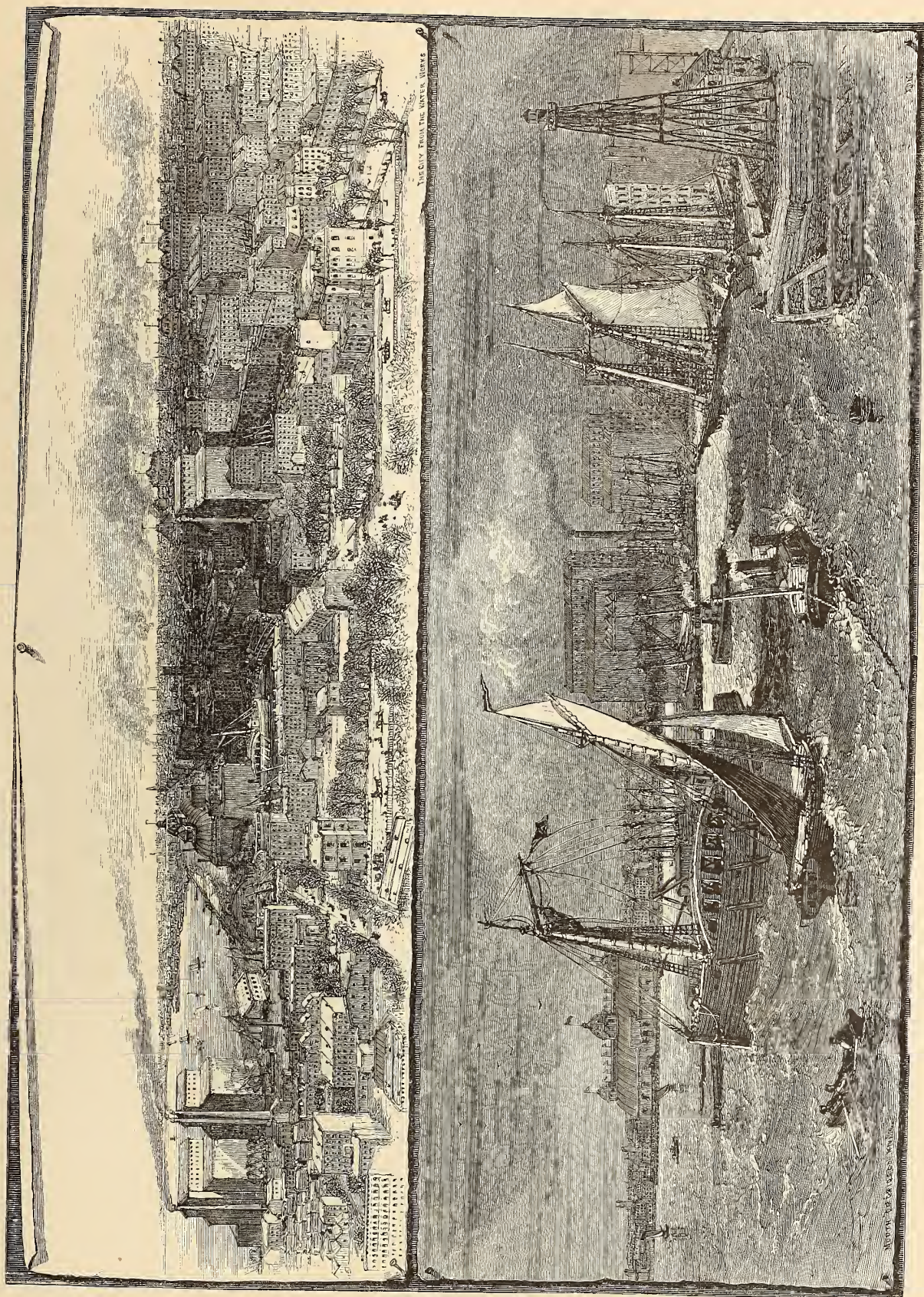
CHICAGO is as incomparable, in its own way, as Rome. Its history is as brilliant as it is brief, and, of all young American cities, it is the most famous. Less than half a century ago it was an Indian trading-station, with a mixed population of one hundred whites, blacks, and red-men. Long before the site was visited by a white man, it was, as we learn from "THE AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA," a favorite rendezvous for several Indian tribes in succession. The earliest recorded were the Tamaroas, the most powerful of many tribes of the Illini (whence the name of Illinois). The word Chicago is Indian, probably corrupted from *Checcaqua*, the name of a long line of chiefs, meaning "strong," a word also applied to a wild-onion that grew plentifully on the banks of the river that now winds through its busy streets. Let us accept only the first interpretation



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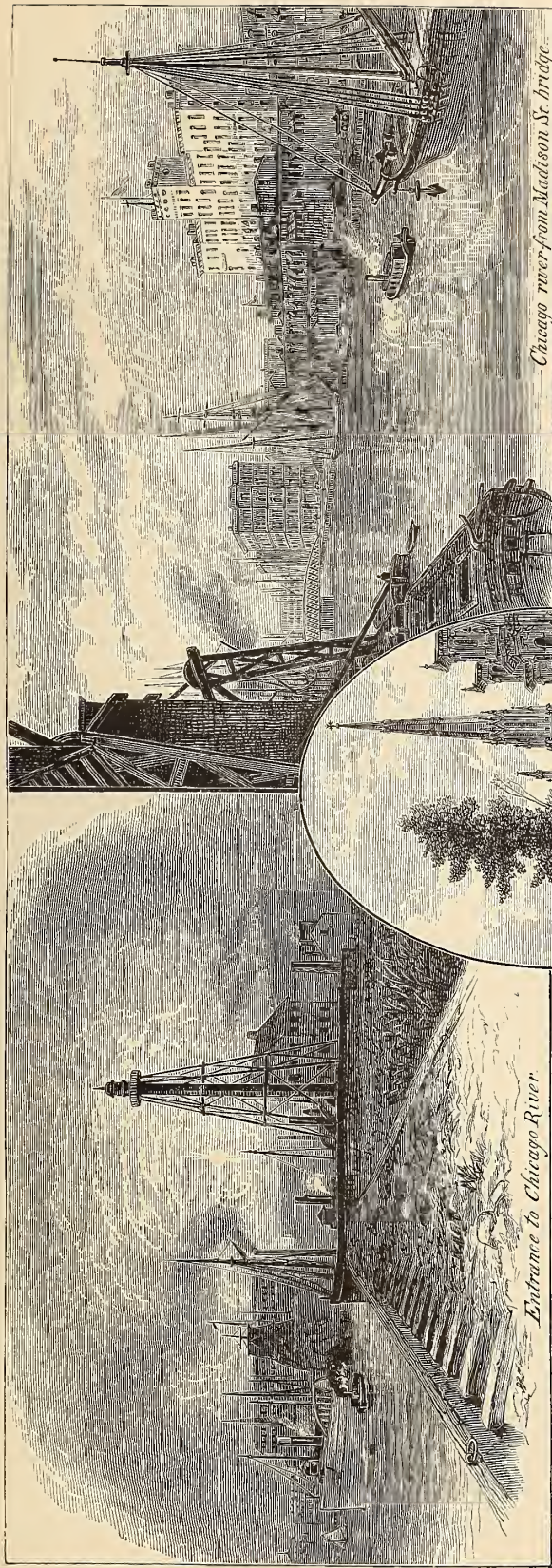


CHICAGO

of the word, and see in the present glories of the city a transmitted worth from the dusky heroes that once assembled on the spot for words of wisdom or deeds of valor. It was first visited by Marquette in 1673, and shortly afterward by other French explorers. The first geographical notice occurs in a map dated Quebec, Canada, 1683, as Fort Checagou. A fort was built by the French, and abandoned when Canada was ceded to Great Britain. Fort Dearborn was built in 1804, by the United States Government, on the south bank of the Chicago River, near its mouth. In 1812, when the war with Great Britain broke out, the government ordered the fort to be abandoned, fearing it could not be held. The garrison and others marched out, and, when a mile and a half from the fort, were attacked by the Pottawattamie Indians, who massacred sixty of them, including two women and twelve children, and then destroyed the fort. In 1816 the fort was rebuilt, and demolished in 1856. Chicago scarcely advanced a single step in the hundred and fifty years that followed the landing of Marquette. For a long time a few rude timber huts and a mission-house, on the low banks of the creeping stream, comprised the settlement. It had no natural beauties to invite immigrants with a taste for the picturesque. Few trees sheltered it from the hot shafts of the sun. North, south, and west, the prairie reached to the horizon; and, from eastward, Lake Michigan rolled in on a flat beach, with mournful reverberations. But, if it was deficient in beauties, it was rich in natural facilities for commercial intercourse. With the filling up of the West, the town began to show the natural advantages of its situation. In 1831 it contained about twelve families besides the garrison in Fort Dearborn, but in 1833 it contained five hundred and fifty inhabitants. In 1837 it was incorporated as a city, when the inhabitants numbered four thousand one hundred and seventy. In 1850 the population reached twenty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-six, in 1860 one hundred and nine thousand two hundred and sixty-three, and in 1870 nearly three hundred thousand souls, exclusive of the suburban. It is now the fifth city of the Union.

Chicago is situated on the west shore of Lake Michigan, eighteen miles north of the extreme southern point of the lake, at the mouth of a bayou, or river. The site of the business portion is fourteen feet above the level of the lake. It was originally much lower, but has been filled up from three to nine feet since 1856. It is divided into three parts by a bayou, called the Chicago River, which extends from the lake-shore about five-eighths of a mile, then divides into two branches, running north and south, nearly parallel with the lake, about two miles in each direction. The river and its branches, with numerous slips, give a water-frontage, not including the lake-front, of thirty-eight miles.

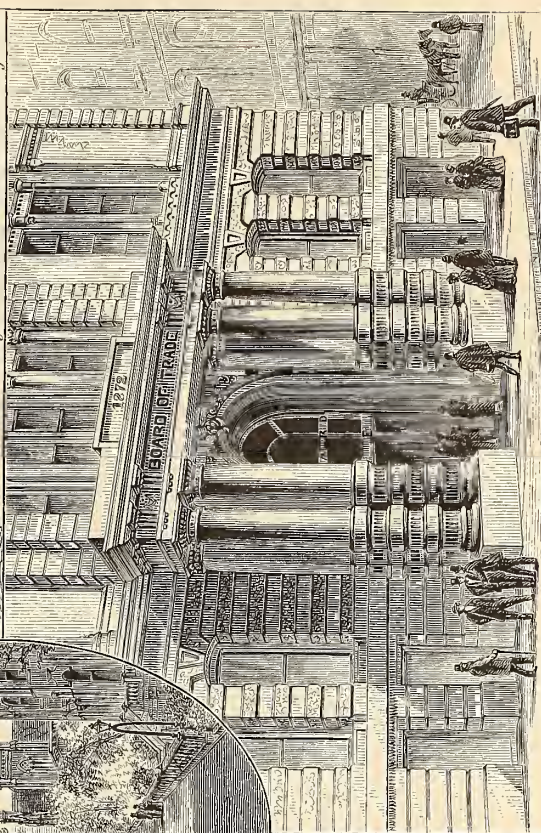
The destruction of the larger part of Chicago by fire, in 1871, is still fresh in the memory of every reader—a conflagration the most destructive of modern times, which was followed by a rebuilding of the city with an expedition and in a style of splendor that have made it the marvel of the age. Almost the entire business and much of the



Entrance to Chicago River.



Chicago river from Madison St. bridge.



Portico of the Board of Trade.



Michigan Avenue.

Michigan Avenue.

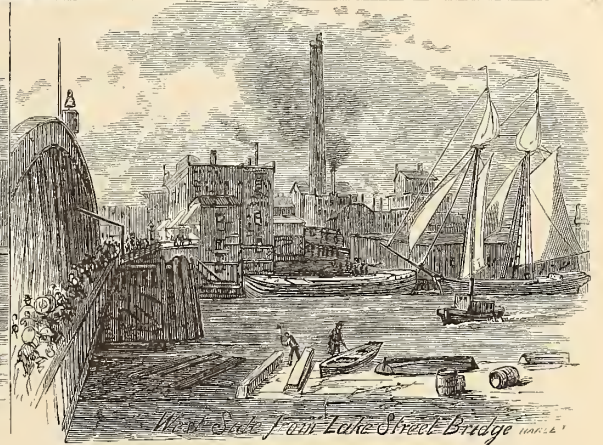
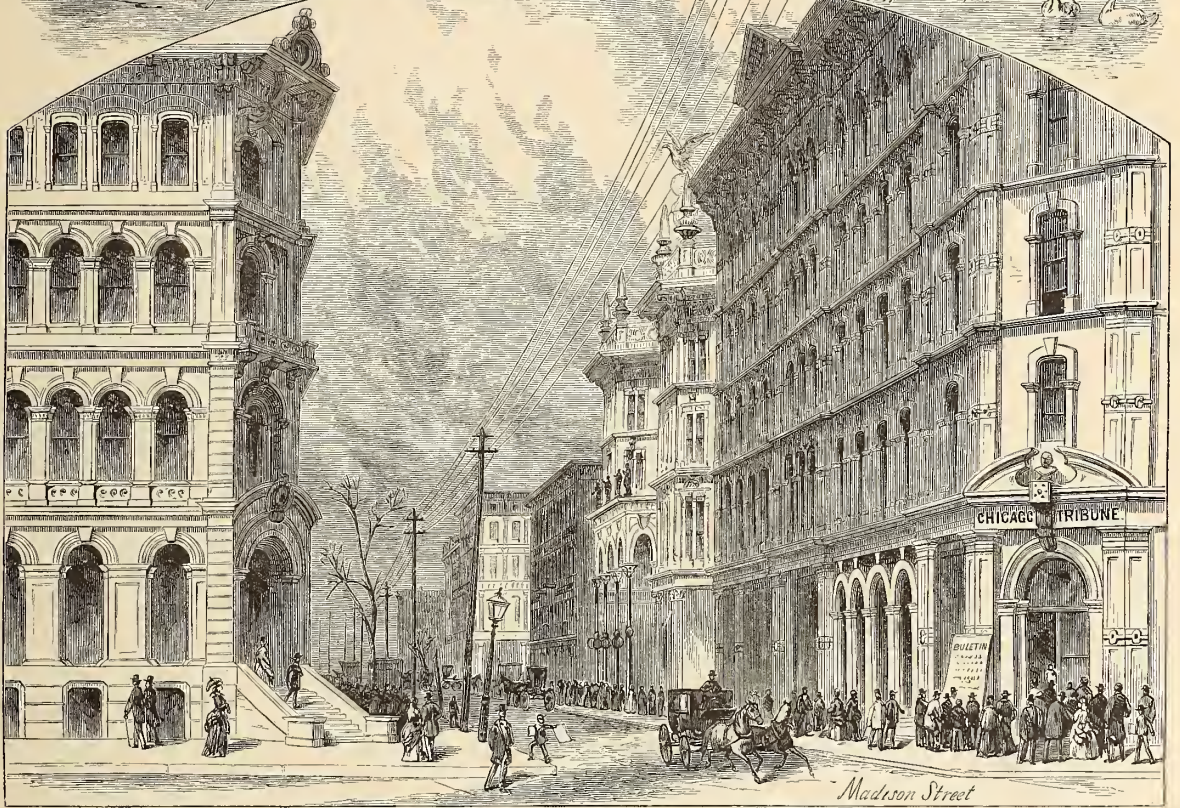
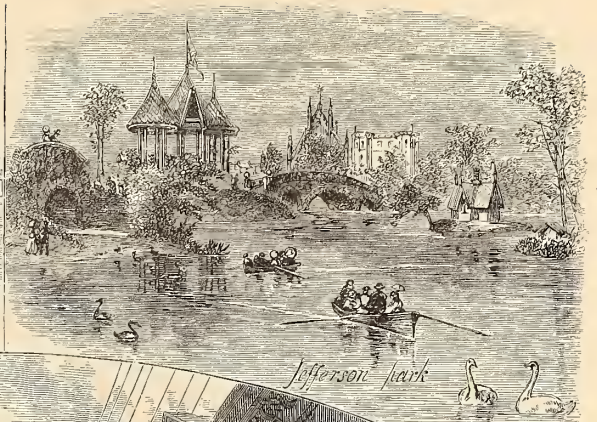
SCENES IN CHICAGO.

residence portion of the city were destroyed, the burned area covering nearly three and a half square miles, the number of buildings destroyed being over seventeen thousand, including the Court-House, Custom-House, Post-Office, forty-one churches, thirty-two hotels, ten theatres and halls, the total loss being estimated at one hundred and ninety million dollars.

Upon these ruins has arisen a city of singular beauty. It cannot be claimed, in the rapidly-constructed architecture of the city, that the best taste has always been followed. An excess of trivial ornament is everywhere apparent. But the business portion of the city has fewer evidences of bad taste than elsewhere, while the general effect of the façades is striking and even admirable. In all other American cities there is an unpleasant incongruity in the architecture—splendid warehouses cheek-by-jowl with mean ones, tall structures jutting up by short ones. This unhandsome irregularity is prevented in Paris by municipal regulation, and has for the most part been avoided in Chicago, inasmuch as all the structures are new, erected according to the latest taste and most developed ideas in architecture, and because the builders have seemed to act with some sort of coöperation. The view on the next page, entitled “Madison Street,” gives a good idea of the beauty of the façades in the new business portion. This fact gives Chicago the palm among American cities in an important particular.

Our American cities are not usually picturesque. Their sites were selected for commercial convenience; hence they are generally flat. Time has not yet mellowed their tints, nor age given quaintness to their structures. Long rows of handsome business façades, and avenues of embowered cottages, however gratifying to their citizens, do not supply the stuff which the soul of the artist hungers for. But Chicago has one very striking picturesque feature. This is its river, winding through its heart, lined with warehouses, filled with vessels, and crossed by bridges. Here is a grateful change to the monotony of stone and mortar; here are animation, rich contrasts of color and form, picturesque confusion—all that sort of stir and variety that an artist delights in. This river one encounters in almost any direction that he may proceed; and one who loves to watch moving ships, hurrying boats, bustling shores, thronged bridges, can amuse himself for hours in studying the ever-varying picture. There are thirty-three of these bridges; but, ample as this communication might seem, the impatient citizens found that the draws of the bridges were so constantly open for passing vessels that, in order to facilitate connection with different parts of the city, tunnels have been constructed under the river. These add a novel and interesting feature to the city, as well as greatly facilitate intercourse between the parts separated by the river.

A very beautiful portion of the city was not destroyed in the great conflagration. This included several fine avenues of residences extending toward the south. Wabash Avenue and Michigan Avenue are as famous as Fifth Avenue of New York, although not resembling that famous thoroughfare. They are of a semi-suburban character, lined



SCENES IN CHICAGO.



Clay Cliffs, Shore of Lake Michigan.

with tree-shadowed villas and mansions, and fine churches; and here, at all fashionable hours, may be seen gay throngs of carriages, equestrians, and pedestrians.

Chicago has a noble system of public parks, covering an area of nineteen hundred acres, and numbering six distinct enclosures. All are not yet completed. One park lies on the lake-shore, and affords a delightful drive by the green-tinted waters of the great inland sea. Lincoln Park is very charming, with its little lake, its winding stream crossed by many pretty little bridges, its sylvan glades, and its wooded knolls; and Jefferson Park has similar charming features.

Among objects of interest are the great tunnel for supplying the city with water from the lake; artesian wells; towering grain-elevators, from the tops of which expansive views may be had; immense stock-yards; and the usual educational, literary, and art institutions that in every American city spring up side by side with the material interests.

Milwaukee lies about ninety miles directly northward from Chicago, with



SUNSET, LAKE MICHIGAN.

which there is communication both by rail and by steamers. The sail is very pleasant, and occupies only a few hours. If you leave Chicago in the evening, you may see one of the lake-sunsets of which so much is heard—a sunset in which the sun descends behind rolling banks of clouds, shedding the most gorgeous hues on the sky and on the sea. On the way northward the shore of the lake assumes extraordinary forms, especially at a suburb of Chicago called Lake Forest, which is about twenty-eight miles from the city. Here the ground is soft and clayey, and the constantly encroaching surf has worn it into curious columns and peaks, some of them twisted and seamed in the most astonishing fashion. The forms are constantly changing under the action of the



Shore of Lake Michigan.

water, and we are told that, after a gale, during which the surf has been very high, the appearance of the shore is almost completely changed in many places. At one point, a bank reaches to the water in sharply-serrated ridges, which have the exact appearance of miniature mountain-ranges. The narrow line of sandy beach is often strewn with wrecked trees that have been torn from their beds and still hold their leaves. A more melancholy sight than these wanton ravages of Nature present can scarcely be imagined. A short distance from the shore, however, the country is very picturesque, and many Chicago merchants have chosen it as the seat of their summer villas.

Occasionally the shore rises into a noble bluff, sinking again into a beach, with a



THE SHORE AT LAKE FOREST.

gloomy wood in the rear. There are several towns and villages on the route, with here and there a white fishing-station, consisting of a rude hut on a low beach, and half a dozen row-boats. The most important of the towns are Kenosha and Racine. Kenosha lies some fifty miles north of Chicago ; it is situated on a high bluff, has a good harbor, and the surrounding country is a beautiful, fertile prairie. Racine, which lies seven miles farther to the north, is in size the second city of the State of Wisconsin in population and commerce, and is noted for a good harbor. It is situated at the



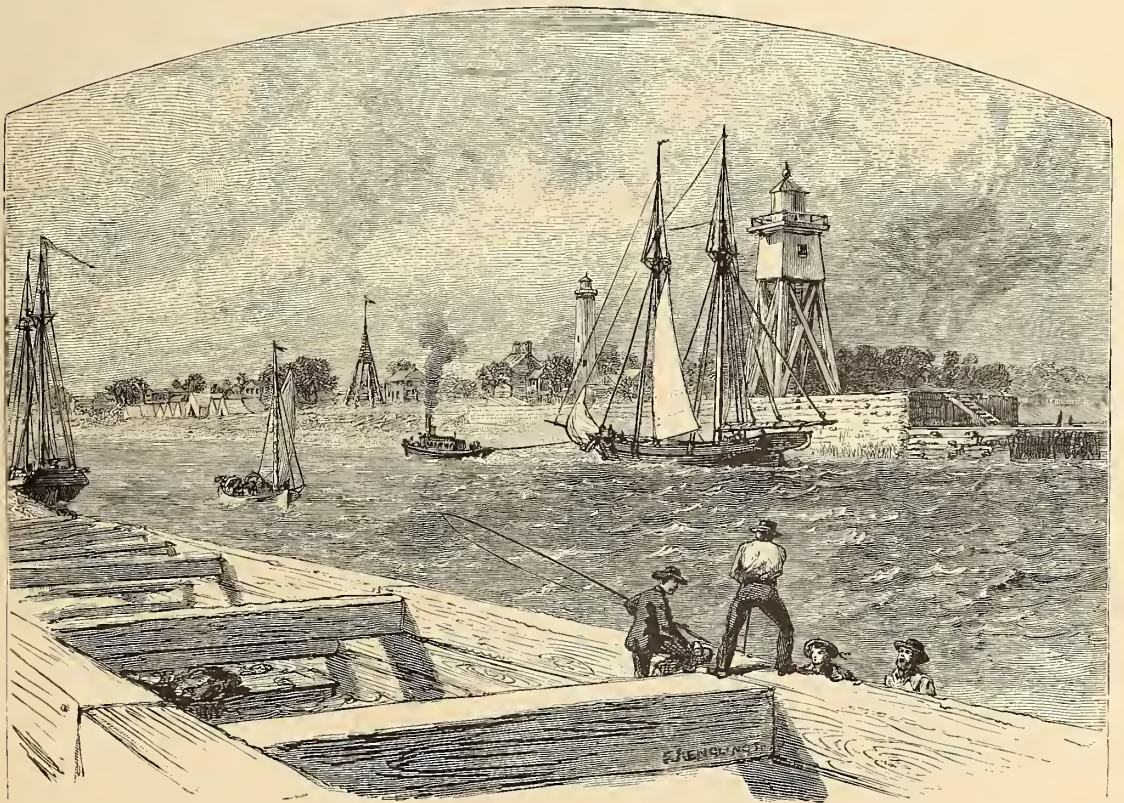
Lake Michigan, near Lake Forest.

foot of Rock River, on a plain forty feet above the level of the lake, and is handsomely laid out in wide and well-built streets. Immense piers, stretching far out into the lake, are a characteristic feature. Racine has a college named after the place.

Milwaukee, like Chicago, is prepossessing. It is the commercial capital of Wisconsin, and has a population of nearly eighty thousand souls. Like Chicago, too, it is divided into three districts, East, West, and South, by a junction of the Menomonee and the Milwaukee Rivers. The area embraced is seventeen miles square, and contains



Fishing-station.



Kenosha Harbor.



Kenosha.

one hundred and sixty streets, with fourteen thousand dwellings in nine wards. The river has been dammed, and its banks are the site of several important industries. The ground is more hilly than in Chicago; and Milwaukee, in some particulars, may claim to be the prettier. A large proportion of the population consists of Germans, who give the city a distinctive character and appearance. The Americans say that they are like the inhabitants of a village, and are all familiar with one another's names and business. But, while the visitor is constantly confronted by German signs, and his ears are constantly filled with German sounds, Milwaukee people have the noticeable briskness of manner peculiar to the Northwest.

The city has so many domes, turrets, cupolas, spires, and towers, that you might imagine yourself in some Mediterranean port, especially if it happened that you had never been in a Mediterranean port. The architecture is diverse in the extreme, combining the most widely-different styles; but it is invariably ornate, and lavishes plaster statuary, plaster and iron castings, scroll-work, and filigree, without distinction,

on the smallest and largest buildings. As we all know, Milwaukee is called the "Cream City of the Lakes," not because it is famously lactescent, but because the color of the brick used is a delicate yellow. This material produces some very pretty effects, and is used very largely. The outlying residence-streets are well sheltered by trees and shrubbery, and most of the houses have large gardens in the front and rear, with ample porticos reaching out. Grottos and arbors are also found in many gardens, the arbors sometimes being of the most curious form, enlivened by the brightest paints.

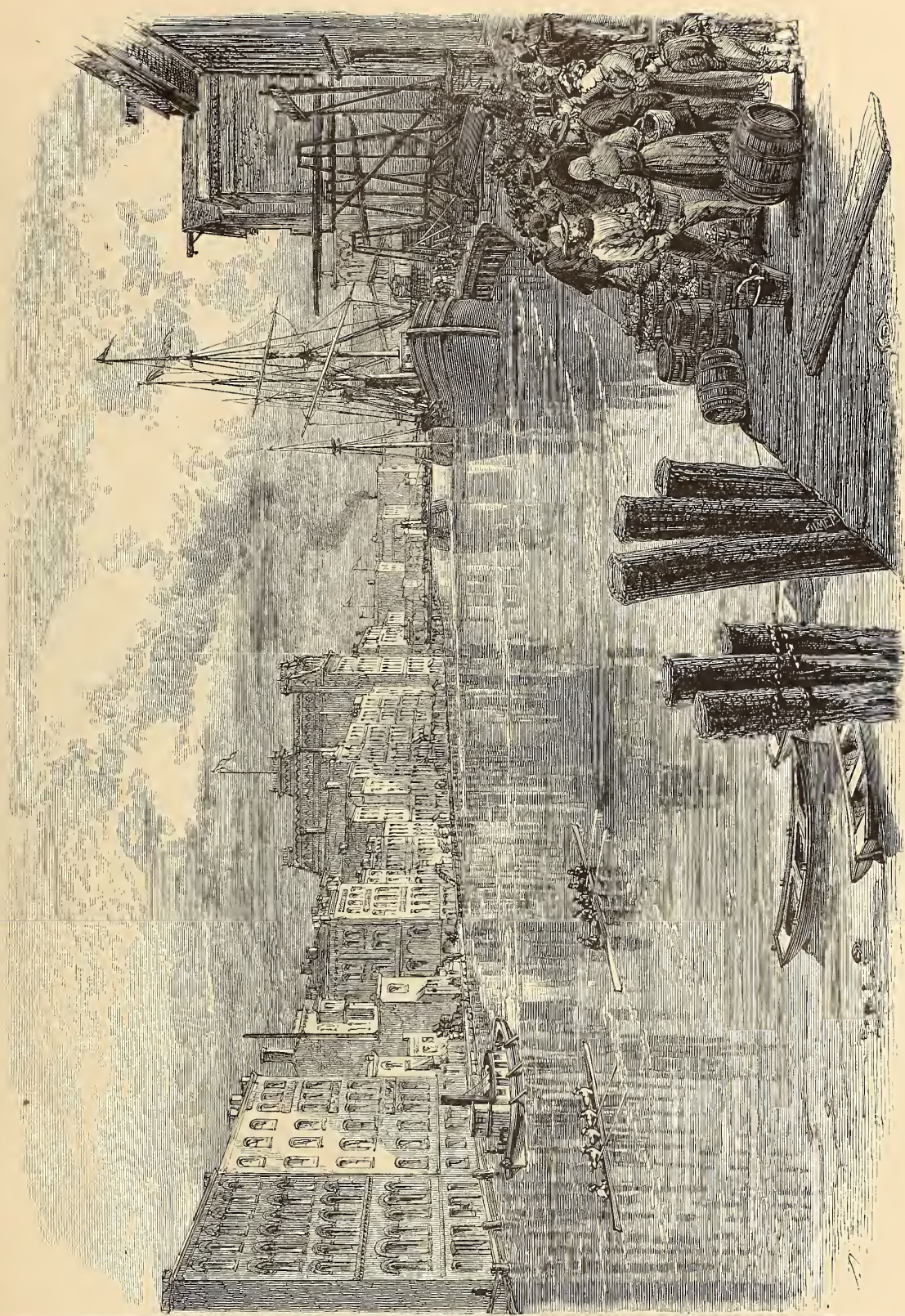
The river is navigable for the largest class of lake-vessels two miles inland from the lake, and is spanned by several bridges. The wharves are substantially built out of wood, and are lined with handsome and extensive structures, vastly superior to those found on the waterfront of Chicago and New York. Propellers of a thousand tons' burden are moored at the very door-ways of the newest and finest warehouses, and their gangways lead con-



Racine.



CITY OF MILWAUKEE.



MILWAUKEE RIVER, AT MILWAUKEE.

veniently into the best markets. The river, indeed, is an attractive resort, and a pair of four-oared shells are often to be seen pulling briskly among the fleet of steamers and sailing-vessels ever moving in the stream. Milwaukee manufactures nearly three million gallons of lager-beer annually. Immense brick breweries, capacious beer gardens and saloons, abound; but the beer-drinkers are church-goers, and support sixty religious edifices, of various denominations, besides many excellent literary institutions and schools. Among the curiosities of the place are the elevators, which have a storage capacity for five million bushels of grain, one of them alone having a capacity for one million five hundred bushels. There is also a flouring-mill, which grinds one thousand barrels of flour daily. But we cannot even mention all the things that are to be seen in Milwaukee, and can only add that, as it is one of the most charming, it is also one of the most active and prosperous of the cities in the Western country.

The name "Milwaukee" carries in its sound the evidence of its Indian origin. It is a modified spelling of "Milwaiky," the designation given by the Indians to a small village near the site of the present city, and is said to signify "rich or beautiful land." Like so many of the Western cities that we carelessly call new and young, Milwaukee has a history reaching far beyond the time of written records. Not only are there relics here of very ancient Indian habitations, but the mounds found and opened near the town show unmistakable proofs of the residence of an even earlier race, whose very traditions are now extinct.

The authentic and recorded story of the site of the city is, it is true, very brief. We have no mention of any earlier visitor of European race to this region than Father Marquette, the indefatigable French explorer, who came here in 1674. After him, very few, except Jesuit missionaries and occasional traders, visited the place, until the beginning of the present century. In 1818 a trader of French descent settled in the Indian village of Milwaiky—one Salomon Juneau, whose family were the only white inhabitants until 1835. After the Black-Hawk War, when the Indians were pressed farther to the west, others came and settled near Juneau's block-house. George Walker and Byron Kilbourn appear to share with the Frenchman the honor of founding the actual town. From their village to the Milwaukee of to-day is a change too often repeated in our Western cities to continue a matter of wonder.

A GLANCE AT THE NORTHWEST.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED R. WAUD.

WISCONSIN people are generally quiet about the beauties of their State, and submissively listen to a great deal of random talk about lone backwoods and prairie-wastes, that people who have not been there ignorantly diffuse. But if, perchance, when you are planning a summer's vacation, you should feel weary of the more frequented routes of travel, you cannot do better than devote a week or longer to a journey that includes many more picturesque features than these backwoods and prairie-wastes. Go round the great lakes, for instance; break the voyage at one of the lake-ports—say Manitowoc, or Sheboygan—and find your way to the Wisconsin River by the Central Wisconsin Railway.

The guide-books and gazetteers have very little to say on the subject. The most that you will learn from them is, that the natural feature peculiar to the State is the uniformity of its elevation and the shape of its surface, which is neither mountainous, nor flat, nor hilly, but gently undulating; that the river Wisconsin has its entire course within the State, and

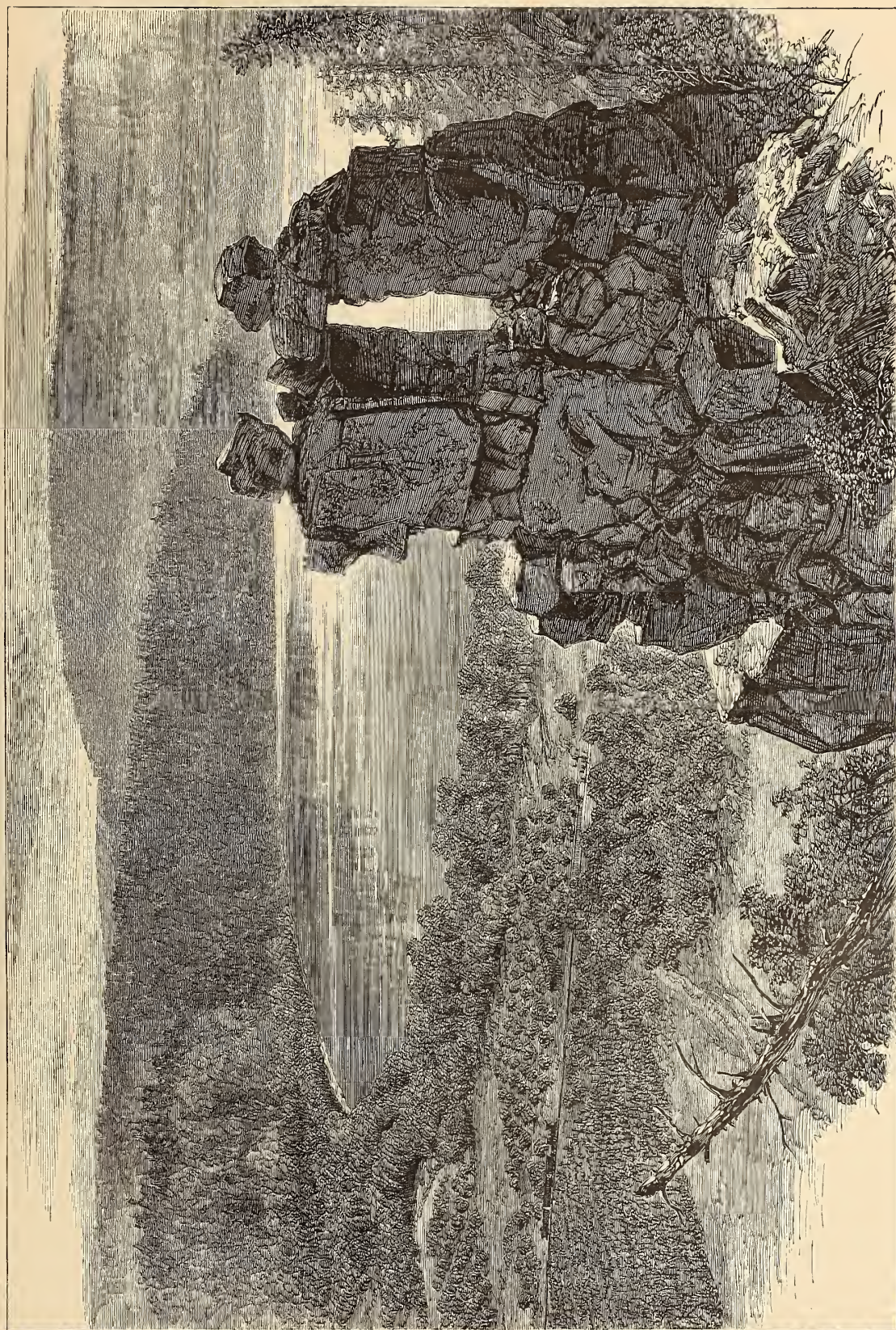


In Rood's Glen.

that it flows centrally, and enters the Mississippi, on its eastern border; that the only notable hills in the State are a range to the west of the river, which still do not deserve the name of mountains; that woodland is abundant, and especially increases in thickness near Green Bay, although it is diversified with rolling prairie, marsh, and swamp.

But there is much besides to be seen in this neglected State, and you will do well to pick out your own route, or select the rambling one that we followed last autumn. Near Kilbourn City, a sluggish little town, about half-way between the source and the mouth of the Wisconsin River, touched by the La Crosse branch of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, you will find Rood's Glen, a bit of scenery that will vividly recall to your memory Havana and Watkins Glens, the structure of which it resembles very closely, as will be seen in our artist's sketch. It is deep-set between walls of soft-looking limestone and moist earth, fissured and wrinkled into many ledges and terraces, which are so near together in some parts as to almost form a cavern. The bottom is smooth and sandy, covered with a shallow pool, which reflects the bright greenery of the trees and grass that are twisted and interlocked into a natural arch overhead. Some leafy boughs start out from the moss, their stalks interlaced in closest union; and, as they sway and rustle in the breeze, the cool blue of the sky and rifts of fleecy cloud are also mirrored in the silver pool, with the sombre green of the mossy recesses, the brown shadow of the walls, and the lighter, fresher shades of the grass and foliage. It is a beautiful spot, where you may rest in sweet idleness for hours, listening to the cadenced trickling of the spring as it blends with the fluttering of the leaves and the chorus of birds in the fields around.

And not many miles from this unheard-of city of Kilbourn are other scenes, not less picturesque. In Barraboo County, in a basin for the most part walled in with abrupt hills, reposes the Devil's Lake, a sheet of water as pretty as its name is repellent. It is of no great extent, not more than one and a half mile in length; and it does not figure in the maps. But it is a gem of Nature; and, in the autumn, the contrast of its still, emerald-green waters with the rich colors of the foliage, and the weird forms of its gray rocks, is inexpressibly lovely. Its origin was, without doubt, volcanic, the surrounding cliffs bearing evidences of the action of great heat as well as of frost. Round about, too, are many extraordinary forms, a description of which would fill a long and interesting chapter. The Devil's Door-way, of which we give an illustration, is characteristic; and from its portals we obtain an excellent view of a portion of the lake, and the serene vale of Kirkwood, with its orchards, and the vineyards that are already celebrated for their wine. Beyond these are wide reaches of hill and forest, thick with a dusky growth of spruce, pine, birch, oak, and aspen, extending to the water's edge, and abounding with deer and other game. Cleopatra's Needle is another of the curious monuments of Nature's freaks to which we have alluded. It is an isolated column of rock, nearly sixty



DEVIL'S DOOR-WAY, DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN



Cleopatra's Needle, Devil's Lake, Wisconsin.

feet high, piercing a surrounding bosket at a point where the cliffs are sheer to the bosom of the lake.

Regaining the river, we travel southward, in the track of the railroad part of the way, passing Lone Rock, a dot of an island in the mid-stream. It is nearly circular in form, with an area of not many square yards; and its sides have a streaky, corrugated

appearance. A score or so of thin, repressed pine-trees do their best to shield its barrenness and be friendly; but it will not be comforted, and stands out bleakly, the current lapping and eddying sadly at its feet. At another point of the river the boundary rocks counterfeit the sterns of four or five steamboats moored together, with their several tiers of galleries, one above another; and, as we approach the Dalles near the mouth, there are two isolated rocks on the river-bank—one of them closely resembling a cobbler's awl, and the other slightly suggesting the same unromantic article. Hereabout the stream



Lone Rock, Wisconsin River.

straggles through a desolate, wild, melancholy reach of flat land, with low-lying forests of timber around; and the general inelination of the scenery to look like something artificial is again manifest in an opposite rock, the outlines of which hint at the paddle-box of a steamer. In the Dalles we pass through six miles of enchanting beauty. The word (pronounced *dälz*), which has become very common in the West, is of French origin, and means "a trough." Hence it is bestowed on this part of the river, which passes between hills of solid limestone, from thirty to one hundred feet high. The forms are among the most picturesque that we have yet seen. Some of the rocks rise sharply from

the water, and extend outward near their summits, so as to form a sort of shelter for the luxuriant grass that crops out in slender, wavy blades from the shoals. Others are perpendicular from their base to the table-land above, which is richly verdant with grass, and evergreen shrubs and trees. Here there is a narrow slope, bringing leafy boughs to the water's edge; and yonder a shadowy inlet, its entrance hidden by a curtain of delicately colored, seemingly luminous leaves. The shadows on the water are of exquisitely varied hues and forms. The sky, the clouds, the leaves, are mingled on the unruffled



Steamboat Rock, Wisconsin River.

surface, save where the massive rock intervenes. At the Jaws we move from one spot which we think the most lovely to another that exceeds, and on through inexhaustible beauties, in a state of unalloyed rapture. There is as much "life" in the Dalles as the most sociable of tourists could desire. On fine days in the summer the water is skimmed by pleasure-barges and row-boats, filled with gayly-dressed people from neighboring towns; and at all times lumber-rafts are descending slowly to the Mississippi, manned by half-savage, outlandish fellows, thoroughly picturesque in aspect, if nothing else. The rocks



STAND ROCK, ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

echo the laughter and songs of the pleasure-seekers, who pause to cheer us as we paddle farther down the stream toward the great river of the Southwest.

Scattered over the plains of Wisconsin are found curious earthworks of fantastic and extraordinary forms, relics of a race that inhabited Wisconsin centuries ago. At Aztalan, in Jefferson County, there is an ancient fortification, five hundred and fifty yards



Dalles of the Wisconsin, "The Jaws."

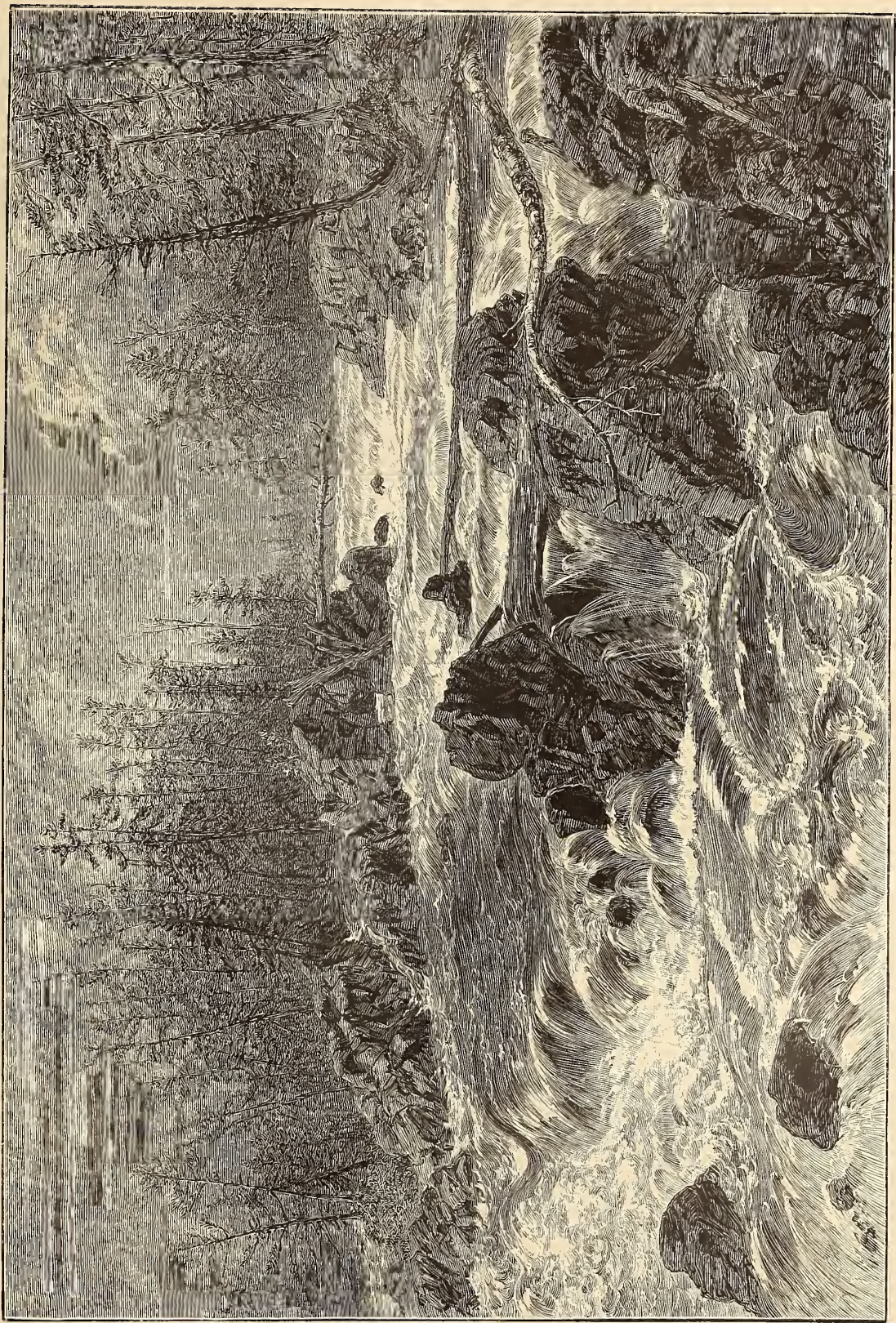
long, two hundred and seventy-five yards wide, with walls four or five feet high. There are also numerous water-falls to be seen—the Chippewa, Big Bull, Grandfather Bull, and the St. Croix—all of them interesting and accessible; besides, Pentwell Peak, an oval mass of rock, three hundred feet wide, two hundred feet high, and nine hundred feet long; and Fortification Rock, a picturesque stroke of Nature, which towers one hundred



Engraved by J. H. Johnson, and published by J. H. Johnson, 101 Nassau Street, New York.

Harpers Ferry by Moonlight

New York, 1841.



THE DALLES OF THE ST. LOUIS.

feet high, and on one side is a sheer precipice, while on the other an easy descent is made to the plain by a series of natural terraces.

From Wisconsin we run northward to the thriving town of Duluth and the St.-Louis River, and visit the Dalles of the St. Louis, which are better known, but not more beautiful, than other places we have already seen in our tour. The sentiment of the scene is not inspiring; Nature is harsh, rugged, and sombre, tearing her way in a water-course four miles long, with a descent of four hundred feet. The banks are formed



Red River, Dakota.

of cold, gray slate-rocks, clad with an ample growth of bleak pine, and twisted, split, and torn into the wildest of shapes. Through the dismal channel thus bordered the current surges with terrific force, leaping and eddying, and uttering a savage roar that the neighboring hills sullenly reverberate. Here and there an immense boulder opposes and is nearly hidden by the seething, hissing, foamy waves, which dance and struggle around and over it, sometimes submerging it, and then, exhausted, falling into a quieter pace. Occasionally the spray leaps over the banks, and forms a silver thread of a rivulet, which trickles over the stones until its little stream tumbles into the unsparing current again,

and is lost. This continuous rapid of four miles is a grand, deeply impressive sight; but on a stormy day, when great white clouds are rolling downward, and the wind adds its voice to that of the turbulent waters, we shiver and sigh involuntarily as we contemplate it.

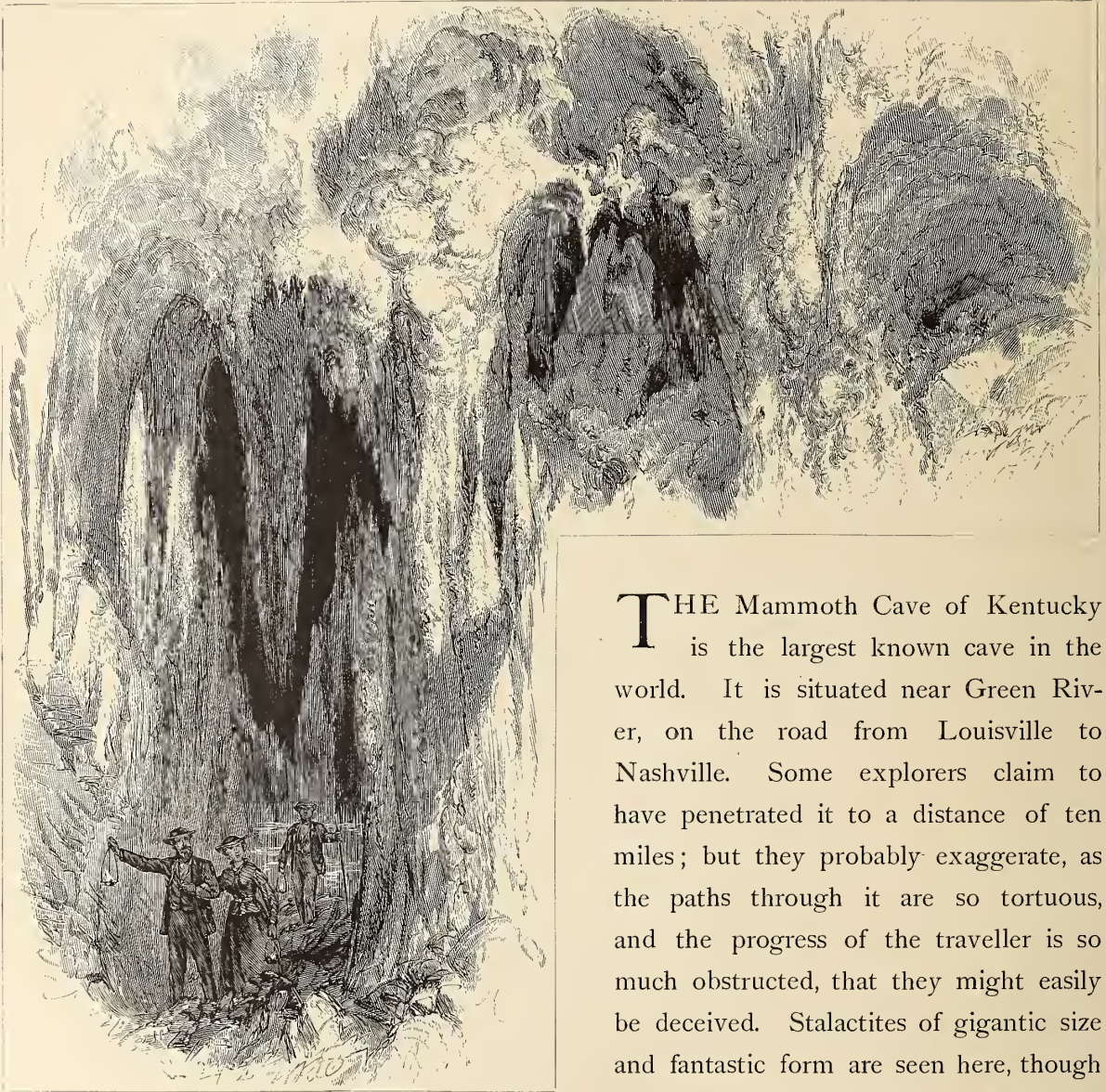
From Minnesota we cross to the Red River of the North, in Dakota—a stream with an evil reputation for its sadness and loneliness. The names of its surroundings are far from encouraging—such as Thief River, Snake River, and Devil's Lake—but some of the scenery has a quiet, pastoral character, as will be seen in the accompanying sketches. The water is muddy and sluggish, and within Minnesota alone is navigable four hundred miles, for vessels of three feet draught, four months in the year. The banks are comparatively low, and are luxuriantly grassy and woody. There are “bits” of secluded landscape that transport us to New England, but we are soon recalled by a glimpse of an Indian trail through the grass, a canoe toiling against the stream, and a clump of decaying trees in withered, uncared-for desolation.



Indian Trail, Bank of Red River.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED R. WAUD.



THE Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is the largest known cave in the world. It is situated near Green River, on the road from Louisville to Nashville. Some explorers claim to have penetrated it to a distance of ten miles; but they probably exaggerate, as the paths through it are so tortuous, and the progress of the traveller is so much obstructed, that they might easily be deceived. Stalactites of gigantic size and fantastic form are seen here, though they are not as brilliant as those that

adorn other and smaller caves elsewhere. But, if the Mammoth Cave is deficient in pretty effects, it is crowded with wild, fantastic, and deeply impressive forms, that almost forbid the intrusion of the curiosity-seeking tourist from the surface of the earth.

The railway deposits you at Cave City, and thence a stage-ride of ten miles brings you to an old-fashioned Kentucky hotel, where guides are procured for the exploration. Each person is provided with a lamp; and then you are led, in military order, by a pompous negro, who shouts "Halt!" and "March!" with comical gravity, down a path



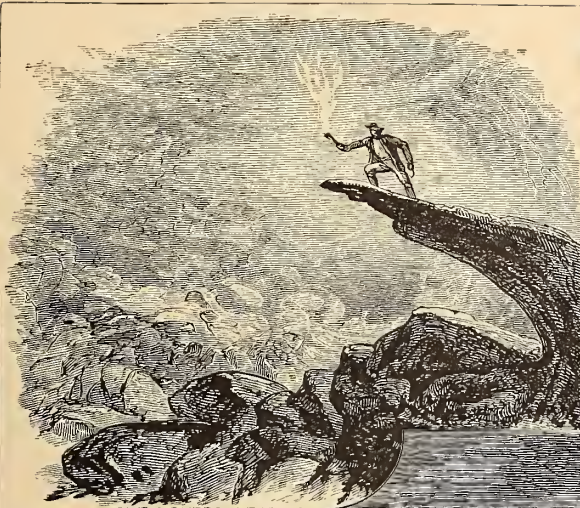
SCENES IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

that enters a wooded ravine, and, slanting aside, terminates suddenly at the portals of the cave. The entrance is abundantly supplied with vegetation. Trailing plants descend from the arch above; grass and moss grow thickly around; and the cool beauty of the scene is enhanced by a slender thread of water, which falls continually into a small pool below. But you have little time to linger here. The conductor lights the lamps, and, in a severe voice, calls "Forward!" A few lichens wander a little way in from the entrance, with the daylight, and then all vegetation abruptly ceases. You are ushered into a primitive chaos of wild limestone forms, moist with the water oozing from above. A strong current of air is behind you, as you think; but it is in reality the "breath" of the cave. In explanation, you are told that the temperature of the cave is fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit the year round, and the cave exhales or inhales, as the temperature outside is above or below this uniform standard. As you proceed farther, the chill felt near the entrance passes away, and the air is still, dry, and warm.

For nearly half a mile on your way you see, in the dim light, the ruins of the saltpetre works that were built in 1808, by persons in the employ of the United States Government. The huge vats and tools still remain undecayed. The print of an ox's hoof is embedded in the hard floor, and the ruts of cart-wheels are also traceable.

Advancing farther, you enter the Rotunda, which is illuminated for a moment by a sheet of oiled paper lighted by the guide. It is over seventy-five feet high, one hundred and sixty feet across, directly under the dining-room of the hotel, and the beginning of the main cave. These things are imparted to you, in a loud voice, by the guide. The lamps throw a feeble light on the dark, irregular walls, broken in places by the mysterious entrances to several avenues which lead from the main cave, and are said to extend altogether a distance of one hundred miles! What if the lights should go out? The thoughtful guide is provided with matches, and he will proudly tell you that there is scarcely a spot into which a traveller could stray that he is not familiar with. As you tramp onward, your companions ahead are rimmed with light; and, if your imagination is active, you might transform them into gnomes or other inhabitants of the subterranean world, albeit their movements are sedate as those of gnomes doing penance. Anon, too, the supernatural aspect of the scene is heightened by the fluttering of a bat that spins out of a dark crevice for an instant, and disappears again in the all-enveloping darkness. If you have courage to look, you will find nests of his brethren in the walls, and a sly rat will dart away at your approach. One chamber, entered from the Rotunda, bears the unattractive name of the Great Bat-Room; and here thousands of the little creatures are found snarling and curling their delicate lips at all intruders. These and the rats, a few lizards, a strange kind of cricket, and some eyeless fish, constitute the entire animal life of this kingdom of everlasting gloom.

From the Rotunda you pass beneath the beetling Kentucky Cliffs, and enter the Gothic Chapel, a low-roofed chamber of considerable extent. Several twisted pillars



THE LOVERS LEAP



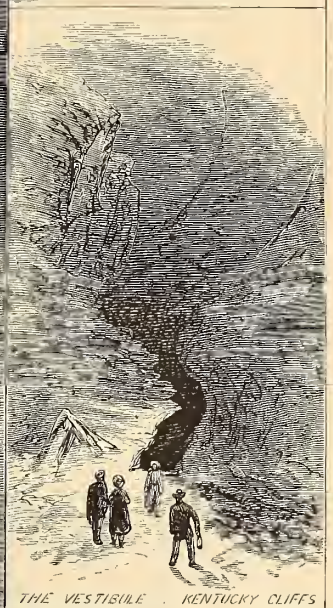
THE ALTAR



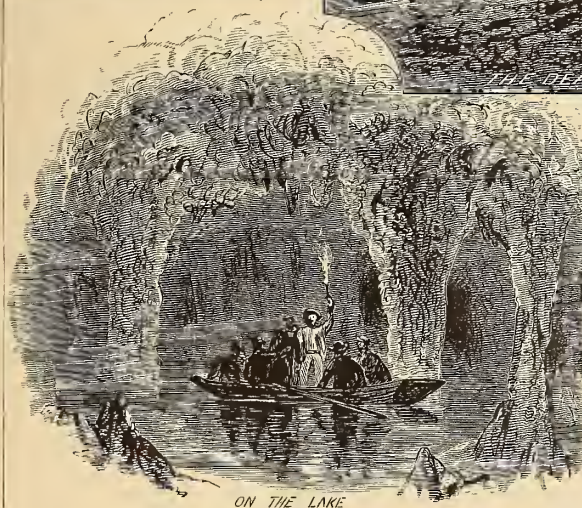
THE STAR CHAMBER



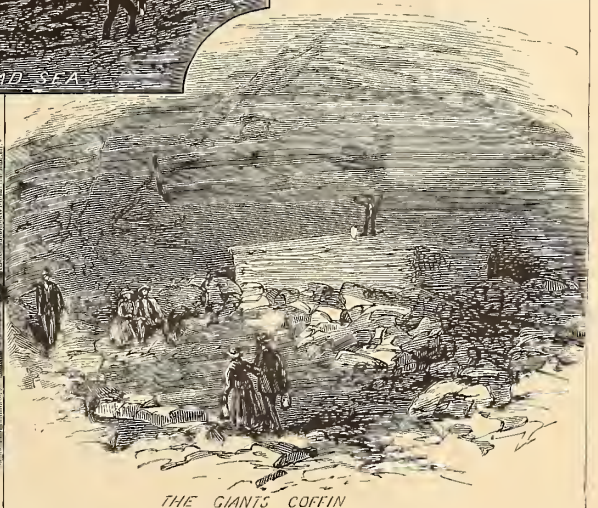
THE DEAD SEA



THE VESTIBULE KENTUCKY CLIFFS



ON THE LAKE



THE GIANTS COFFIN

SCENES IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

ascend from the ground into arches formed of jagged rock, and, in the distance, there are two which form an altar of glittering splendor as the light falls on their brilliant stalactites. Near here, too, is the Bridal Chamber, and the guide will tell you how a certain maiden, having promised at the death-bed of her mother that she would not marry any man on the face of the earth, came down to this dark place and was married. He will also tell you that these great stalactites that are so massive take fifty years to grow to the thickness of a sheet of paper. Then, with a sharp word of command, he will lead you on into fresh wonders.

There are rivers and lakes among the mysteries of the Mammoth Cave, and you are floated in a small boat on the dark, stilly, lone waters, among columns and walls, arches and spires, leaden-hued rock and jewelled stalactites, lighted up by a flaring torch in the guide's hand. Memory cannot retain a distinct idea of the thousand weird forms that are constantly flitting before the eye. As you pass one point, a mass of rock assumes a human form, lowering upon you, and the next instant it vanishes from the sight into the darkness.

The next halt is in another wide room, in the middle of which rests an immense rock, in the exact shape of a sarcophagus. This is called the Giant's Coffin, and the guide, leaving you alone for a minute or two, reappears on its lid, his form, shadowed on the wall, imitating all his movements. Above the shadow you will notice the figure of an ant-eater, one of the many shapes with which the ceilings of the caverns are adorned by the oxide of iron. You will then rest a while under the Mammoth Dome, which appears much over a hundred feet high, with its magnificent walls of sheer rock, and at Napoleon's Dome, which is smaller than the former, but hardly less interesting. Afterward the guide will conduct you to the edge of a projecting rock overlooking a hollow, the surface of which is composed of boulder-like masses of rock, ridiculously called the Lover's Leap. In the Star-Chamber the stalactites assume new forms, even more curious and beautiful than the others; and, in Shelby's Dome, you are ushered into a scene of indescribable grandeur. The height seems limitless, and the eye traces on the walls innumerable scrolls, panels, and fanciful projections of the most varied design and beauty. Under the dome is the celebrated Bottomless Pit, which has a depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and a wooden Bridge of Sighs, which leads from this chasm to another, called the Side-Saddle Pit. A railing surrounds the principal pit, and, as you stand holding to it, and peering into the depths, the guide illuminates the dome above, affording one the grandest sights in the cave.

At a point called the Acute Angle there is a rude pile of unhewn stone, called McPherson's Monument, which was built by the surviving staff-officers of that general. A stone is occasionally added to the pile by those of McPherson's soldiers or friends who visit the cave.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



New-York Bay.

THERE are few cities in the world so admirably situated as New York. The grand Hudson rolls its waters on one side; the swift and deep tides of the East River wash it on the other; both unite at its southern extremity, where they expand into a broad bay; and this bay is practically a land-locked harbor, that, by a narrow gate-way, opens into the expanses of the Atlantic. The Hudson comes down from the north, a wide, deep stream for a hundred and fifty miles, opening intercourse with the far interior; the East River, which is an arm of the sea rather than a river, opens twenty

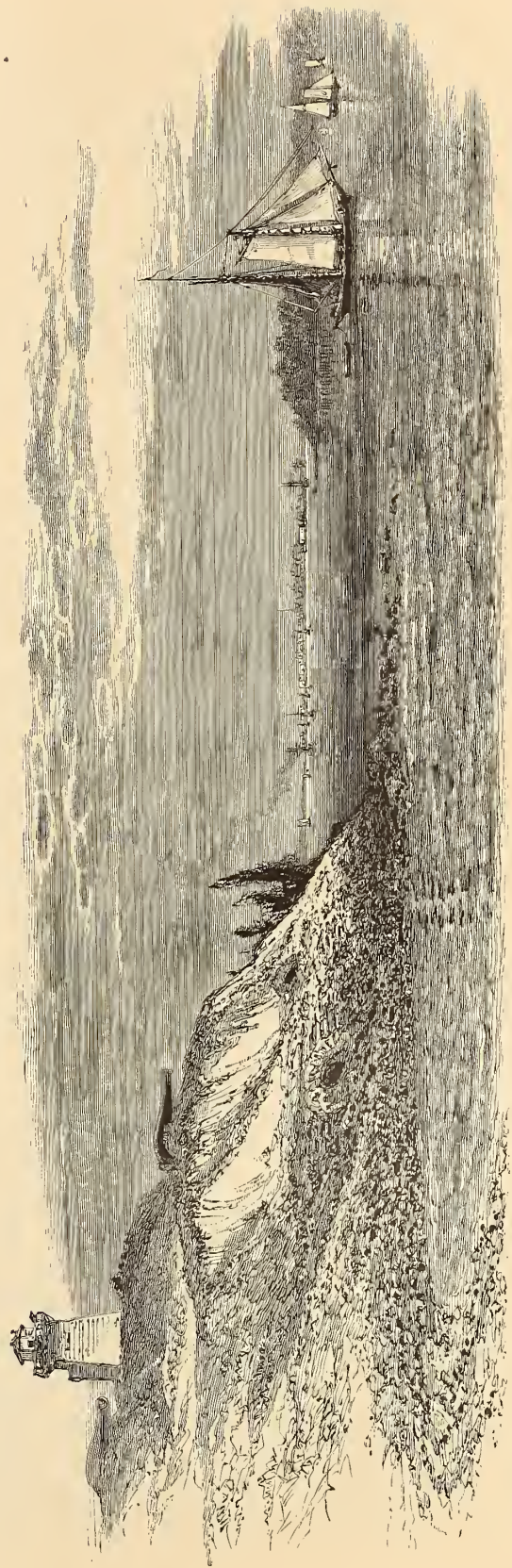


The Lower Bay, from Staten Island.

miles from its mouth into Long-Island Sound, establishing by this water-course and tributary streams connection with the New-England States. Bays and rivers completely encompass the place. It is an island, very narrow at its southern or bay end, broadening in its centre to a width of two miles, and narrowing again at its northern extremity. On its eastern side, eight miles from the Battery, is the mouth of the Harlem, a mere bayou of East River, which, running west and then northerly, connects by Spuyten-Duyvil Creek with the Hudson, forming the northern boundary of the island, which, on its eastern side, is eleven miles long. The island is frequently known by the name of Manhattan, so called after the Indian tribe that once made it their home.

Our artist approaches the city by the way of the sea. We sail up the broad expanse of water known as the Lower Bay, nearing the famous Narrows, a comparatively contracted channel, formed by the projection of Long Island on one side and Staten Island on the other. The shore of each island, at the narrowest part, is crowned with forts, fortified by embankments, and both bristle with cannon. The Long-Island shore is comparatively flat, but is handsomely wooded, and some pretty villages and villas peep out from their screens of foliage. Staten Island rises into fine hills, which are crowned with noble mansions and graced with park-like grounds, while at their feet, on the shore, cluster busy and bustling villages.

Through the Narrows opens the Inner Bay ; and, as we swiftly cut through the crisp and ever-fretted waters, New York rises before us from the sea, in the centre of the picture ; the city of Brooklyn, on Long Island, to the right, spreads a far and measureless sea of roofs, with endless, sky-aspiring spires ; the shores of New Jersey extend along the far western border of the picture, on the left, with faint markings of Jersey City a little beyond, on the shores of the Hudson. The picture cannot easily be excelled for beauty ; but one or two bays in the world are finer, and none are more animated with stirring and picturesque life. Here are the tall, white-sailed ships ; the swift, black-funnelled steamers ; the stately steamboats from the Hudson or the Sound ; the graceful, winged pleasure-yachts ; the snorting, bull-dog tugs ; the quaint, tall-masted, and broad-sailed schooners ; the flotilla of barges and canal-boats ; the crab-shaped but swift-motioned ferry-boats, all coming, going, swiftly or slowly, amid fleets of anchored ships, from whose gaffs fly the flags of far-off nations. New-York Bay, when the air is crisp and bright, the sky brilliant with summer blue, the swelling shores clear and distinct in their wooded hills and clustering villages, the waters dancing in white-crested waves in the glaring sun, affords a picture that can scarcely be equalled. A similar animation marks the two rivers. Our artist has sketched the moving panorama of the East River, also showing the unfinished tower of the contemplated bridge—a picture full of life, color, and light.



Glimpse of New York, from the Narrows.



SCENE ON THE EAST RIVER.

As we approach the city we note the fringe of trees and the circular, fort-like structure that mark the lower border. These are the Battery and the Castle Garden—the Battery a pleasure-promenade, with a fine seawall, and the Garden, so called, the great *entrepôt* through which the vast bodies of immigrants from the Old World pass into the life of the New World. Castle Garden was once a fort, afterward a summer tea-garden, then a music-hall and public assembly-room, and is now the headquarters of the Commissioners of Emigration. The Battery was once the only pleasure-ground of the New-Yorkers, and, if its history were accurately and fully written, it would tell a strange story of love and flirtation, of famous persons and fair dames, of ancient Knickerbockers, of life social and political, interwoven in a varied woof. It has fallen into fashionable disrepute, although it has been enlarged and laid out anew. But the fine old trees that mark the ancient place look scornfully down upon the unhistoric extension, with its feeble new trees and its walks barren of asso-



The Battery and Castle Garden.



A NEW-YORK RIVER-FRONT.

ciation and unfamiliar with romance.

Before entering the heart of the city, let us glance with the artist at a quaint and picturesque scene, lying but a short distance from the Battery on the East-River side. This is a portion of the town which modern improvement has left untouched; the wharves where the old-fashioned ships from far-off ports discharge their precious cargoes; where merchants of the old Knickerbocker quality conduct their business in dark and unsavory chambers; where the old tars, the Cuttles and Bunsbys, are wont to assemble; where the very idea of a steamship is profanation — a venerable, quaint, and decaying place, dear to the hearts of the ancient mariners.

Within the city, our artist takes us at once to the spire of Trinity Church. This famous edifice is comparatively a new church upon the site of one dating far back into the annals of the city. It is a new church, but the grounds around it are marked by ancient and crumbling grave-stones, an antique, tree-embowered spot in the heart of the busiest portion of the town. Trinity Church is less than half a mile from the Battery, standing on Broadway and facing down Wall Street



Trinity-Church Tower.



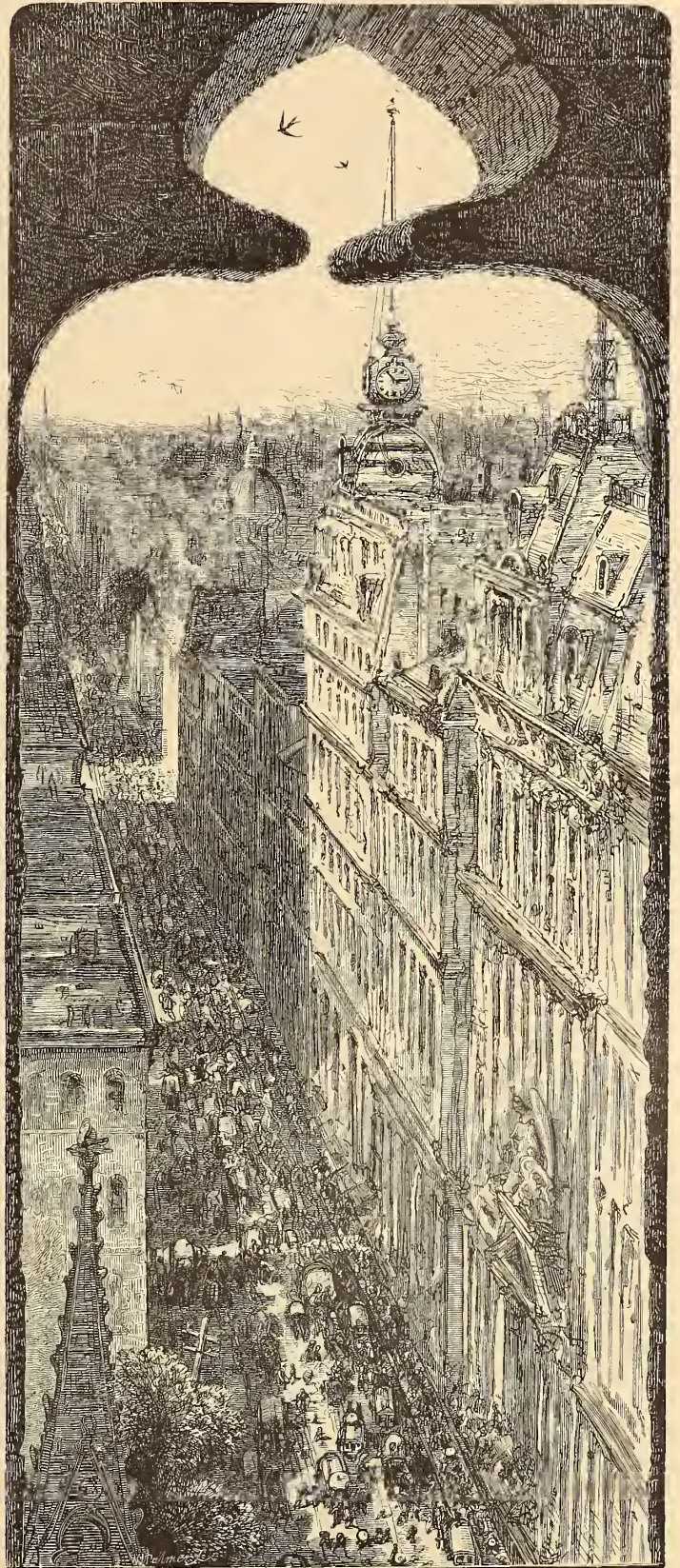
View from Trinity-Church Steeple.

which all the world knows as the monetary centre of the continent. From the outlook of the spire the picture is a varied one. Looking southward, the spectator sees Bowling Green, a small enclosure at the terminus of Broadway, and, just beyond, the Battery, with the circular mass of Castle Garden. Beyond these are the bay, with Governor's Island and its fort, and the distant hills of Staten Island. The views from our elevated position are all good. The artist has given a glance up Broadway, which gives one an idea of the spirit of this part of the street, shows some of the tall, marble structures, and indicates the bustling throngs upon the pavements below.

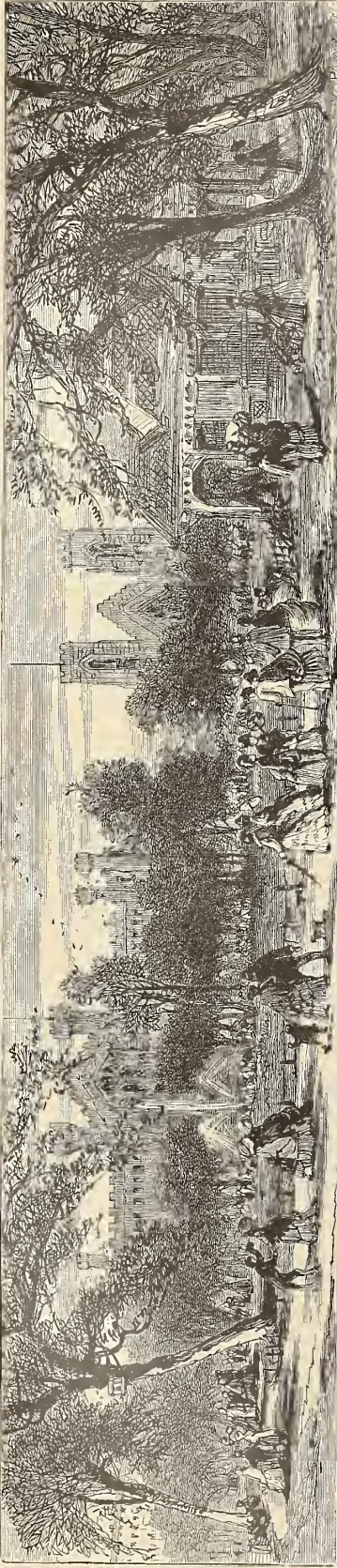
The artist has made no attempt to illustrate the varied features of the metropolis, but simply to give a glimpse or two at its interior, by which the imagination may build up a tolerably correct idea of the characteristics of the place.

In one picture he has combined views of three of the most noted of the small parks of the city. Washington Park lies off a little west of Broadway, and is the starting-point of the fashionable Fifth Avenue. The castellated-looking building that stands on its eastern border is the University, a Gothic pile of considerable age and quaint aspect, suggestive of the mediæval structures that lie scattered through the European countries. Union Square is at the bend of the main division of Broadway; Fourteenth Street is its southern and Fourth Avenue its eastern border. Here are statues of Washington and Lincoln. Madison Square is half a mile north of this, lying with great hotels and business places on its western side, and sedate, aristocratic, brown-stone houses on its other confines. It is at a point that is considered the social centre of the city.

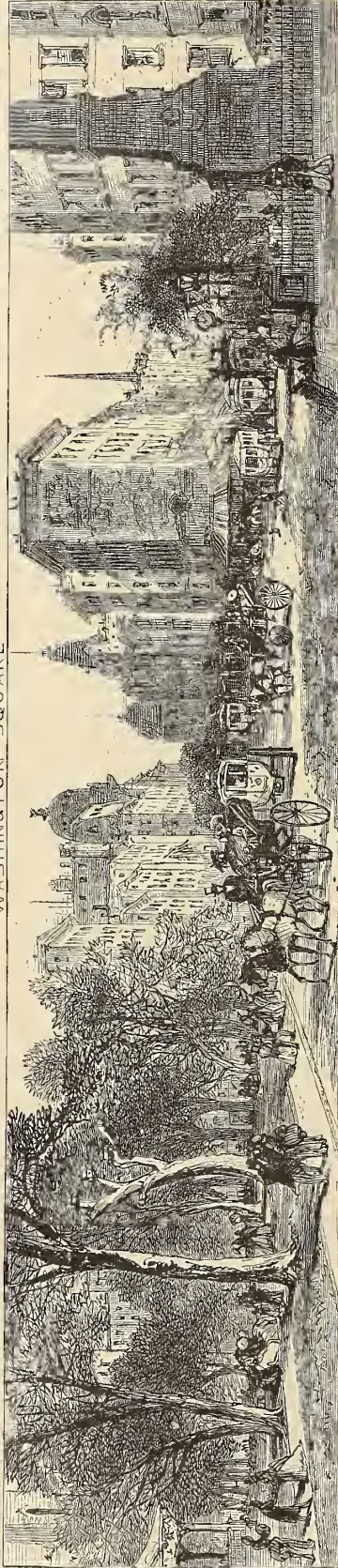
From this point our artist takes us to the tower of the novel, Oriental-looking synagogue at the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, from which we have a cursory glance at the highway of fashion. Every city has as handsome streets as Fifth Avenue; to those, indeed, who like



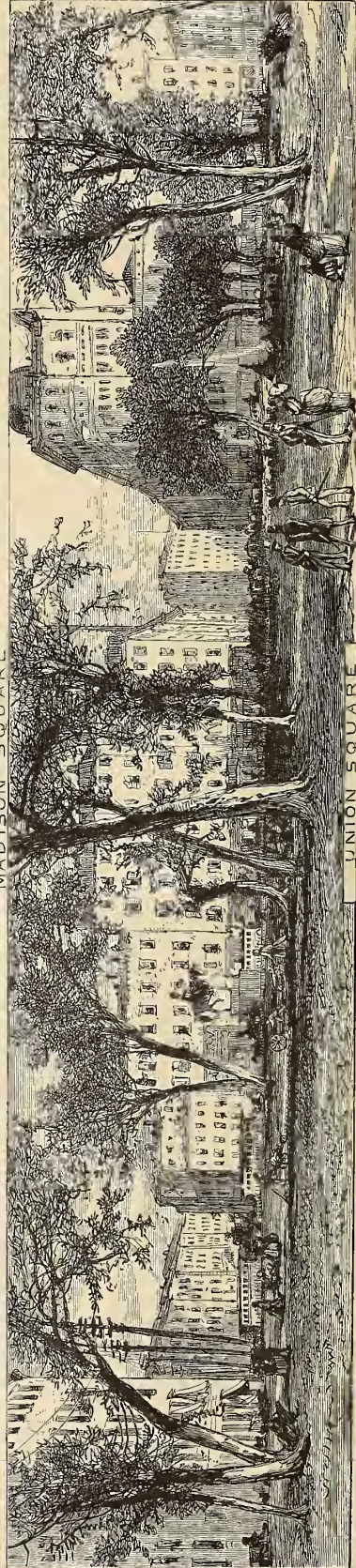
Broadway, from Trinity, New York.



WASHINGTON SQUARE



MADISON SQUARE

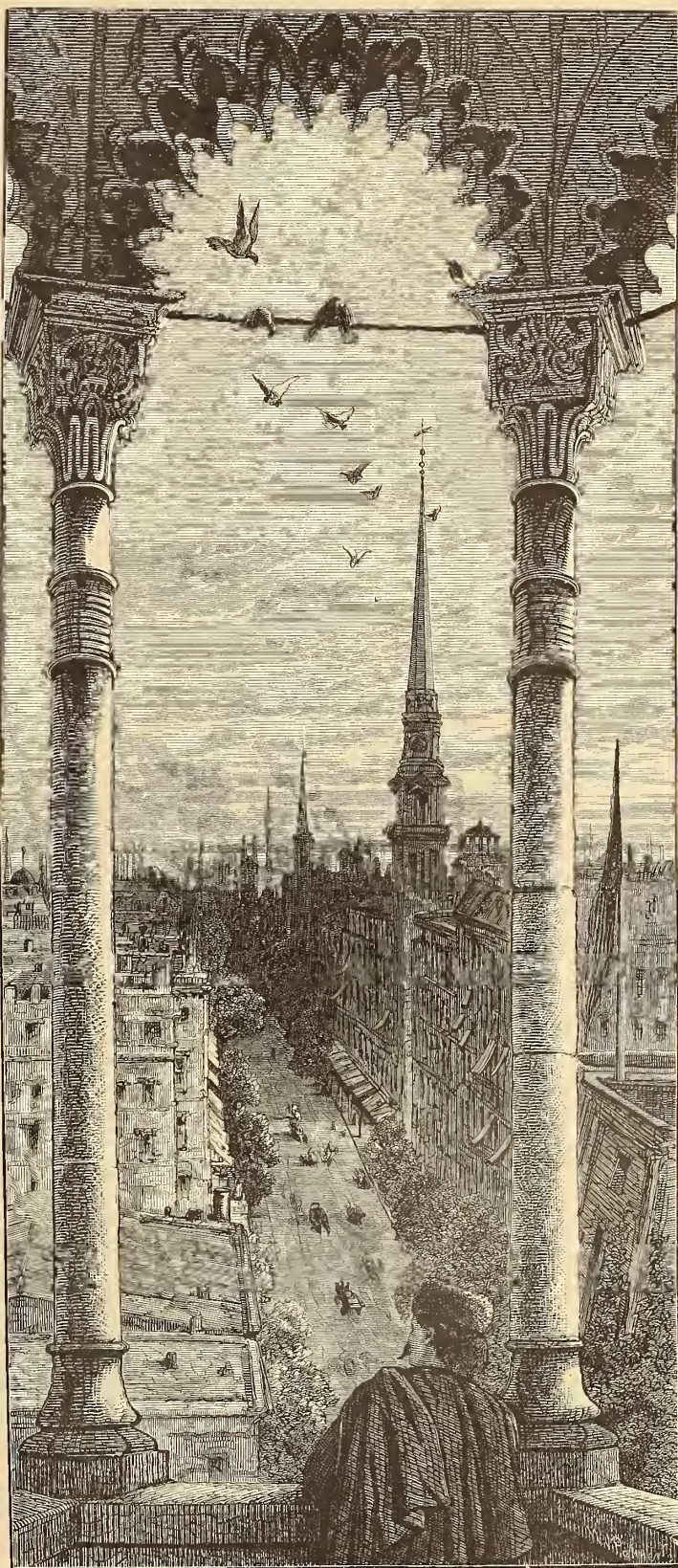


UNION SQUARE

WASHINGTON, MADISON, AND UNION SQUARES.

streets of embowered villas, many are handsomer; but no city has an avenue of such length given over exclusively to wealth and elegance. From its southern extremity at Washington Park to the entrance of Central Park at Fifty - ninth Street, the distance is two miles and a half, and, with the exception of the short space at Madison Square, it presents through this long extent one unbroken line of costly and luxurious mansions. The streets that branch from it to the right and the left have mostly this same characteristic for a quarter of a mile either way; so that, in an oblong square of two miles and a half by half a mile, there is concentrated an undisputed and undisturbed social supremacy.

At the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue is the main entrance to Central Park. This park extends northward to One Hundred and Tenth Street, or a distance of two and a half miles, but it is not more than half a mile wide. Central Park is the pride of the metropolis. Less than twenty years ago the greater part of its area was a mass of rude rocks, tangled brushwood, and ash-heaps. It had long been the ground for



A Glimpse of Fifth Avenue.



SCENES IN CENTRAL PARK.

depositing city-refuse, and tens of thousands of cart-loads of this refuse had to be removed before the natural surface could be reached or the laying out begun. Art had to do every thing for it. There were no forests, no groves, no lawns, no lakes, no walks; it was simply a desert of rocks and rubbish. The ground was excavated for lakes; trees were planted; roads and paths laid out; bridges built. The result is a pleasure-ground that is already famous, and only needs a little more maturing of the trees to be one of the handsomest parks of the world. It is not so large as some in Europe, but its size is not insignificant, numbering eight hundred and forty-three acres; while, in its union of art with Nature, its many bridges of quaint design, its Italian-like terraces, its towers and rustic houses, its boat-covered lakes, its secluded rambles and picturesque nooks, its wide walks and promenades, it is unapproached in this country and

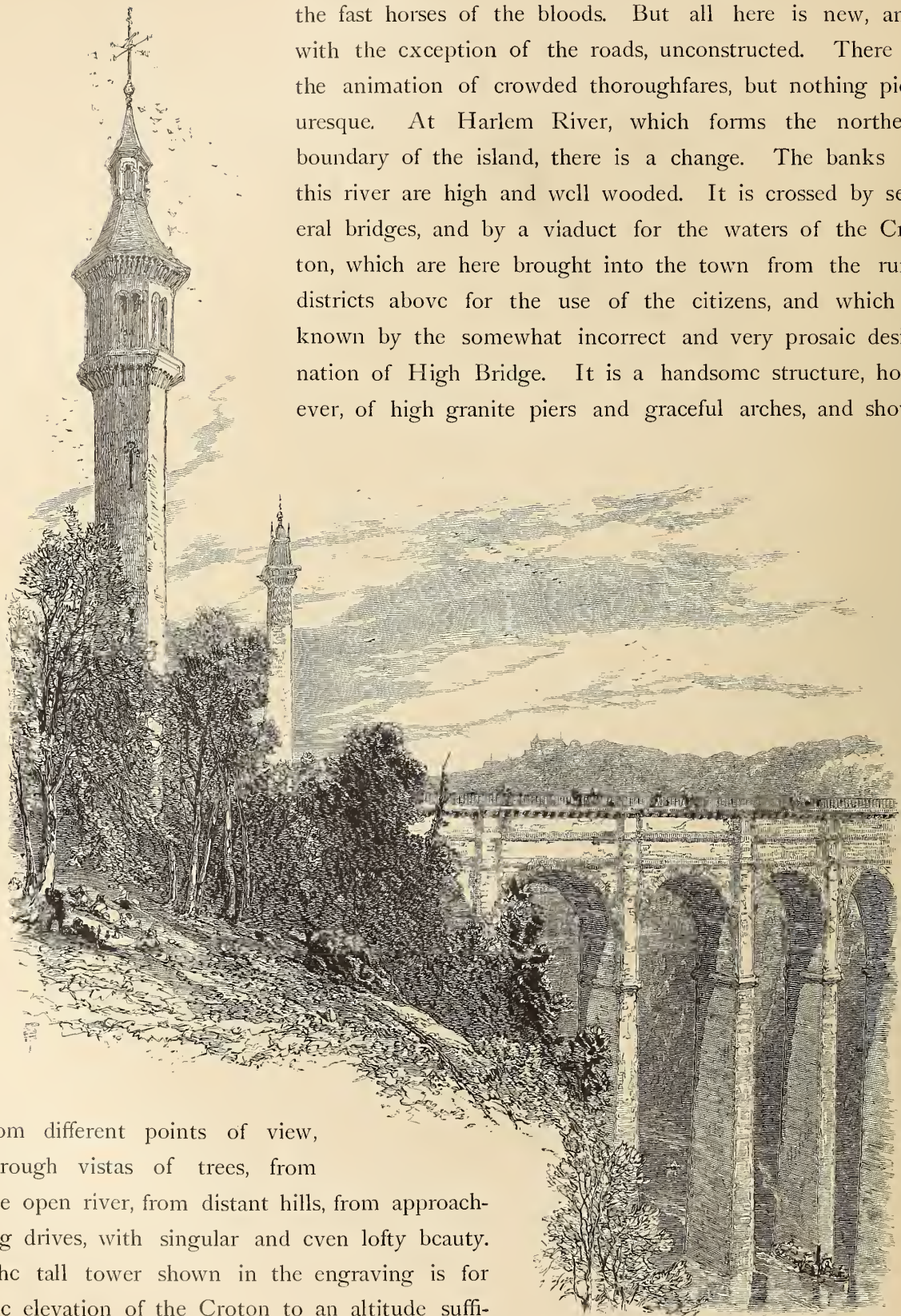


Harlem River, High Bridge.

unexcelled abroad. Our artist gives a few glimpses at places in the park, but it would take a volume to illustrate it fully. One element of satisfaction in the park is that it is not only an art and picturesque triumph—it is a popular success. Its superb drives are thronged with vehicles, while all its paths are occupied on summer afternoons by immense numbers of the people. The enjoyment of the visitors is enhanced by many extraneous means. There are an aviary and a menagerie tolerably well filled, and which are the nuclei of what are destined to be large institutions; and there is also a Museum of Natural History. There are boats on the lakes; a camera; and twice a week there is music. For the children there are nurseries, goat-carriages, camel-riding, swings, “run-rounds,” and other devices.

Above Central Park, the whole island has been recently laid out anew in superb

drives and broad public ways, where one may always see the fast horses of the bloods. But all here is new, and, with the exception of the roads, unconstructed. There is the animation of crowded thoroughfares, but nothing picturesque. At Harlem River, which forms the northern boundary of the island, there is a change. The banks of this river are high and well wooded. It is crossed by several bridges, and by a viaduct for the waters of the Croton, which are here brought into the town from the rural districts above for the use of the citizens, and which is known by the somewhat incorrect and very prosaic designation of High Bridge. It is a handsome structure, however, of high granite piers and graceful arches, and shows



from different points of view, through vistas of trees, from the open river, from distant hills, from approaching drives, with singular and even lofty beauty. The tall tower shown in the engraving is for the elevation of the Croton to an altitude sufficient to give it force for the supply of resi-

High Bridge and Water-Tower.

dences on the high banks in the upper part of the city. Tower and bridge make a fine effect.

King's Bridge crosses the river near Spuyten-Duyvil Creek, which unites the Harlem



King's Bridge.

with the Hudson. This is an old, historic bridge, identified with many of the early events in the history of the town. The scene here has something of that ripe mellow-ness and effective grouping of landscape with adjuncts of art that give such a charm



Spuyten-Duyvil Creek.

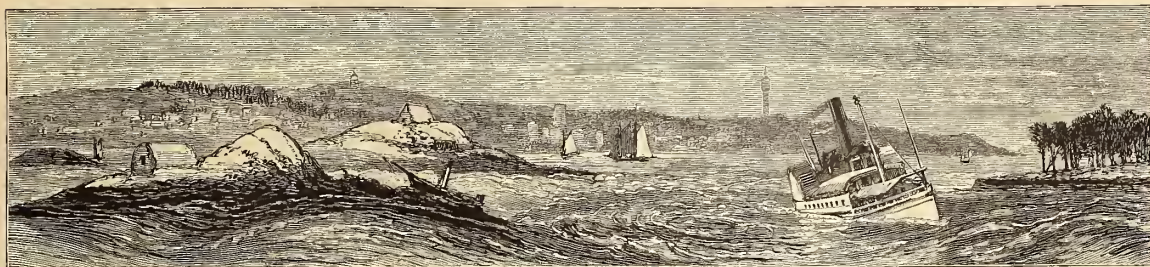
to old - country scenes. The artist also gives us a glimpse of

Spuyten Duyvil near the Hudson, the tall escarpments in the distance being the well-known Palisades of the Hudson.

From Harlem we proceed to the great city of Brooklyn, lying opposite to New York, on Long Island, glancing on our way at two famous points in the East River. One is Hell Gate, situated at a narrow bend of the river, near the point where the Harlem debouches. It is filled with dangerous rocks and shallows; and, as the tide is very swift, the channel narrow, the bend abrupt, there is always danger that a vessel may be driven upon the rocks. Some of the more dangerous obstructions have been removed, and, as we write, extensive subterranean channels are becoming opened under the rocks, which are eventually to be filled with powder, and the shallow reefs blown to atoms. Blackwell's Island begins just below Hell Gate, and extends about two miles southward. It is occupied solely by city institutions, penal and otherwise. Here are the House of Correction, Lunatic Asylum, Workhouse, and City Penitentiary. The beauty

of the place is not lost by the uses to which it is put, while its interest is enhanced by its fine buildings and imposing official character.

Brooklyn lies directly opposite to New York; it spreads seaward along Long-Island shore toward the Narrows, and extends along East River for some miles. It is a city without public buildings of interest, and without a commerce of its own, being little



Hell Gate.

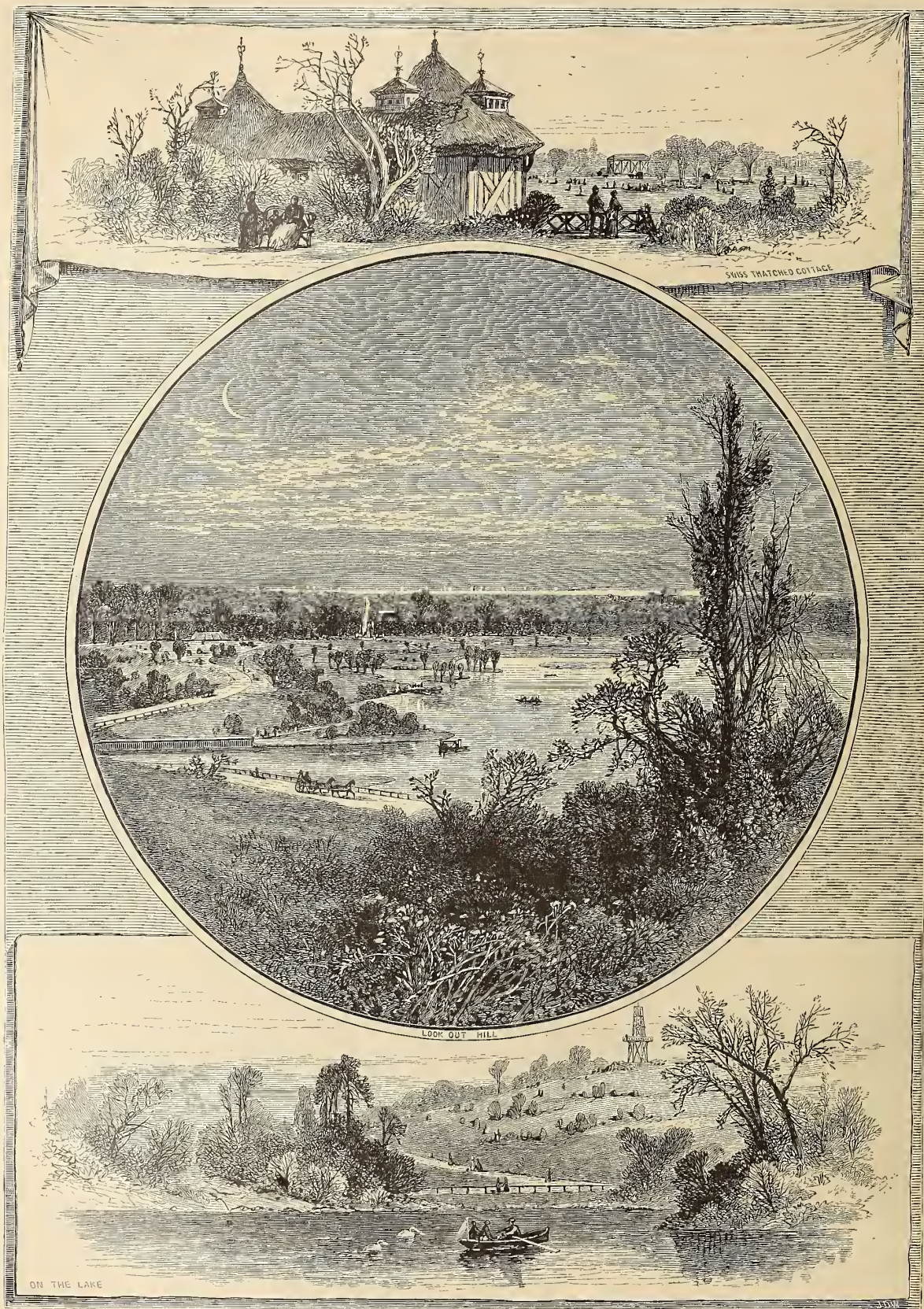
more than New York's vast dormitory. It is a very attractive city, however, on account of its handsome streets, its home-like residences, its many churches, and one or two highly picturesque spots. Clinton Avenue is considered the most elegant of the streets. It is not unlike the tree-embowered, villa-lined avenues of many other cities; although unexcelled, it is perhaps quite equalled by some of its rivals. The residences on the Heights are choicely situated, commanding from their rear windows views of New York, the river, and the bay—a wonderfully brilliant and stirring picture.

Brooklyn boasts of a handsome public park, of five hundred and fifty acres in extent, and known as Prospect Park. It is situated on an elevated ridge on the southwest



Blackwell's Island.

border of the city, affording, from many points, extensive views of the ocean, Long-Island Sound, the bays, and New-York Harbor. Fine, broad ways lead out from the park, one reaching to Coney Island, on the Atlantic, three miles distant. There are beautiful groves of old trees in the park, a lake, summer-houses, etc., its natural advantages having been supplemented by many tasteful devices of the landscape-gardener.



PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.



BROOKLYN STREET-SCENES.

Within the precincts of Brooklyn, on what were once called Gowanus Heights, is Greenwood, the handsomest cemetery, probably, in the world. It is over four hundred acres in extent, beautiful, undulating, covered with ancient trees of many kinds, and varied with several lakes—a very rural paradise in its natural attractions, while art and pious devotion have graced it with many noble monuments.

Brooklyn, in size, is the third city of the Union. It has been almost as rapid in its growth as some of the Western cities. In 1800 it contained only four thousand inhabitants; in 1855, after the incorporation of Williamsburgh, two hundred and five thousand; while now (1874) the population is about four hundred thousand.

We should mention that the Brooklyn illustrations are not by Mr. Fenn, as all the New-York drawings are. Prospect Park is by Mr. Woodward; the Brooklyn street-scenes and the view from Greenwood are by Mr. Gibson.



New-York Bay, from Greenwood Cemetery.

WASHINGTON AND ITS VICINITY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



The Capitol, from the Botanic Gardens.

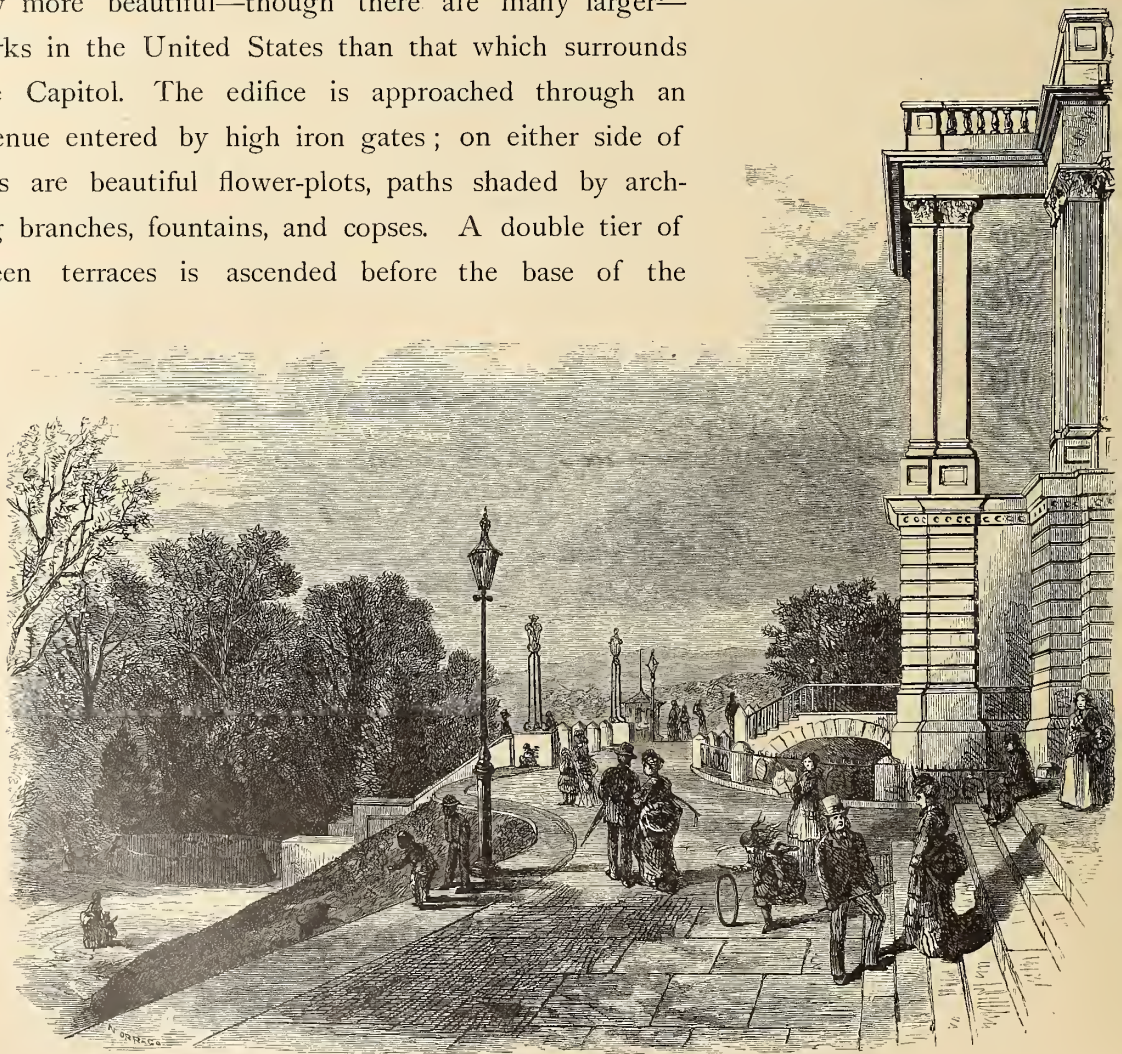
THE site chosen by the first Congress for the capital of the United States, and christened by the name of the first President, is a broad plateau, which, on the eastern side, rises to a graceful elevation, and is bounded on two sides by the river Potomac and its tributary called the "Eastern Branch."

The main portion of the city, including its business quarter, its public buildings, its main thoroughfares, and its aristocratic residences, stands upon a rather level plain, terminated at the rear by a series of wooded and irregular hills; while the Capitol rears itself upon a sloping elevation, and overlooks a wide extent of country.

Washington has not, until within comparatively recent years, been celebrated for its beauty. Formerly it was an unattractive place, composed in large part of low and mostly wooden buildings, with streets ill-paved and little cared for. Now the national metropolis, thanks to liberal expenditures and a newly-born pride in the govern-

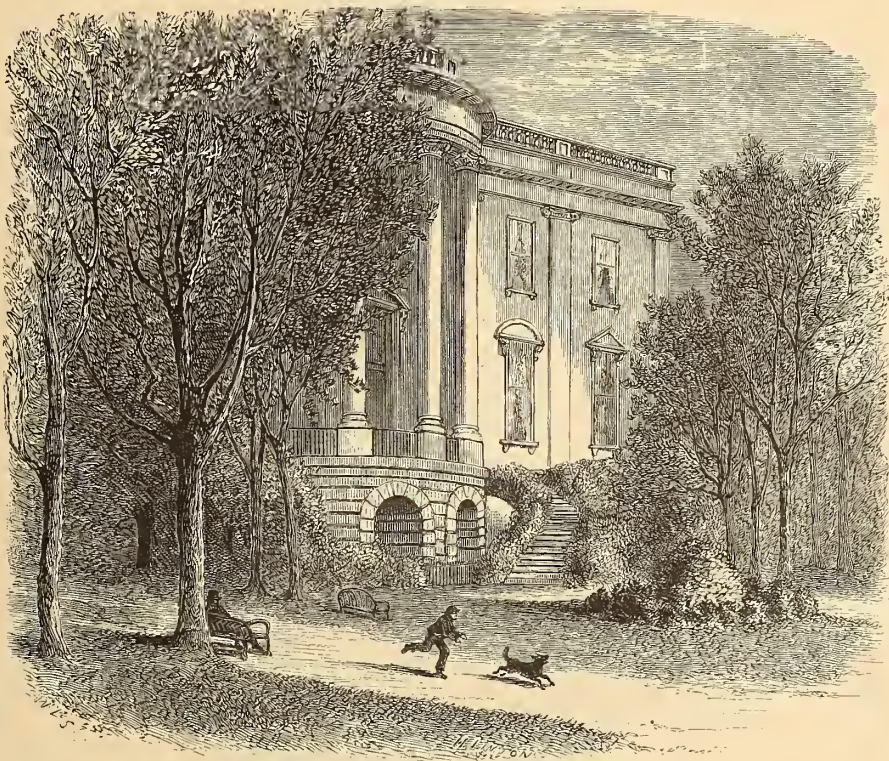
ment that its seat should be worthy of its distinction, presents an aspect not only of prosperity, but of sights agreeable to the eye and mostly in good taste. Its adornment has betrayed that its natural advantages were greater than had been supposed ; and the seeker after the picturesque may find ample opportunity to gratify his quest while observing, at "magnificent distances," the official palaces which have been erected at the service of the republic.

The most striking object at Washington is undoubtedly the magnificent white-marble Capitol, a glimpse of which is caught as the city is approached by rail from Baltimore. It rises majestically far above all surrounding objects, amid a nest of thick and darkly verdant foliage, on the brow of the hill to which it gives its name ; its very lofty dome, with its tiers of columns, its rich ornamentation, and its summit surmounted by the colossal statue of Liberty, presents a noble appearance, and may be seen for many miles around ; while its broad, white wings, low in proportion to the dome, give an idea of spaciousness which no palace of European potentate surpasses. There are few more beautiful—though there are many larger—parks in the United States than that which surrounds the Capitol. The edifice is approached through an avenue entered by high iron gates ; on either side of this are beautiful flower-plots, paths shaded by arching branches, fountains, and copses. A double tier of green terraces is ascended before the base of the



Capitol, Western Terracc.

Capitol is reached ; then you find yourself on a broad marble terrace, semicircular in form, with a large fountain beside you, whence you may see the silvery windings of the Potomac miles away, disappearing at last amid the abundant foliage where the Maryland and Virginia coasts seem to blend in the far distance. From this look-out you may discern every part of the metropolis ; in the midst of the mass of houses rise the white-marble Post-Office Department and the yet handsomer Patent-Office just beside it. Some distance farther on is to be descried the long colonnade of the Treasury, and the top of the White House, just beyond, peeps from among the crests of flourishing groups of trees ; more to the left are seen the picturesque, castle-like, red-sandstone towers and turrets of the Smithsonian Institution, standing solitary on a broad plain al-



In the White-House Grounds.

ready sprouting with young foliage. Between the Smithsonian and the creek the unfinished shaft of the Washington Monument, a square marble torso of desolate appearance, meets the view ; while the eye, spanning the Potomac, may catch sight, in the distance, of that lordly old manor-house of Arlington, identified, in very different ways, with the earlier and later history of the country. Georgetown Heights form the far background in the west ; more to the north, the picturesque hills, with their wild, straggling growths, which, from the main suburbs and sites of suburban residences of the city, form a striking framework to the scene. A small park also stretches out at the rear of the Capitol, on the east. This presents, however, nothing notable in scenery, its chief adorn-

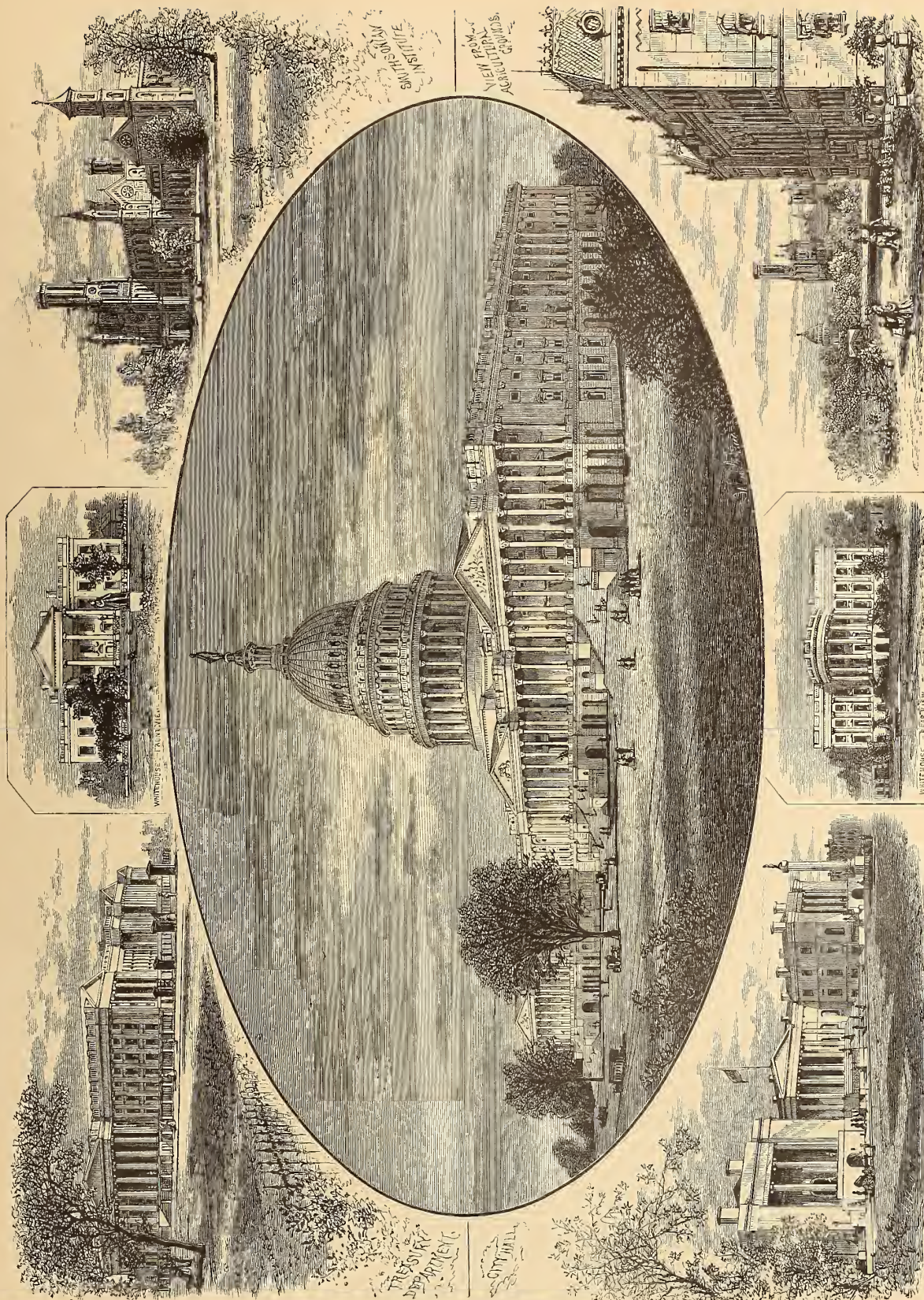
ment being the sitting statue of Washington, in Roman costume, which has been so sharply criticised and so warmly defended. Just outside the limits of this park stands the "Old Capitol," a quaint brick building used by Congress when the Capitol was burned by the British in 1814, in which Calhoun died, and which was used as a prison during the late war.

At the opposite end of the city from the Capitol is the group of departments surrounding the presidential mansion, and enclosing with it pleasant, umbrageous parks and grounds. On one side are the Treasury and new State Departments; on the other, the rather plain, old-fashioned, cosey-looking War and Navy Departments—oddly enough



Smithsonian Institution, near White-House Grounds.

the most placid and modest of the Washington purlieus. The White House is situated midway between these two groups of edifices, and is completely surrounded by open and ornamental spaces. In front of its high, glaringly white portico, with its *porte cochère*, is a lawn, in the centre of which is a corroded copper statue of President Jefferson. This lawn reaches to the thoroughfare, beyond which is Lafayette Square, thickly planted with trees, among which stands Clark Mills's equestrian statue of Washington, and surrounded by elegant residences occupied by senators, diplomats, cabinet ministers, and wealthy bankers. The most picturesque view of the White House, however, is from its rear. The front is not imposing. At the back, a small but beautiful park, profusely



PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN WASHINGTON.



View from Red Hill, back of Georgetown.

adorned with plants and flowers, varied by artificial hillocks, and spread with closely-trimmed lawns, stretches off to a high-road separated from it by a high wall. This park is open to the public; and the chief magistrate and his family may enjoy its cheerful prospect from a handsome, circular portico, supported by high, round pillars, with solid arches below, and a broad stone staircase winding up on either side, fairly overgrown with ivy and other clinging parasites. The most prominent object seen from these "President's grounds" is the red Smithsonian Institution, which from here seems a very feudal castle set down amid scenes created by modern art. Beyond the presidential mansion and the cluster of department buildings, Pennsylvania Avenue stretches over a flat and comparatively sparsely-settled district, until, by a sudden turn, it leads to the ancient, irregular, and now rather uninteresting town of Georgetown. Its former commercial bustle has departed from it; for Georgetown is older than its larger and more celebrated neighbor, and was once the third or fourth river-port in

the United States. It is still, however, a more picturesque place than Washington ; built mostly on hills, which rise above the Potomac, affording really beautiful views of the river and its umbrageous shores. The town has many of those substantial old red-brick mansions where long ago dwelt the political and social aristocracy, and which are to be found in all Virginia and Maryland towns of a century's age, surrounded often with high brick walls, approached by winding and shaded avenues, sometimes with high-pillared porticos, and having, over the doors and windows, some attempt at modest sculptured ornamentation. From Red Hill, which rises by pretty slopes at the rear of Georgetown, a fine view is had of the wide, winding river. The Potomac, just below, takes a broad sweep from west to east ; and, at the place where it is spanned by the famous Long



Glimpse of Georgetown, from Analostan Island.

Bridge, over which the troops passed from Washington to their defeat at Bull Run, it seems to form almost a lake. Washington itself is descried between the trees from the east of Red Hill ; in the dim distance, the shore of Maryland, lofty in places, and retreating southeastward ; and, on the immediate right, the more attractive Virginian shore, with a glimpse of the historic estate of Arlington. A large aqueduct connects Georgetown with this Virginian shore ; and the views from every point of it are full of attractive interest.

Now the Potomac is just below you ; its stream not so turbidly yellow as it becomes farther down. The Capitol, white and majestic, looms high above the metropolis, the rest of which seems a confused mass of houses and spires ; verdant meadows, pastures, and natural lawns, sweeping down by gentle inclinations beneath elms and oaks,



GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.



LOOKING DOWN THE POTOMAC, FROM THE CHAIN BRIDGE.

are seen on the shore you are approaching ; while quite near at hand the portico of Arlington rises on the summit of a higher slope, embedded in the richest Virginian foliage. Just below, not far from the shore, lies a picturesque little island, Analostan, which would almost seem to have floated from some Old-World waters, and been moved quite out of its sphere, in the midst of a young country. For it betrays, half hidden amid creepers and shrubbery, which have for many years been permitted to grow there unforbidden, what seem remains of ancient habitations. One might fancy that it had some time been the site of a baronial stronghold, now fallen in ruins and deserted. Here, in reality, in the early days of the republic, lived a sturdy old Virginian gentleman of aristocratic descent and rank, who played no insignificant part in the formation



Arlington Heights, from Grounds in National Observatory.

of the government, and for some time represented his native State in the old Congress. This was George Mason. He carried the aristocratic idea of lordly seclusion to the extent of seating himself on this lonely, well-shaded island, where he built an old-fashioned Virginia manor-house, and resided in it in solitary state. But, after his death, it seems to have been deserted, and now only serves to adorn the landscape with a somewhat curious and peculiar feature. The walk from the aqueduct to Arlington is by a road whence continual glimpses of the river are to be had through the wild-wood, where the shrubbery grows tangled and rude, and wild-grapes, in particular, abound. Arlington is now

no longer what it was before the days of war and consequent change of occupancy came. Those who remember it when Mr. Custis, its venerable owner, was still alive, preserve the impression of an ideal old Virginia manor and estate—one, indeed, which an English noble would not have been ashamed to own. Its site is a most imposing one; the lawn sweeps broadly down from its striking, ample porch for several hundred feet toward the river; its interior, in Mr. Custis's time, was a perfect reproduction of an aristocratic Virginia interior of a century ago. The road was pointed out by which Washington used to ride from Mount Vernon, a distance of ten or twelve miles; and every nook and corner preserved some relic or reminder of the Father of his Country,



Fort Washington.

many of them bequeathed by him to Mr. Custis, who was his adopted son. All about the place had the aspect of wealth, antiquity, and aristocratic ease; and, from the porch, it was, and still is, possible to have a very picturesque view of the capital city, from the Capitol to where the city merges into Georgetown.

The Potomac, for several miles north as well as south of Washington, is bordered by attractive landscapes. One of the pleasantest walks in that vicinity is from Georgetown northward along the banks of the canal, with the artificial water-course on one side, and the broad, winding, and here rather rapid river appearing every moment on the other. A mile from Georgetown by this road, you never would imagine that you were

in so close a proximity to one of the "centres of civilization." The scenery is wild, almost rugged. A profusion of brush and shrubbery mingles with the forest-trees along the banks, which rise in continual and irregular elevations; there are few habitations, and such as there are recall the former social status of the border States. After proceeding thus about three miles, you reach Little Falls, which have no other pretensions to distinction than that they are surrounded by very attractive scenery, and form a modest cataract winding in and out among the rocks which here encounter the stream. Over Little Falls is a high bridge, by which one passes in a minute or two from Maryland into Virginia. Piled-up rocks line the shore, and anglers from the metropolis may often be found perched upon them, enjoying the very good fishing which the spot provides. Great Falls, as falls, are more pretentious than Little Falls; they are situated a short distance above. Here the water foams and rushes among jagged rocks, forming numerous cascades and pools as it hastens on. In this region the Potomac has become a comparatively narrow stream, with limpid and rapid waters; and all along its course, as far as Harper's Ferry, its valley presents a varied, unkempt scenery, which makes the jaunt along its shores a thoroughly pleasant one.

But, on the Potomac below Washington, where it is now broader and slower in motion, the aspects are perhaps more worthy of inspection, both because Nature here is more genial and more cultivated, and because at every step there is a reminder of some historical scene, old or modern. Passing down by the steamboat, less than an hour brings you, between verdant, sloping banks dotted by well-to-do-looking and for the most part venerable country-houses, to the landing-place, whence you reach Mount Vernon. It is unnecessary to describe this home of Washington, so familiar to every citizen by description if not by sight.

On either side of the river are Forts Washington, Foote, and other strongholds, familiar to the history of the war of the rebellion. The view northward from Fort Foote is especially fine, comprehending the view at its widest, bay-like expanse, and bringing into clear relief the city of Washington, with the bright dome still dominating all surrounding objects; while the shores in the immediate foreground are composed of gentle cliffs crowned with the rich growths of that Southern clime.

